Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER 1925

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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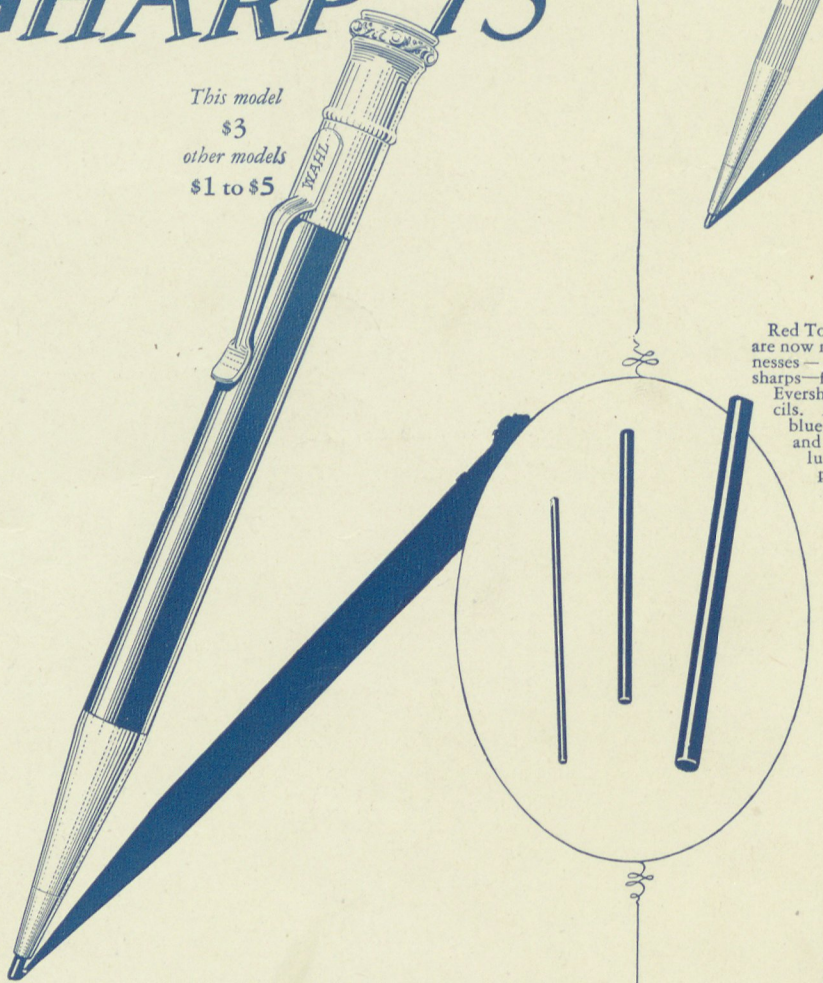

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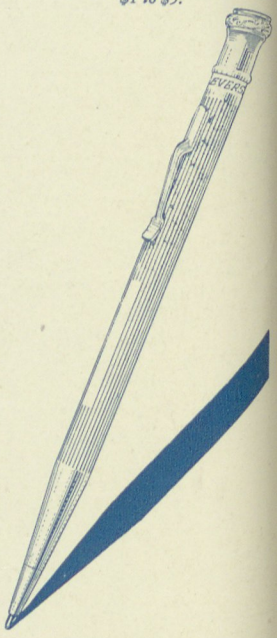

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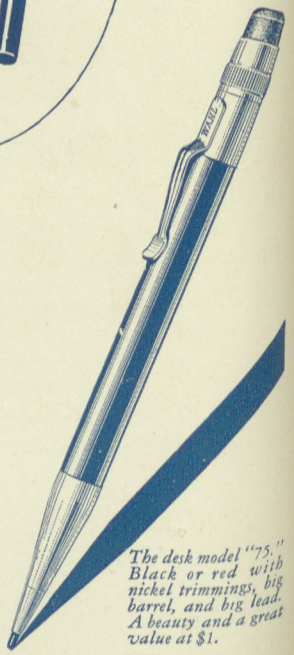

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Outdoor America

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Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume IV — **SEPTEMBER, 1925** — **Number 2**

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

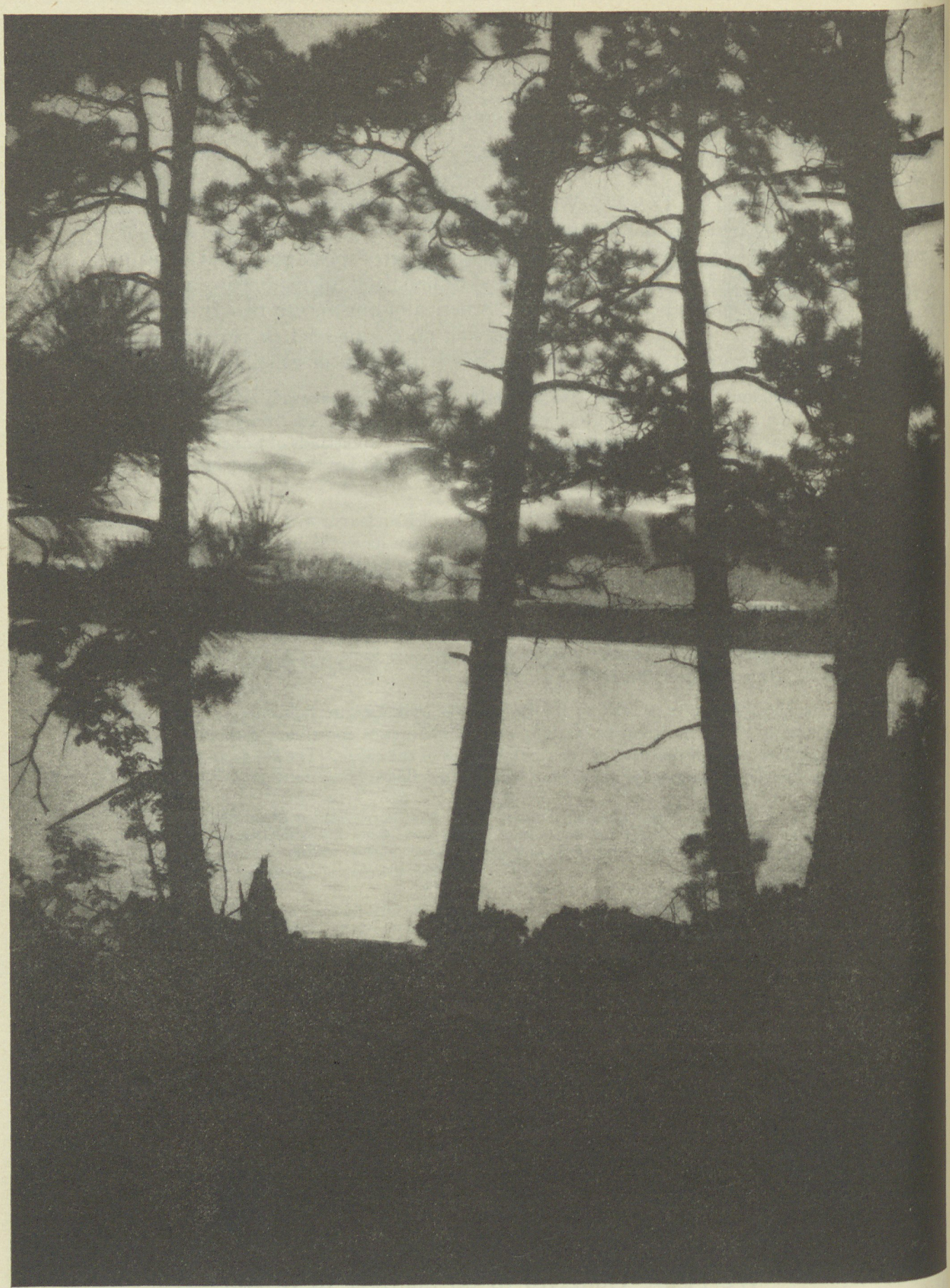
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors



Photograph by Marjorie W. Kellogg—

Twilight and Pines

Outdoor America

Vol. 4 No. 2

The Odyssey of Bolio

by Archibald Rutledge

Illustrated by John Thoman

In "The Odyssey of Bolio" Archibald Rutledge, famous short story writer, has told of the love of a man for his dog—a dog worthy of such affection.

IT was in the cabin on the brink of the hemlock-hung Linville Gorge that Jefferson Wise was born; incidentally, his father had been born in the same house; and his grandfather, killed in the battle of King's Mountain, had been reared on that very mountain farm, within hearing of the roar of the Linville Falls. When you are in the Linville country, you are neighbor to the highest peaks east of the Rockies—a rugged region of rugged men—a region in which nearly everything in Nature seems appallingly to be standing on end. But mentally nothing there is topsy-turvy. Men, dogs, bears, mountain lions—these are as sane as the wilderness can make them—the wilderness, healer of hearts, balm of hurt minds, surgeon to the soul.

There are those who may doubt that Bolio had a soul. Let the hearer of this tale judge of that. I believe that had Jefferson Wise, his owner, come upon the title, "The Hound of Heaven," he might have accepted it as a true description of his beloved one.

The business really began that rainy September night. Autumn was palpably coming; and in those high altitudes it arrives urgently. The hemlocks surrounding Jeff's lonely cabin wept in the shower; the gross rhododendron thicket roared under the rain; the falls deepened their thunder; and over them wraiths of spume waved mystic arms as if they were white enchantresses, alluring. It was a night to sleep. But the great hound, Bolio, to whom the rain and the darkness were as challengers to his courage and his watchfulness, was wide awake. Thirty yards in front of the mountain home there was a huge shelf of rock jutting over the gorge. The drop was a sheer three hundred feet, to boulders as big as seashore bungalows. It was on this dizzy platform, beetling over nothing and death, that Bolio often slept by day, and watched by night. And on that night, Jeff Wise heard him heave his bulk from the porch-floor, stalk with his nail-clicking walk to the steps, amble down them in stately fashion, heading for the platform, growling the while in a manner to make the roaring falls hang a somewhat diminished head.

"Something's hereabout," Jeff said to his wife; "Bolio says so, and that hound is one dog that don't lie."

The mountaineer slipped out of bed, drew on his coat and trousers, and in his bare feet went to the front door. Before he opened it, he picked up his rifle from the deer-horn rack in the tiny hallway.

When Poe opened the shutters, anticipating I know not what, he reports that there was darkness there and nothing more. Jeff encountered darkness, a rainy wind, wild dewy aromas from lashed hemlock and pine—and the sounds of a bitterer strife than those of the elements. The hound Bolio, if he had gone down toward the rocky platform to meet an enemy, had evidently not scouted in vain. In the neighborhood of the black cliff there was a war right now. Even a great war, a world-war, cannot, in its essence, be more than an individual encounter. The Enemy usually is one man. At any rate, the moment Jeff Wise opened the door, he knew that Bolio and some militant visitor were doing a dance of death on the black shelf that jutted out over eternal night.

"God A'mighty Kingdom," muttered Jeff, meaning no irreverence at all, "but I must have a light."

Darting into the kitchen, he fumbled for a moment with match and lantern. He did not go for his shoes. He was again back at the door within a very few moments. But now when he opened it wide, naught could he hear save the tumbling falls, the roaring rhododendrons, the lisping hemlocks. The war was over. Down the steps went Jeff, down the streaming pathway toward the cliff. Darkness and rain and wind held and rocked the world. The earth was like a dying child which a grieving mother cradles closely, over it weeping wildly cold tears.

"Hell," said Jeff, halting near the glimmering black platform. The word seemed to satisfy his desire for expression. All the sounds he now heard he perfectly understood. But the wild tumult of encounter and struggle—this was stilled.

"Damn," said Jeff. "Did they slip off this here rock?"

The wind moaned in the mountain pines. The rain swept like a phantom host across the mighty gorge. The night was filled with voices of autumn, voices of change.

Bolio.

"Damn what done it," Jeff commented with the vigor of elemental bluntness.

He called the hound. His tone rang challengingly above the steady tumult of the storm. But he got no answer. Jeff had never read *Hamlet;* nevertheless he felt that for Bolio the rest was silence.

"I can't do nothing more tonight," the mountaineer told himself. "Drat my Sunday suit—what will I do without Bolio—now the b'ar season is a-comin' on? I have had dogs what would have give me pleasure to see slip off yon rock; but this one—I'd almost as soon go over myself. Tomorrow I can tell—unless he's dropped into the river and been washed away. And he did it a-guardin' us, too. Damn. What a dog! I don't know what he met, but I'll bet a thousand dollars out of my next week's salary that that stranger thought he'd run plumb into a mangling machine. If Bolio went off that rock, he had company, that's sure. It would be just like him to turn up here tomorrow morning."

But on the following morning with the rain over and the sky clearing, the great black hound did not appear. Jeff Wise was up by daybreak; and his chief business was to find his dog. He woke to a world washed clean; to delicious fall fragrances; to misty hemlocks and a cloud-filled gorge. Before the sun was up, he had been out on the platform of rock; he had searched the wooded brink of the canyon. But not a sign remained of the desperate struggle that had been waged. What the night had concealed, the day could not divulge. The evidence of that obscure and fatal encounter the storm had completely obliterated. The hemlocks shed their rainy fragrances as before; the falls roared their ancient mountain anthem; the rhododendrons shivered dewily, shedding silver drops into their dusky shadows. Giant red dahlias in Jeff's yard seemed to mock him with the affluence of their gorgeous beauty. After such a loss as Jeff's, triumphant beauty may be repellent. The world for the mountaineer was changed. It would be only a month before the bear season—and Bolio was gone. There was an old bear over on Black Mountain that Jeff Wise coveted with a mighty desire. But he would be helpless without his dog.

After breakfast he made his way down a bright-pebbled path through the kalmias toward the falls. He wanted to search among the boulders directly beneath the rock platform. But his heart was heavy; for his search, if it ended successfully, could but confirm his worst fears.

A half-hour's painful climbing down through the reeking thicket and over the rocks tumbled in mad fashion near the base of the gorge brought Jeff almost under the strange shelf-like rock jutting from the tremendous cliff above.

And now Jeff began to search—rather drearily—dreading to find the thing for which he looked. If the strugglers had indeed fallen from that beetling black rock, the plunge had been dreadful, the momentum acquired, appalling; the impact—death. Miserably Jeff searched for Bolio. The waters of the Linville River had been up among these very boulders last night; but now they had subsided somewhat, leaving the rocks glistening, treacherous, satiric. Had they had a silent grim part in a tragedy? Jeff wondered. Their shining peace mocked him.

Suddenly the man was aware of a heavy paw waving helplessly in a frothy eddy behind a black boulder. There was a deep pocket there—a place of fresh backwater in which Jeff had caught many a rainbow trout. Now the pocket held a strange visitor. The massive paw swayed helplessly, childishly.

"Durn my hide—hit's a painter," said the mountain man—"and drowned as dead as Noah. Now, let your eyes light on this."

Jeff grasped the foreleg of the huge beast and drew it out of the foamy pool. He dragged it over to a rock with a flat top. There it lay—a splendid mountain lion—but now singularly limp and distorted. There seemed to be nothing left of the superb creature's shape. Jeff ran his hand tentatively over it.

"It wasn't drowned," he said; "it fell off that rock. There aren't any bones left in it. And my Bolio—"

Pathetic was the look that Jeff cast at the ominous rock, far, far above him. Yet in his heart there was something like grim triumph. Bolio had encountered what is, at close quarters, for a dog as formidable an enemy as can be met; and the great hound had thrown his antagonist from the cliff. That much, at least, seemed to Jeff clear. Nor was he beneath appreciating the epic nature of that titanic fight. Bolio the valiant had spent his might against one of the real terrors of the night and of the lonely gorge; and he had at least brought the battle to an equal conclusion.

"If he fell too," said Jeff, "I reckon he was washed away."

Wistfully he looked down the mighty gorge, now serene in bridal mists. No great-hearted lover, I think, "staring into the sunset whence his April love has fled" could with more longing have gazed into those beauteous mocking mists than did this humble mountaineer. But Bolio had not vanished incontinently. He had left his mark, his sign. Here was the dead body of his enemy.

"God, but he died game," Jeff muttered. "I don't b'lieve a man could have died gamer. Damn if I would fight a painter on that rock up yonder."

Jeff's feelings toward his hound were precisely Rudyard's toward Gunga Din.

A further search among the wild ruin of rocks yielded nothing more. At the end of an hour the mountaineer abandoned his quest. The pulp-like carcass of the panther he hauled to the river's brim and hurled it in.

"Damn tom-cat," he muttered; "the fish will eat you."

He watched the tawny-hided beast swirled away by the mad torrent; then he turned and climbed with a heavy heart to his cabin on the cliff.

My Collie Dog

My faithful Collie dog is dead and never more her yellow head will rest upon my knee; no more she'll run with tail awag to greet me as I homeward lag at close of toilsome day, the soft brown eyes that gazed at me have closed in sleep—the debt we all must pay. My faithful Collie dog ne'er lied nor sought to do one ill; she helped the children in their play, but now her voice is still. No more she'll chase the rolling ball nor grab the swinging stick, no more she'll jump from child to child, with action sure and quick. . . . . And you, who never knew my dog, may think these lines ill-penned. I am sincere, I drop a tear, I mourn a faithful friend!—J. ALFRED TAYLOR, M. C.

II

When Bolio had left his place on the front porch that rainy night, he had expected trouble, and it was like him to stalk grimly to meet it. Some dogs are scared by danger; others are roused and challenged by it. Of this latter class was Bolio. Moreover, he knew pretty definitely the character of his opponent from the moment when the heavy scent of the great cat was wafted to him by the rainy wind. He had met such a friend before; and he preferred a black bear at bay to one of these lithe and powerful creatures, so ready to slink away, to climb a tree, or to make a desperate stand if cornered. A dog knows the nature of his prey or of his antagonist better than does his master. Witness with what whining reluctance a hound will often follow a bear-spoor, when the same dog will create a regular sand-storm after a stag. Witness the savage speed with which a misguided dog will pursue sheep, contrasted with the utter deference he will manifest in the presence of a single goat. A dog that goes into ecstasy over the trail of a wild hog will sagely assume an attitude of conciliatory avoidance when he senses the presence of a rattler. And Bolio, being far wiser than most of his kind, was fully aware of the nature of this night-prowler, the approach of whom it was his duty to challenge. Down the steps the powerful black dog had stalked, his growl warning the intruder. There were stepping stones across the yard to the little gate. Down this pathway the black warder of Jeff Wise's lonely cabin went slowly, certainly, his head high, his eyes ablaze. What to him were rain and the night, mystery of that vast solitude, peril—the lush scent of the enemy? Such a dog has a passion for duty; and Bolio's present duty was to fight.

Loud ramped the white waters of the Linville River down that black tremendous gorge, in affluent rupture storming southward through the lonely mountains. Bolio knew well the meaning of that roar, and of every other sound. But no sound concerned him now; rather it was the sultry, the oriental odor of the panther, close at hand.

Possibly the puma did not hear the dog growl. The

wind was blowing to the warder. At any rate, when Bolio reached the gate, he was face-to-face with the tawny lion. I think the primary instinct in any member of the cat family, when in the presence of peril, is to run. "Discretion is the better part of valor" is a better motto for cats than for men. A cat is too proud to fight. Of course, a feline will make a stand; will even make a charge; but it is very much more of an adept at shrinking. There is something of feminine resourcefulness in such a creature that is intellectually superior to the bold, downright, candid courage of a dog. A cat has a sphinx-like sagacity, a certain ancient sorcery that the dog never possesses.

But vain at this moment were sphinx-like sagacity and ancient sorcery. The puma was on the edge of the platform; Bolio appeared full in the only pathway to escape. Under such circumstances a cat will either jump to safety or will stand at bay to discover what a frightful mien, claws, and teeth can do toward retarding the zeal of an over-impetuous lover. Evidently the panther, familiar with the perilous nature of the ground—able, indeed, even in the darkness and the rain to see his surroundings—knew the risk in a leap. All his life this great male panther had hunted along the edges of the gorge. He did not quite dare to rush upon the grim hound; he could not safely leap. An inch short in such a leap, and he would plunge three hundred feet. Nor was there a bed of roses below to receive his coming. There was nothing now to do but fight. As Bolio was of exactly the same persuasion, the business started instantly. There were no preliminary bouts. It was the impact of these two implacable enemies that Jeff heard the first time he opened the door. While he was in the kitchen, lighting the lantern, the mortal round was being fought. When he returned to the door, we remember, he was met by blank darkness, and the rain, and the weird sighing of the reeking hemlocks.

That was a mighty round that Bolio and the puma fought on that black rock hanging above nothing. Johnson used to say that going to sea in a ship was like being in jail with the chance of being drowned. Then fighting on that shelf was like standing off two deaths at once. For either antagonist, a slip meant the end of it all; the odds, therefore, in that respect, were decidedly against Bolio. A cat can cling where a dog has no chance of staying. A cat's feet and claws are made prehensile—like his life.

But Bolio, in his superb courage, showed not a second's hesitancy. He went for the puma's throat. Old hunter that he was, he was well aware of the place where things really live. In any living thing the neck is almost tragically vital; for there all the life-forces converge in narrow compass, in narrow conduits. Into the panther's very bosom Bolio stormed; and he got the beast by the throat.

The puma had struck him savagely, ripping an ear to ribbons. He had reared up at the black hound's demoniac approach; and but for Bolio's momentum, the blow dealt him might well have driven him sheer from the rock. But now they had closed, and in deadliest sort. The puma's game was to claw the dog open with the keen claws on his hind legs. To this end he had gripped the dog's shoulder in his teeth and was trying madly to disembowel the grim and fearless creature that was strangling him. But the dog's grip on the puma's throat was decisive—at least for the moment. Even the superb lithe strength of the puma ebbed under the hound's relentless attack. The puma turned in agony, Bolio thrusting him backward. One of the cat's hind legs slipped off the cliff. He could not draw it up. Bolio continued to crowd his enemy. The puma released his hold of the hound's shoulder. The claws of his forefeet tore hotly into Bolio's back. But the black muzzle of the great hound only sank the more deeply into his victim's tawny throat.

The business could not last. The puma could not loose Bolio's hold. Nor could Bolio free himself from that heavy embrace that now gripped him in smothering cruelty. The puma kept turning—Bolio on-crowding. They were on the brink. The brink was slippery with rain and wet slime of the rock. A second of hot savage panting, a fierce snarl, an answering throat-buried growl—and off they plunged—down, down into bellowing darkness.

It was just at that time that Jefferson Wise brought the light. The lights of this life not infrequently are brought after there is nothing for them to illumine.

Locked in death's embrace the two great bodies, hurtling frightfully, plunged like an unblazing meteor for the rocks gleaming below coldly in the rain. The wild fall through the darkness in no way abated the fury of their struggle. But of course their plunge could not last. It was of shorter duration than their fight on the rock; and its end was certainly more decisive. Death is, perhaps, the only perfect consummation; and on the gray boulders in the Linville Gorge the puma suddenly achieved this perfection. He yielded with amazing celerity all nine of his lives. He also yielded, with little reluctance, his hold on the hound Bolio. Such a plunge, on such rocks, apparently sacked the puma incontinently of all his sphinx-like sagacity, all his ancient sorcery. And his giving over of them was indubitably final. Moreover, luck, that almost invariably smiles upon a feline as a favorite, was against this one. Of the two fighters, one had to take the brunt of the impact. The puma did. He struck squarely on his back; and the stars that he saw were probably a firmament. After his fall he more resembled a rug than a panther. Bolio had fared a little better. One of his hind legs was broken; he was jarred perfectly senseless; he rolled with the dead puma into the water, with a high-grade chance of being drowned. Otherwise he was unhurt. At least, he was not dead. That is usually a consideration of some moment.

Jeff was up at daybreak and his chief business was to find his dog.

The fur rug to which the panther had been so suddenly reduced was sucked into the backwash pool, whence it was dragged next morning by Jeff Wise. A touch of real current got hold of the black body of the hound, toyed with it gently, purringly, caressingly; then drew it with imperious pride toward the wild ramp of the river. It would be difficult to say whether Bolio there had any more chance of staying alive than the panther had of recapturing his nine fled existences.

Bolio's insensible form, ideal prey for such waters, was now headed full for the epic journey

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 69]

Barnyard *Hackle*

by Reg Dinsmore

Illustration by Edgar Shaw

WE beached the canoe in a drizzling rain. Clem, grabbing the axe and blanket roll, made a run for the little birch knoll just up the bank from the sandbar. Before I had finished flopping the light craft bottom up and storing paddles and setting poles, rods and landing net, beneath her, I could hear his axe "plocking" into a dry stub. By the time I had clambered across the tangle of dead driftwood and reached the top of the bank with my arms full of camp duffle, a cheery blaze was leaping in the dripping twilight.

Trout fried in bacon fat; beans warmed in the can; coffee from the old trail-worn, bailed pot, black with the accumulated smoke of many campfires. Then, as we lay dry and warm in the tent, with pipes drawing sweetly, and watched the gentle weep of the August sky as it hissed soothingly in the fire—why, Clem just naturally started talking.

* * *

"Guiding? Sure, guiding's alright, providing you get the right parties. Lots of difference in 'em though.

"Now, there's that Bunker fellow that came up here from Providence a year ago last spring. Bull-necked sort of a critter, long about fifty years old, I'd say. One of those people who keeps raising their voice the bigger the crowd gets. Likes all the attention, you know. Brought his wife along with him. Little wistful looking woman. Wasn't just sure she could call her soul her own; she'd been buffaloed around so much by that four-flushin' husband of her's.

"Well, it's pretty early in the season when they got there—Jim Bickford's Camps you know—and Bill McKenny and I were the only two guides on the job. Bill had a party, so of course it was up to me to take the Bunkers.

"Bunker claimed to be a fly-fisherman; but the fly-fishin' in the river was mighty poor just then. Fish wouldn't rise—too cold. So Bunker hit the lake trollin', and hit it hard.

"I used to shove the old canoe off the float just as soon as we'd finished breakfast, and we'd hardly ever get back to the camps until everyone was all through supper.

"Now, I like to see a fellow stay with any kind of a game when things are comin' hard, and I didn't object to stayin' out with him from mornin' 'till bedtime. But, sufferin' skunks! didn't I get sick of that bird's conversation!

"Alibies! Say, no more chance of that man runnin' short of alibies than there'd be of a pollywog gettin' cramped for swimmin' room in Moosehead Lake! If he missed a fish on the first strike it was because his hook was dull. If he missed on the second tap it was because I was paddlin' too fast. If he missed again, I was paddlin' too slow. If a fish wore out his mouth, on account of Bunker handlin' him too rough, and flopped off the hook when he had him 'most to the boat; it was either because I didn't handle the canoe right or wasn't quick enough with the landin' net. Nothin' was ever his fault!

"Another thing used to grind in my gizzard considerabl' too, and that was the fact that he wouldn't let his wife go along with us. She'd liked to have gone. I heard her ask him if she couldn't. He wouldn't have her, though. Claimed that he didn't think it was safe for her to be on the lake in a canoe. I kind of intimated I'd never drowned many people, but Bunker just gave me a sour look. Later on he made the remark that he considered one line was a plenty to run from a boat. Wanted all the pleasure and glory himself, you see.

"Did that man want to catch a big fish? Well, I'd tell the American speakin' public he did—awful! Talked about it all the time! We never left the float but what he'd yap 'Take me where there are some big ones today, Baker!' Baker! Just as if I'd been a valet or some other kind of a house servant. Never could bring himself to call me by my first name, 'n by gosh, I never felt very bad about it!

"I explained, all soft and pretty, that the big ones couldn't be caught until they bit, and all that a guide could do was to try the likely places. Bunker said he didn't care anythin' about catchin' little fish, most he came up here for was to get a big one. Just the same, he wanted to kill every small trout that he hooked. Came pretty near having a scrap with him to get him to put some back that were under the lawful length.

"Well sir, the weather warmed up a little, and when Bunker and I pulled in from the 'Narrows' one evening with only three small fish to show for our day's work, we found that trout were beginning to rise to a fly in the river. Old Professor Lynch, who, by the way, is a *real* fly-fisherman, had brought four speckled beauties to net, down at the pool we call the 'Elbow.' That was enough for Bunker. He was a fly-fisherman from then on.

"Lots more of that line of his. About trollin' and bait fishin' not being sportsmanlike. Fly fishin' was the *only* way to take a game fish! And he kind of gave everyone to understand that he was the 'hedgehog's hat-band' with a fly rod. He made some wonderful casts, landed some mighty fish, right there in front of the fireplace that evening!

"The sportin' goods dealer who outfitted Bunker must have been a pretty decent sort of a chap, for the old boy sure did have a corkin' collection o fly-fishin' tackle. A couple of beautiful rods, a whole raft of English tied flies, leaders, lines, lightweight reels, —everythin'!

"We got down to the river next morning, he set up his rod, got all ready to do business, 'n then he asked me what I thought he'd better use for flies. I told him one fly was enough, and he'd better make it a Dusty Miller. Well, sir, he dug into that fly book of his and hauled out a Hare's Ear, a Western Bee, and a Scarlet Ibis, and looped them *all* onto his leader. Formed my opinion of him as a fly-fisherman right then.

"And talk about handling a fly rod! Say, perhaps that gazaboo had been a champion hammer thrower, at some remote period of his existence, I dunno. Leastways that's just about the way he went about his casts. I went way back out of the way and sat down on a rock, smoked my pipe and suffered agony for that peach of a rod. Didn't he lace the stuffin' out of it though? It sure was a crime!

"He thrashed the river for two days without results, 'n then he put the proposition to me that I'd been expectin'.

"Here she be, Bill. Some I caught in Sarasota, Florida. Hooked eight of these rascals and landed two—which was plenty. I prefer the bass for mine. Yours for plenty of 'em (bass),"
M. H. Lockeman.

" 'Say Baker,' he pipes up, sort of sheepish-like, 'what's the matter with slipping on a worm?'

" 'Nothing doing, Mister Bunker,' I shoots right back. 'You know just as well as I do that it's against the law to fish this river with anything but flies. I ain't takin' any chances on losing my license. Game warden's liable to happen along any time on this stream.'

"The old bird grouches up worse than ever at that and thrashes that rod wicked, but he stuck to flies.

"Just before he goes to his cabin that evening, Bunker calls me to one side and says in his smooth way (and the galoot could talk oily when he wanted to) 'I think, Baker, that I can get along all right without you tomorrow. Would you mind takin' the Missus out and showin' her around a bit? She is becomin' slightly bored, sittin' around the cabin alone so much.'

" 'Such sudden consideration!' says I to myself. But I'm glad of the chance to break up the monotony for the old girl, and tells him so.

"Next mornin', when I strolled over to their cabin, 'long half past eight or so, she met me at the door with a smile. 'Good morning, Clem!' she comes at me. Clem! Right off the bat! And then she rattles on, tickled as a kid. 'Isn't this a wonderful morning? You don't know how glad I am of the chance to be out of doors today! What are we going to do?'

" 'Anythin' you'd like, Missus Bunker,' I assures her, for I'd just about made up my mind she was a regular fellow, and I was ready to throw myself to give her the best I had.

"She stands for a minute looking off across the lake kind of dreamy like, then she walks close up to me and looks me square in the eye.

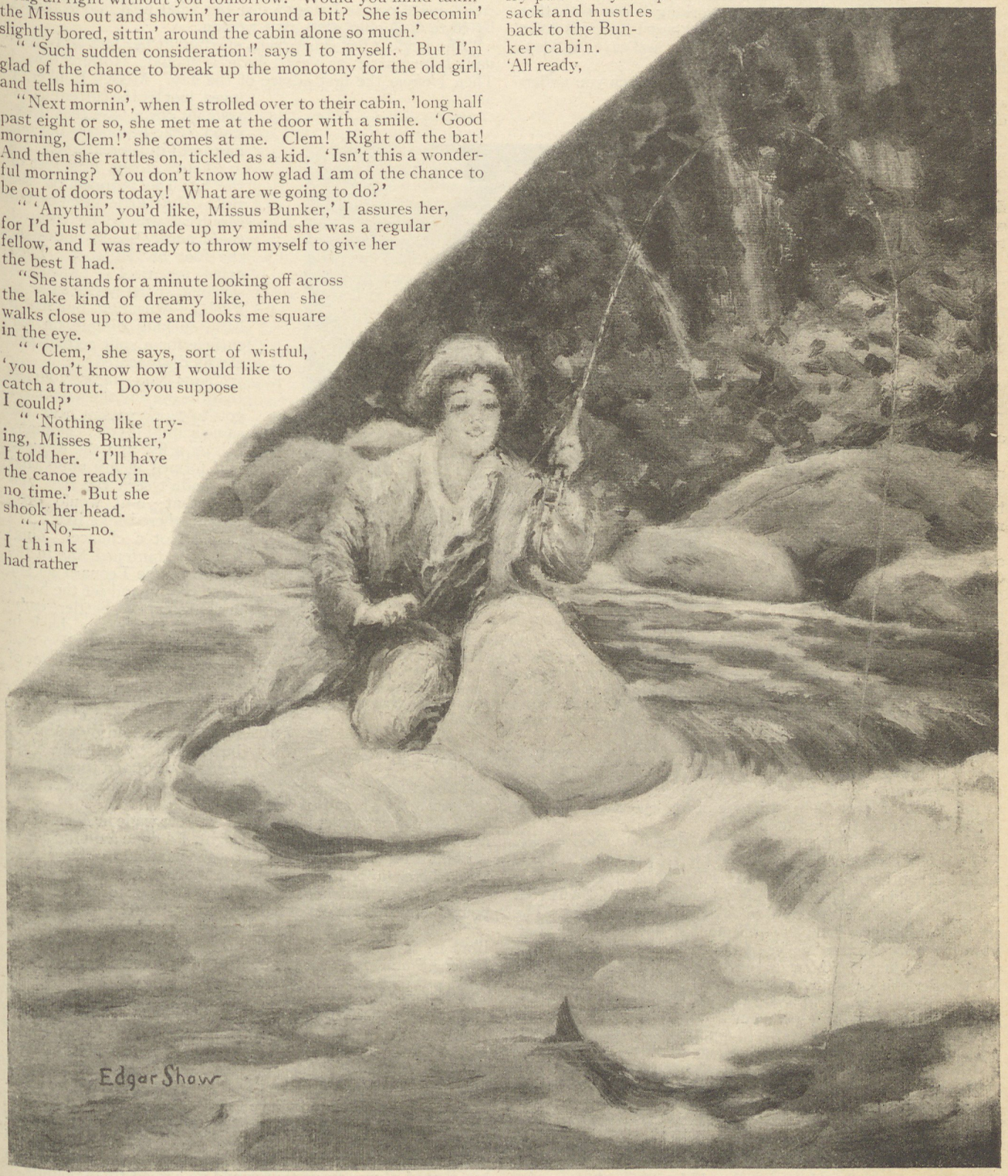
" 'Clem,' she says, sort of wistful, 'you don't know how I would like to catch a trout. Do you suppose I could?'

" 'Nothing like trying, Misses Bunker,' I told her. 'I'll have the canoe ready in no time.' But she shook her head.

" 'No,—no. I think I had rather try the river with a fly,' she declared. We all know a greenhorn's chance of getting a fish are better trolling than with a fly, but I was out to please her so I agrees and asks her what she's got for tackle.

"The minute I mentions tackle I'm sorry, for the poor old girl kind of flushes up and stammers how very particular Mister Bunker is about anyone using his tackle but himself and she wouldn't like to annoy him; and wasn't there an old rod about the place that I could borrow for her.

"You know what I did? By gosh, I walks right up to the guide's camp and pulls that five-ounce Leonard of mine off the pegs, slapped my fly book into my pocket, packs a lunch and fry-pan in my knapsack and hustles back to the Bunker cabin. 'All ready,



"By gosh! She stopped that trout and turned him, just about four feet upstream from where the swift current left the pool! 'N I breathed once more."

Missus Bunker,' I tells her feelin' just a little shaky.

"It sure was a fine morning, and Missus Bunker enjoyed every minute of it. Nothing gets by her. Everything was beautiful to her eyes and she prattled like a schoolgirl about them. Here's somebody that's nature-starved, I figured to myself, pitying her like blazes.

"Well, finally we made the river and got all set at the upper end of Smooth Ledge Pool, and I passed her the rod. Had kind of a funny feeling at the pit of my stomach when I did it too 'cause that little old bamboo switch set me back just sixty bones. I loops on a Queen of the Waters, steps back and holds my breath.

"But Lord, man! When I sees her strip some line off that reel with her left hand and begins working it out with that beautiful grace that belongs only to the expert I just sets down on an old log, closes my eyes for a moment and says confidentially to myself—'Well, I'll be damned!'

"'Tain't in my line of business to talk too much you understand, so I just kept my trap closed and watched her. When she got out what line she wanted she let that fly down onto the water as light as you please, right where the current flatted out into the pool, and it seemed that almost before it touched a big trout nailed it.

"Did she hook him! She did! And I netted him just a few minutes later. I wouldn't fumbled that netting job for the best rifle that ever came into Maine, mister!

" 'Put him back, Clem,' she ordered as I took him out of the net. 'It's the first trout I've caught for thirty years, and we don't need him.'"

"I let that fish slip into the stream, and as the old girl started casting again I stood back, and by gosh, I took off my hat!

"Between then and noon she caught four more fish. Good ones, too! Run between two and three pounds I'd guess. The last one, the smallest of the lot, she allowed me to keep for dinner. All the rest went back! Full-blooded sportswoman! That's what that lady was, mister!

"She didn't need to tell me that those french-fried spuds, trout, coffee, and some rolls that I'd brought along from the camps, went better than any seven course dinner she'd sat at for years. I knew it by the look of her eye as soon as she threw her lip over the first mouthful.

"After dinner she insisted that I take time for a good smoke. Not much like her illustrous husband I'll rise to remark! Then, while I'm comfortably puffing away with my back against a big spruce she told me where she made the acquaintance of a fly rod.

"Seems that her father used to be a crank on fly-fishing. The old buck must have had plenty of coin, too, because every year, from the time she was ten years old until she got married he used to take her with him, up onto the Tobique after salmon. No wonder she knew the game. What?

"For the next couple of hours she just mulled around gathering some of those great woods violets that grow along the river. As I watched her an idea hit me plumb between the eyes. Why not give her a chance at 'Old Settler'?

" 'Old Settler' lived in a pool a quarter of a mile downstream. 'Twasn't much of a pool to look at and so people didn't fish it much. 'Twas a hard one to get at anyhow. Along one side of it a jamb of driftwood had formed at high water, and 'twas under this mess of 'dryki' that 'Old Settler' hung out. No chance of getting at the pool across the driftwood without shaking up the stuff and scaring the old boy. On the opposite side the woods grew so close to the water that the pool had to be fished from the upstream end.

A Congo prize. Female gorilla shot by Herbert E. Bradley, traveler, explorer, and big game hunter. Mary Hastings Bradley, noted writer, accompanies her husband on his many trips to the wilds. A slogan suggested by Mr. Bradley: "When you bring up a nation of sportsmen, you bring up a nation of good citizens."

That meant that if a fish was hooked he would have to be fought to a finish and led to the net against the current. And a mighty strong current it was!

"I happened to discover the big trout one day when I was fishing for pan-fish. Snapped a Montreal right off the gut. Just like that! I saw his tail when he rolled at the fly though, and man, that tail was as wide as your two hands! You can bet your neck I didn't advertise the place any. Kind of figured I'd save the big boy for some deserving fisherman, and Missus Bunker looked to me like the correct candidate.

"Well, to make a long story shorter, about three o'clock that afternoon I had her in place on the ledges at the upper end of 'Old Settler's' pool. I hadn't said a word to her about the big trout, for of course I wasn't sure but what he'd moved, and I hated to disappoint that little woman.

"She made a few short casts, starting at her feet and gradually fishing away, as a good flycaster should. Nothing doing! Then I offers the first advice of the day. Missus Bunker, I urges, just let the current carry your fly down past that driftwood. She begins paying out line and I quit breathing.

"Thirty, forty, fifty feet of the line she stripped off the reel. That little number ten Montreal was so far away I could hardly see it, almost at the foot of the pool. Then came the rise! 'Twasn't a slashing, spattery rise same as I'd been expecting, but just a little sucking dimple on the surface for a split second and the fly disappeared.

"Now you know yourself that the eye and the wrist have got to work pretty near the same instant if you hook many fish on a fly, and the thought half formed in my mind that she hadn't seen the rise, and that that trout would drop that feathered fake like a hot cake. Not a chance! Zing! went the tautened line in the guides of the Leonard as she lifted the tip and set the hook, and Mister 'Old Settler' came out of the water and back in again with a mighty flop and started boring for the outlet of the pool.

"Missus Bunker gasped as she saw him, then closed her mouth, tight, and gave him the butt. And, by gosh! she stopped that trout and turned him, just about four feet upstream from where the swift current left the pool! 'N I breathed once more.

"I got the net under him at last. Had to wade in clean to my neck to reach him, but that's all right, I'd done a diving act to get him if I'd had to, after the way she handled that fish! Got him ashore, tapped him across the head with the back of my hunting knife, and hooked him onto my pocket scales. Six pounds and five ounces of fighting brook-trout!

" 'Allow me to offer my warmest congratulations, Missus Bunker,' piped in a voice behind us, and I turns to find old Prof. Lynch grinning from ear to ear. Seems he's seen the whole show and I was glad for reasons of my own.

"Well, we didn't fish any more and so got back to the camps quite early. Everyone was still out fishing. No one around but some of the help. So I just put the big fish in the icehouse and camped down on the piazza for a smoke. Before Missus Bunker went to her cabin she came and thanked me mighty pretty for taking her onto the river. I told her I'd enjoyed it as much as she; and by gosh! I believe I did, nearly.

Long about five o'clock the fishermen came struggling in. Last of them all came Bunker, and I'll be darned if he didn't have a fish, and a good one too! Not a whale you understand, but a good plump trout that would go a good three pounds.

"Bunker laid his fish out on the grass of the lawn and struck the pose of a Roman Con-

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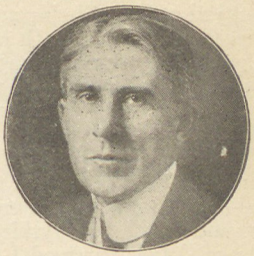
The Fisherman

by Zane Grey



Zane Grey.

Illustration by Frank Stick

IN the gray of the following dawn, when all objects were indistinct in the opaque gloom, Lorry strode swiftly down River Street, under the iron bridge where the railroad crossed, and down the steep incline to the rocks below. Crow was waiting for him at the appointed place, pole in hand, and minnow-bucket set on the rock. What did Crow's bad name, his lazy disregard of work and school amount to when it came to fishing? He was always on time; he never tired; he would give up his best place or lend his pole; and happiest and strangest of all, he was as glad to have some one else catch a fine fish as if he caught it himself. Lorry learned early that this was a rare and lovable quality in fishermen. Crow Graves was a bad boy, but not when he was fishing.

They waded out under the old Y bridge, a covered structure that crossed the mouth of Licking Creek, and the Muskingum River in two directions, and followed a ledge of rock that led in zigzag fashion on under the railroad bridge and beyond to a huge pile of slab-like rocks. The air was full of mist from the great dam of the river and the roar of the tumbling waters was deafening. Cool and fresh and wet blew the winds set in motion by the fall of water.

"Look ahere," shouted Crow, and with his two hands cupped he dipped them in his bucket and lifted a swarm of lively big chubs and shiners. "Ketched them up Joe's Run yesterday."

Crow Graves possessed shifty, hard, blue eyes, but at this moment they glistened with ardor and generosity. "Help yourself, Lorry," he said, "an' let's fish like the devil before any one comes. We beat them here."

Lorry needed no second bidding. The first wiggling bait he dropped into the water was seized by a fish before he had a chance to wade out where he wanted to go. He hooked a lusty bass of two pounds and pulled it out in short order. Crow yelled something, the meaning of which was drowned by the roar of water. Next time Lorry got out to a point of ledge, in swift water up to his knees, and cast his bait out into the green boiling current. He let the bait drift away from him and let out more line. Suddenly he had a quick sharp strike new to him. He missed. Crow saw him miss and waved a tragic hand. Lorry put on another bait and tried again. But soon he had to move back to let Crow pass under his pole, for Crow had hooked a fish and was unceremoniously dragging it along to shallow water in the rock pile. Here he jerked it out—a long, silvery, big-eyed salmon.

That was the beginning of a river fishing experience which almost rivalled Dillon's Falls. Crow, who was impetuous and violent, broke his line on a heavy fish. Lorry caught two nice salmon, and played a large one for fifteen minutes. But it was too strong and clever for him. At the critical time he gave slack line and the fish got away. Then other fishermen began to arrive, until the rocks were lined. This crowd did not appeal to Lorry, but as he and Crow had secured the best places he was able to endure it.

Meanwhile the sun rose bright, and with the business of day, wagons and pedestrians began to cross the bridges. Lorry knew his father often went to town this way, and crossed the railroad bridge. And it chanced that presently Lorry had another swift, sharp strike. The instant he hooked this salmon he knew he had his hands full. The anglers on the rocks below obligingly pulled in their lines to give Lorry a fair field to play his fish. This salmon was like lightning, and if he had been heavy he would have bested Lorry. Twice he ran off all the line. Once he headed into the foamy current and went clear to the thundering fall of waters that rolled over the dam. But at last Lorry subdued him, and waded along the ledge toward the rocks, with the long white rolling salmon shining in the sunlight.

Lorry gazed up at the railroad bridge, and there on the board walk stood his father watching him. What a proud moment for Lorry when he landed that four pound salmon! The morning ended, however, as so many fishing days, with disaster. Lorry hooked something that nearly smashed his pole and did break his line.

"Gee, you're a lucky fellar!" ejaculated Crow Graves.

"Lucky! Do you call that luck?" wailed Lorry, "I've got to quit, my line's gone!"

"What d'ye want for fifteen cents—canary birds?" retorted the practical Crow.

Thereafter, for several weeks, Lorry alternated his fishing trips between Dillon's Falls and Muskingum Dam. His luck at the latter place held so remarkably that he acquired a wonderful reputation among the older fishermen. Lorry felt that he was just applying Muddy Miser tactics on the larger fish of the river. One day he caught a seven-pound mudcat and landed it without help, a feat remarkable in that swift water. Another time he and Crow were seining for minnows up under the apron of the dam, in a narrow place that had been broken out by ice. Lorry felt something heavy hit the mosquito-net seine.

"Lift quick!" yelled Lorry.

That was easy to say, but hard to do. A heavy weight dragged in the seine. But up they came with it, to disclose an enormous salmon, wallowing in the bag of the net.

"Roll him up," bawled Crow. Frantically the two of them staggered together, folding and wrapping the fish. It struggled so hard that it knocked over one and then the other. At last they dragged it to shallow water where they fell upon it and secured it. Fifteen pounds it weighed. A lordly fish, silver and white, with dark specks and a rose flush, and huge black eyes and sharp teeth. One of the admiring men in the mill where the boys carried the salmon offered them two dollars for it. Lorry would not have sold his share for ten, but Crow, as much as he loved fish, succumbed to the lure of so much money.

Another day Lorry was standing in deep, swift water, fishing in a round hole just under the Licking dam, a famous place for catfish, though but few were caught there. All at once Lorry thought he was snagged on the bottom. Carefully he pulled and labored to free his hook. Then suddenly he made the discovery that his pole was bending down. A slow, heavy fish was pulling it. Lorry jerked with all his might. The fish retaliated with a ponderous rush, and Lorry began to slide down the slippery incline toward the deep hole. This day he was not using a reel and so could not give the fish line. It pulled him in. Lorry yelled for help, which was soon forthcoming. One fisherman took his pole and another hauled him out. Lorry had swallowed so much water that for a few moments he was incapacitated. Meanwhile the fisherman landed the fish, which was a mudcat as long as Lorry's leg and nearly a foot broad across the huge yellow and black-marked head. Lorry surely needed help to carry that fish home. He got it there alive and put it in the old tub under the hydrant, from which he was loth to take it. Tom Linden's grandfather came over to see it and offered such a price that Lorry, seeing visions of a new reel and line for Old Muddy Miser, succumbed even as had Crow.

July came, and summer, with the singing locust and the hot mellow days, and low clear water at Dillon's Falls.

Lorry now went up every day except Sunday, on which day he stayed at home, being no longer compelled to attend church. Twice during this month he took Homer to Dillon's Falls, on both of which occasions singular good fortune befell the younger brother. Homer hooked more big fish that got away, and caught more small ones, and destroyed more lines and hooks, and used up more bait than any boy ever had in all the world, Lorry declared. But this experience with larger fish, coupled with Homer's success as a minnow catcher, at last made him a dyed-in-the-wool fisherman. It was settled—Homer averred he would never do anything except fish.

When August arrived Lorry persuaded his mother to win the consent of his father to permit him to camp out at Dillon's Falls. Only his mother, however, knew with whom Lorry planned to camp. Then Lorry and Homer planned that Homer was to come up to the falls occasionally, bringing a basket of supplies, and what Lorry liked more than anything —blackberry pie.

Lorry was up at dawn that first day, and, burdened with bundle, bucket and pole, he walked the three miles in record time, arriving at the pot-shop just as the sun rose.

Old Muddy Miser was eating his breakfast, which consisted of fried bass, coffee and bread.

"Here I am," Lorry announced, joyfully.

"Welcome as flowers in May," replied the old fisherman. "You had a big load for a little man."

"Brought all I could carry. Bacon, lots of butter, ten pounds of sugar, and oh, a pile of stuff."

"Good! We need plenty of sugar. It is a valuable food. . . . . Will you eat a piece of fried bass?"

"You bet I will. Haven't had any breakfast. Mother got up to see me off, but I wouldn't let her bother with breakfast. I was in a hurry."

"How about your brother? Is he coming up sometimes?"

"Yes—on Friday. I made him promise not to tell the boys where he was going."

"Good! . . . . Now you eat some breakfast while I put this stuff away. . . . . Aha! pie—blackberry pie! I see you have a sweet tooth, my lad. Well, it is not exactly a failing. . . . . What's this in the little box?"

"It's a new reel and line—for you," replied Lorry.

"For me? Well, that was kind of you, Lorry," said the old fisherman, somewhat hastily, as he opened the box to take out a large silverplated, black-handled reel, full of silk line. He turned it over, and around, and held it away from him, spun the handle, tried the click, and then tested the silk line.

"Rank poison, Lorry, rank poison!" he declared, lustily.

"How's fishing?" queried Lorry, with his mouth full of fried bass.

"A shade better than it has been. I've seen sign of some big ones. It's getting time for them to rant around now. Last night there was one of the biggest kind of bass feeding out at the head of the falls. He thumped the water and made furrows in that shallow rift. But he didn't work far from deep water. He's a wise old fish. Black as coal! I saw him once. I could have got a bait to him, easy, but I wanted to wait for you. He'll feed there tonight."

"I'd rather see you catch a whopper first—so I'll know how to handle one when I do hook him. . . . . I bought you a couple dozen of those big white steel hooks you liked. The ones with the offset and short shank."

"Pray, young sir, what did you buy for yourself?" demanded the old man.

"Two new lines, some tiny minnow hooks, black and rough, the straight dull ones you like, as well as needle hooks, and a couple spools of floss silk, and a piece of beeswax."

"Wisdom, my son, wisdom. I hope when you get rich you will always show such sense. But it's only fair for me to say that I have a weakness for fishing tackle. I fear I would be extravagant."

"I *know* I will be," said Lorry, with a tone which implied as well the fact that some day he would have the money.

"Two meals a day—a hearty one for supper—are enough for fishermen," remarked Mr. Miser. "We'll have breakfast early, and supper about four. That will give us the sunset and twilight hours for fishing—which are the best, my lad. . . . . Now to wash and scour things. We must fetch a bundle of hay from the farmer's field for our bed. Then to make a box to keep minnows. Then to fix up tackle. I have located some fine mustard-seed reeds for minnow poles. We will cut some, trim them, and hang up to dry. There's plenty of work, Lorry. But you must learn there are two kinds of fishermen. Those who idle and those who work. We belong to the latter class. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A drone carries no honey to the hive. . . . . Another task today, Lorry. We must fashion a good fish knife out of an old file I have. The farmer has a grindstone in his shed. We will grind this file, and then draw the temper to make it soft. The makers of Damascus steel surely were expert in tempering."

Thus the day began and the hours flew by. While engaged at their tasks the old fisherman talked as one whose lips had long been sealed. In Lorry he had an eager listener, a worshipper whose glad eyes must have been inspiring. Every now and then he would amaze Lorry.

He would be silent and thoughtful for a while, then he would push back his battered slouch hat and halting in his task glare fixedly at Lorry. "The Hindus now—they're a wonderful race. They have habits queer to us so-called cultured people. Friendship is good. A congenial comrade helps develop the mind. But, lad, never forget that the great men have been thinkers and are not gregarious. You must begin at once to form a habit of being alone, if only for a little while every day. Go off by yourself. Sit by the falls, or in the woods, or fields. Look around you and think of what you see. Nature is all around. Make it a part of you. . . . . Watch the sun set and twilight fall and the stars brighten. Thoughts will come to you."

At another time he suddenly halted in a task to ask Lorry: "Did you ever see the effect whiskey has upon a raw egg?"

"No, indeed," replied Lorry.

"Well, if you break an egg into a plate and pour whiskey over it the albumen is coagulated. In fact, the egg is cooked and turns blue. . . . . Fine stuff whiskey is to take into your stomach!"

"Why do men drink?" queried Lorry, wondering. "Is it the taste?"

"No. Not one in a thousand men really knows why he drinks. Some day you will understand it."

Not until nearly four o'clock did Lorry have a little respite from his pleasant labors. He was sitting on the ledge of rock that jutted out from the pot-shop. It was a shady, beautiful spot. The green water swirled and eddied in the pool under him. Lorry shut his eyes to listen to the murmur and babble and low melodious music of the falls. There seemed no more wonderful sound than that of running water. He thought about what made it and how the water passed on, never to return again. Moods and passions of his eralier boyhood had a regurgitation in his heart. He loved the quiet and solitude of this place, the swift, clear water with its golden gleams, and its finny denizens, the warmth of the sun and the cool of the shade, the fluttering leaves and the singing birds, the vague sense of their harmony with the infinite and the mystery of himself. A marvelous secret seemed suddenly to be revealed to Lorry, but he could not define it in lucid thoughts. It seemed, however, to have to do with his feeling of youth and the endless rapture of the years to come. The thing was here, all around him, in the swift stream, in the fragrant drowsy air, in the whispering leaves, in the creatures that swam and flew, and in himself.

Then from the pot-shop rang the old fisherman's call! "Come to the festal board!"

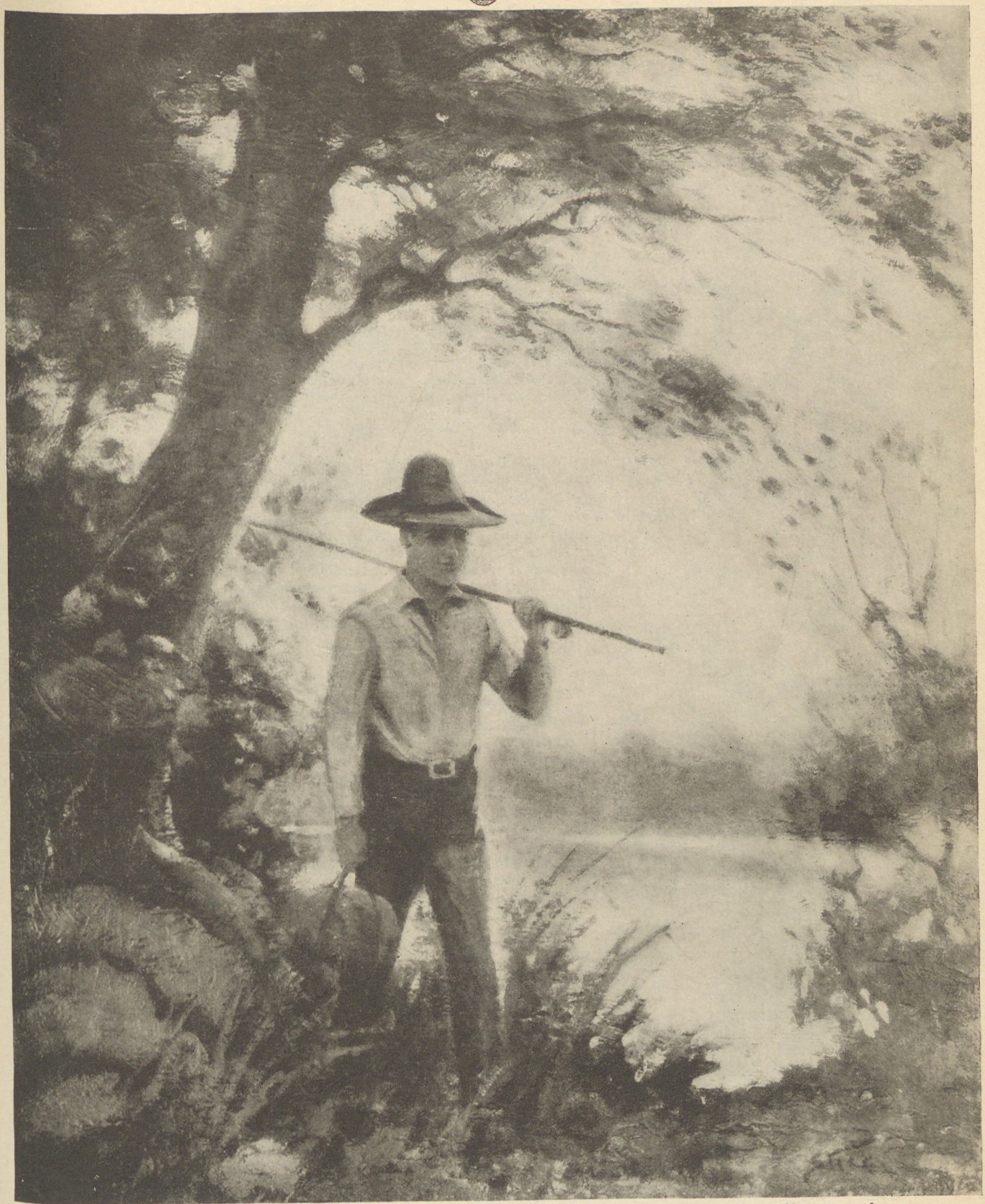
Lorry went in to find a supper that fully deserved such ceremonious summons. He ate until he had scarce room for the generous piece of blackberry pie. And then, after washing the pans and utensils, and storing all carefully away, he and the old fisherman took poles and bucket containing a few choice chubs and waded out to the head of the falls.

Dillon's Falls was a fascinating place to fish. The deep water ran abruptly to the notched and channeled ledge of rocks. Some of these channels were wide and had shelving sides, and

Call of the Wild

Hear ye not the brown geese calling?
Time to go!
Hear ye not their wings a-rattling?
Time to go!
In the pines the wind is sweeping.
Time to go!
In the lakes the trout are leaping.
Time to go!

DON C. SEITZ



Lorry was up at dawn that first day, and, burdened with bundle, bucket, and pole, he walked the three miles in record time.

led out into shoal swift water where the minnows sported. The current was just swift enough to carry a bait without letting it sink to the bottom. Lorry fished breathlessly, and watched the old fisherman. The sun sank; the hot air cooled; the rosy and gold lights changed and darkened; the bird songs gave place to chirp of insects; twilight and dusk fell, softly and magically; shadows gathered up the stream.

Neither Lorry nor Mr. Miser had a strike that evening. It appeared the bass were not feeding. But Lorry was full of content. Soon he lay down on the bed of hay in the loft of the pot-shop, beside the old fisherman. Lorry was tired with the long day and so sleepy he scarce could keep awake a little. How satisfying his state! The low dreamy sound of running water permeated the air. Mice scampered over the floor of the loft. A whippoorwill sang his lonely sweet song. The smell of new mown hay, thick and sweet in Lorry's nostrils, was the last sensation he knew before slumber claimed him.

Lorry was awakened by the singing of meadow-larks. Through the open door he saw the rays of the sun gleaming like silver fire on the mist. He smelled [CONTINUED ON PAGE 69]

The Madsen Plan to Refuge

Decoration by

CONSERVATION is a truly national problem. It is a responsibility of American citizenship. No American, great or small, can escape responsibility to help conserve the national resources of our country, which resources have made of us a truly great nation. Every American, whether in public or private life, owes to his country the responsibility of a guardian over the wild life, the forests and streams, those things which belong to all the people and may not be destroyed in the interests of any individual or set of individuals.

THE good things of this great land are not ours to use as we please without thought of the future. They are merely loaned to us to be utilized for our own well being and comfort in a reasonable, conservative manner, having in mind always the generations who will follow after us. It is our responsibility as Americans to pass on to posterity a country equally rich in natural resources, equally beautiful in forests, streams and mountains, as our forefathers found it and passed on to us. A country whose lakes and streams shall not be defiled and poisoned by the wastage of our commercial activities. A country where human health and happiness shall be of first importance, and whose true greatness shall be measured by its contribution to civilization and the future of humanity.

THE building up of great commercial organizations, the establishment of mammoth industries, the development of agriculture and stock raising, essential though they all are to human happiness, should not be achieved at the cost of all the natural beauty of lakes, stream and mountain side, or the destruction of our wonderful forests. No amount of wealth can compensate for the loss of those things which make for human health and the physical well being of the human race. The agencies most responsible for the splendid citizenship of the American people are the resources of the great outdoors.

NO land in all the world was so rich in wild life as America and in no other land has wild life been destroyed so rapidly, and with such reckless abandon. This condition is due largely to the fact that in America we have determined to maintain a system of public fishing and hunting, a system granting to all the people like privileges in the taking of fish and game. Had we followed the system of some older countries, whereby the property holder owns the game, the problem of conservation would have been greatly simplified, but in America it has been decreed that the wild life of the nation belongs to all the people to be utilized in such manner as the people themselves may determine.

FOR generations we slaughtered game in every newly settled section of the country, without even a semblance of law, and when laws finally came little effort was made to enforce them.

AS Americans, we are always jealous of our rights and take delight in speaking of ourselves as a free people having more rights and privileges than the citizens of any other

Finance the League Game Bill

by David H. Madsen

Lee Sturges

country, but we do not make nearly the effort to shoulder and carry our responsibility that we make to secure our rights.

IF, then, the great outdoors of America belongs to all the people, what I have said of the responsibility of all the people to conserve and perpetuate the wild life of the country must necessarily be true. If that be the case, then there can be but one road for us to travel, if we are all to enjoy certain rights and privileges, we must then assume like responsibility or our whole scheme will result in utter failure.

IF we must all kill game, we must all protect game. Either the wild life of the country should be turned over to that part of our citizenship who will protect it, or else the portion of our citizenship who will not protect it must be educated or compelled to do so. Since the first mentioned cannot be put in effect, then we must proceed as rapidly as possible to bring about the education of the American people to their responsibilities. This is a herculean task.

FOR centuries we have gone blindly on, wasting our inheritance of wild life, until many of our people still believe that to curtail the killing of game and the destruction of its natural habitat is to interfere with their rights as Americans, and they resent that action on the part of conservationists. This class of people are doubling their efforts to destroy wild life. In many communities game wardens who enforce the law are treated with contempt because it is believed that they are interfering with the rights of citizens. This condition must be overcome before we can have true conservation.

NEXT in importance, perhaps, as a problem of conservation, is the utter selfishness of many so-called conservationists. To stand squarely against the men who are destroying the wild life of America is not a popular occupation. It requires courage to oppose a considerable portion of the great army of five million gunners in this land of the free. The conservationist who is thinking of his own personal future should immediately get out of the way and make room for real he-men who have the courage to do right regardless of the effect upon their own future.

TO sacrifice the game of America in order to build up a political organization, whether state or Federal, is a crime against society. To enact laws and regulations in the interest of sportsmen and to the detriment of the game is equally bad. The only way to conserve wild life is to stop killing it in excessive numbers, and to protect its natural habitat, and it requires real courage to put over such a program.

SO long as different factions, whether state or Federal, are contending for control over the entire situation, wild life will suffer and if these contentions are carried on indefinitely it will perish.

IT is time for America to wake up and inaugurate a constructive unselfish plan of cooperation between the Federal government and the several states, a plan which will meet with the approval of the majority of the people, and then carry that plan into execution without further delay. The American people are not interested in the petty personal quarrel as to who are to be the men and women who do this work, but they are vitally interested in having the work done.

FOR more than four years a war has been waged between two schools of thought—one directed by the Bureau of Biological Survey, having at its hand the great influence of a department of the Federal government, in attempting to secure control of migratory wild fowl; the opposition coming from the states who up to the present time have furnished practically all of the money and given all of the worth while protection to migratory birds.

THE attempt of the Biological Survey and a coterie of self-appointed game conservationists to break down the machinery of the several states by assessing a Federal license, has engendered a bitter feeling throughout the nation and has three times caused defeat of the Public Shooting Ground Bill. Any further attempt to place under control of the Federal bureau at Washington the shooting, fishing and trapping in the several states is in direct opposition to the best thought of the day.

LEADING men, beginning with President Coolidge himself, are aware of the dangers of a further extension of bureaucratic control, and have in no uncertain terms called the attention of the American people to the rights as well as the responsibility of the several states and are insisting that these rights and responsibilities be assumed at this time.

DURING all of this selfish warfare, the slaughter of migratory birds has gone on in many parts of the country, and the destruction of their nesting and feeding grounds, by unwise drainage, has continued.

THE whole thing is disgusting to the American people and unless it is brought to a sudden halt, the migratory wild fowl of the country will face destruction.

It becomes, then, our plain duty to devise a system of co-operative conservation between the states and the Federal government which will be acceptable and constructive and bring about a united force, nationwide in its scope, having for its purpose the enactment of proper laws and furnishing sufficient money with which to give to migratory birds of all classes the protection which they so richly deserve.

IN this connection, I wish to call to your attention the fact that we have inherited from the war a ten per cent tax upon all ammunition and firearms sold in the United States. This money for years past has flowed into the national treasury. It has been a tax upon the game birds of our land. It is no longer essential to the conduct of governmental affairs and should from now on be spent in a constructive campaign of protection for the wild fowl of the country which has made possible the collection of this tax in the past. It should not be considered too much to even ask Congress to pay back, to the purpose I have indicated, a part of the money already collected, but certainly in all justice every dollar so collected in the future should be set aside as a fund for the preservation of migratory wild fowl, and no attempt should be made, either on the part of sportsmen, the manufacturers of these commodities, or on the part of Congress, to abolish this tax. *It is the fairest method that could be conceived by which the sportsmen who kill the game will also pay the tax.*

TO the club member who shoots a hundred days a year, it is as fair as it is to the farmer's boy who perhaps only buys one box of shells a year. It is as fair to the wealthy sportsman who buys expensive firearms as it is to the common laborer who must be satisfied with the cheap ones. Moreover, the machinery through which this tax is collected is already in operation.

ONE hundred cents out of every dollar would be available for constructive purposes and not forty-five cents as proposed in the game refuge bill. No Federal license would be required, and the antagonism of the states would not be aroused. No Federal wardens would be traveling over the land duplicating the work of state wardens, spending good money that might be used for useful purposes, hunting down and arresting otherwise law-abiding citizens who have not complied with the regulation calling for a Federal license. And, most important of all, the machinery which has been built up in the several states, to collect licenses for conservation purposes, by which more than ninety-five per cent of the finances for this work is raised, would not be interfered with and the work of the states would continue and gain in importance as rapidly as increased funds could be made available.

UPWARDS of six hundred million shotgun shells are sold annually in the United States, and I am unable to give any estimate of the money involved in the sale of firearms of different kinds, but it is certain that the money received from a ten per cent tax on all small arms and ammunition would be in excess of three million dollars annually. An appropriation of this sum, over a period of twenty years, would build a new picture of outdoor America, and one that would be a credit to this generation of American conservationists.

THIS money should be expended for wild life refuges and not for public shooting-grounds. The question of shooting grounds for the people of the states is a responsibility which properly belongs to the people of the states.

THE Federal government could, and should, by the use of this fund, acquire all available swamp land and prevent further indiscriminate drainage. It would be entirely proper for the Federal government to employ sufficient game wardens with which to enforce the migratory bird regulations in all sections of the country where there is not a proper respect for these laws, but Federal game wardens should not under any circumstance duplicate the work of state wardens.

THE control of game refuges should be left to the states wherever it is practical, and the Federal government should cooperate when necessary under a contract made between the Federal government and the several states, prior to the establishment of game preserves.

THE shooting of wild fowl on any game preserve must depend upon local conditions. In some instances it may be entirely proper to shoot from one to three days a week on a game refuge. Under no condition should shooting be permitted seven days a week, over a period of three months or more, on any area bearing the name of game refuge.

THROUGH the use of this fund a scientific distribution of suitable plants and foods for wild fowl could be made.

A PROPER survey of game conditions, based on an impartial and unselfish investigation, would automatically result in a bag limit and open season in keeping with the increase or decrease of birds from a national standpoint. In short, the whole problem of game conservation, including the enforcement of law, could be satisfactorily and peaceably brought about.

To my mind, some such program would have the approval of the sportsmen of America. It [CONTINUED ON PAGE 43]

David Madsen

Conservationist

D. H. MADSEN, who is a life-long student of wild life, is State Fish and Game Commissioner of Utah after fifteen years' experience in the Fish and Game Department. Mr. Madsen is a recognized authority on life habits of fish and game in the intermountain country.

David Madsen

It was largely through his efforts that the old Public Shooting Ground—Game Refuge Bill was three times defeated in Congress.

The *Phantom* Herd of the Kaibab — *by Donald Hough*

Part III

McCormick's Ghost

DEER are peculiar people. They are temperamental. It's difficult to understand them. They don't appreciate what you do. . . . . They seem to think they know more about themselves than you do.

For instance, the feed for the deer was getting scarce on the Kaibab plateau last summer. Indications were that the deer would die during the winter. Everybody got worried about it. But the deer didn't half appreciate this. They never appreciate anything.

Men saw good feed not far from the deer ranges, and they got perturbed about it. But the deer were stubborn. "Better a pine needle in safety," they said, "than a piece of apple pie across the canyon."

But just because the deer wouldn't see the Light was no sign they were going to be left to their fate. Men came and looked at them and decided the deer were the world's champion dumbbells. "If they haven't sense enough to cross the canyon or the desert or something and get enough food, we'll chase them across," they said.

There was no argument about it because the deer couldn't understand English and couldn't have replied if they had.

So they had a great deer drive last Fall.

It was toward the scene of this drive that Merlon Judd and I, with Michael and Myrtle, our efficient pack mules, started out from Bright Angel ranger station one morning last May. Speaking of Michael and Myrtle, it was these two excellent beasts that gave me my first intimation why the deer drive had failed. A mule is an odd sort of a person also. For instance, if you want to lead a mule, don't look back at him. He'll stand solid, immovable as the rock of Gibraltar. You must look away from him and simply start walking, as though you had forgotten all about him. He'll follow. There's a great lesson in this. It shows the mule thinks you're trying to boss him when you look at him and swear at him and tug on the rope. He refuses to be bossed. But when you turn and walk away, he will follow. He feels he's doing it all himself. It's a sort of cry-baby complex, but what are you going to do about it?

Now there is a certain significance, it seems to me, in the fact that the deer of the Kaibab are called mule deer. Of course I may be wrong. Perhaps they're called mule deer merely because of their long ears. But we'll let it pass, and get on with our tale.

Merlon Judd and I left Bright Angel station and directed Michael and Myrtle eastward, toward the edge of the Kaibab plateau. We worked up a gully in which a trickle of water

was running, and before long we came to the snow drifts. The gully became very narrow, the trail disappeared, and for an hour or more we had to force our way through a thicket of small trees, brush and down timber. Once in a while we were able to splash along in the creek, but fallen trees or snow-drifts soon forced us back into the thickets on the sides of the draw.

Presently we came out of the draw and found ourselves in a great forest. We pushed on eastward, but as we approached the edge of the plateau we got into a jungle that made our previous troubles seem ridiculous. The trees grew so close together that our poor horses had to wiggle to get through; and as for Michael and Myrtle, the woods rang with the crash of their packs against the trunks. It is an odd sight to see a mule trying his best to walk between two trees when each tree has a firm hold on the pack.

Down timber and underbrush, dense groves of quaking asp, added to the general melee and before long we couldn't see a mule a dozen paces away. We had to follow them by the sound of crashing packs.

Suddenly we came to an opening, and when I lifted my hat from my nose, where it had been pushed by ungentle branches, I looked into two hundred miles of Arizona atmosphere. Below us lay the north arm of the desert, called Houserock Valley, and beyond it rose the Pink Cliffs of Utah. Farther to the south, on the other side of a jagged crack which marked the course of the Colorado just before it plunges into the Grand Canyon, lay the Painted Desert. To the south of the Colorado we could see mountains white with snow—the San Francisco peaks, near to Flagstaff, Arizona.

We didn't spend much time looking at the view, but began the descent. We found a poor and exceedingly steep trail which led down a narrow canyon to the base of the plateau. I think Judd rode his horse all the way down, but I walked most of the way and even then kept a keen eye behind me in order to be prepared for good footwork in the event of my horse falling.

Out on the rolling foothills, away from the plateau, we could get a better idea of our surroundings. Behind us loomed the Kaibab, and this was its steepest side save that which faces the Grand Canyon.

In front of us was the desert. The foothills flattened out, big trees gave way to juniper and pinon, and juniper and pinon was replaced by sage, which covered the flat waste until it, in turn, found the burning sands too hot for its roots.

At our right was Saddle Mountain. Saddle Mountain, itself flat like the Kaibab, is truly a part of the main plateau and it gets its name from the dip, or saddle, that connects the two. On the other side of Saddle Mountain, though we could not see it, was the Grand Canyon. The only possible route from our present position to the Grand Canyon was over this saddle, or low place, between the main plateau and Saddle Mountain. You can't get around Saddle Mountain because the deep gorge of the Colorado cuts past the end of it.

We were now on the winter range of the deer. It was from this area that the deer were to have been driven, across the saddle into the Grand Canyon, then across the Canyon up into the woods beyond—a trail fifty miles long, and in places so narrow that the deer would have been obliged to travel single file along the faces of cliffs for fifteen miles at a time.

We continued our journey, and just as we came to the last of the rolling foothills we arrived at an old cabin. It was in a stake corral, and we saw four connecting corrals beyond it, one of which contained a pool of water. This was South Canyon cabin and corral: a mighty landmark, the rendezvous of thirsty horses, deer and coyotes, and of big game hunters and travelers.

Uncle Jim Owen, veteran lion hunter and guide, welcomed us as we dismounted. Uncle Jim, although seventy-five years old, had just ridden over from his place on the other side of the Kaibab to see about his herd of buffalo in the Houserock Valley.

"Many deer around?" I asked.

"Quite a lot," replied Uncle Jim, "I've seen 'em about every day—lots of 'em. But maybe they're starting up the plateau now. Didn't you run into any on your way down?"

We explained that we hadn't seen a hair of a deer all day. It was evident that the herd had again escaped us.

As we entered the cabin I noticed that the porch had been repaired with a stout plank on which was painted the name and address of an important motion picture personage. Inside, I saw a box such as heavy cameras are shipped, in used as a bench. "Where'd these things come from?" I asked Judd. Judd grinned. "The deer drive," he said. "This was the headquarters for it. Come on out."

I followed Judd out through the first corral and into the thick stand of juniper and pinion. There I saw the wreckage of the plans of George McCormick of Flagstaff, and of all the Indians, cowboys and motion picture people who had gathered there in the snowstorm last December.

I saw several rolls of wire fencing piled under a tree. This was to have been stretched across the ends of narrow canyons to prevent the deer from wavering from the course mapped out for them. It was never used, which was fortunate, as it saved the deer the trouble of jumping over it.

We walked for a quarter of an hour, and passed the scenes of many camps. We found bits of equipment here and there, and saw piles of wood that had never been burned; there were rows of nice new tent stakes, the kind you buy in stores. "Here," said Judd, pointing to the remnants of an orderly camp in a grove of juniper, "is where Zane Grey's party camped, and over there," indicating camp sites that had walls of dead brush around them, "is where the Indians were."

The sun was sinking behind the Kaibab, the purple and red mists were gathering out on the desert; the Pink Cliffs were glowing like coals, and the first chill vapors were coming down the canyon behind us. We left the desolate scene of deserted camps and returned to the cabin.

In the morning Judd and I saddled up and set out to follow the course of the deer drive. It was a hot day. We rode for miles through the forest of little trees, keeping in the shade of the junipers. Now and then we crossed sandy, rocky stream beds, burning hot under the sun. During the heavy melting of the Kaibab snows they had trickled with water.

Presently we emerged from the miniature forest, and found ourselves on an open, sage covered flat, sloping gradually toward the plateau. Saddle Mountain was looming high in front of us now, and the saddle itself would have easily seated

Hats Off to the Railroad Tie Manufacturers

ONE of the most destructive agencies that has destroyed fish in our Ozark Streams in the past, has been the floating of Railroad Ties on these streams during the spawning season, which is at its height from April 15 to June 1.

Harry A. Collins, the live wire secretary of St. Louis Chapter Izaak Walton League, a thorough sportsman and conservationist, after an extensive investigation found that destruction of the spawning beds was due to floating of tie rafts down the rivers.

He at once presented the matter to the Tie Manufacturers with the result that the J. T. Moss Tie Company, Western Tie and Lumber Company, Egyptian Tie and Lumber Company, Scott Tie and Lumber Company, Hussey-Hobbs Tie Company, Hobart-Lee Tie Company, William J. Delano Company, National Lumber and Creosoting Company, W. J. Foye Lumber Company, Manassa Timber Company, Consumers' Tie Service Company, Abeles and Taussig Lumber Company, Potosi Tie and Lumber Company, Gross and Janes Lumber Company, and the Wright Tie Company readily agreed not to float tie rafts in the future from April 15 to June 1. Although it will prove a loss and inconvenience to these dealers they feel that by so doing they will contribute their efforts toward increase of fish in the Ozark streams.

Each and every one of them are to be complimented and highly commended for this constructive work and their manifestation of conservation and to help make the Ozarks the playground of America.

"20,000 deer—maybe 15,000—on the plateau," says Uncle Jim Owen, veteran guide.

half a dozen of the largest giants ever created by Anderson or Grimm.

Across the sage flat we came to the rim of a small canyon. It led up to the saddle. It broadened as it approached the top, and in it grew a scattered forest of yellow pines.

"This," explained Judd, "is Saddle Canyon. It goes up to the saddle. The deer were to have been driven into this canyon, and on up to the saddle and across it, into the Grand Canyon." Judd had ridden with McCormick during the drive.

"Did they get many deer this far?" I asked.

"Two," said Judd.

"Then they abandoned the drive—"

"Of course. The Indians rode the juniper we've been coming through and rang their bells and had a great time, and the cowboys rode too, closer to the hills, but when they got here they called it off. The deer wouldn't play."

The drive, I gathered, had been one of the grandest failures in the history of the West. It had attracted national attention. Some said it could be done; others said it couldn't. Mr. McCormick seemed certain about it, but it is worthy of note that motion picture rights were a decided factor in all negotiations and plans. I'm afraid the students of wild life, such as Uncle Jim Owen, who had scoffed at the idea of driving the deer, didn't know enough about motion pictures to pass an intelligent opinion!

Zane Grey was hopeful at first, but he changed his mind in a flash. The flash came at the opening of the drive. It seems a large buck changed direction very suddenly, and it is said that in his haste to get out of the drive he cleared Grey's horse by inches. At any rate by the time the buck had taken a jump or two in the reverse direction Grey had undergone a change of opinion, and soon after broke camp and left.

The drive fizzled out. The drivers had failed even in rounding up a few deer preparatory to driving them. Were the mule deer living up to their name, or is it possible that the deer drivers, too, had encountered a phantom herd?

Judd and I, leading our horses on the steep trail, climbed down into Saddle Canyon. The heat was miserable. Lizards and horned toads scooted over baked red clay; there was no movement in the air; our tongues soon were dry and thick. We climbed up the side of the canyon on our horses until we came to a trickle of water in a bed of red mud. We scooped out the mud and in half an hour there was enough water for both of us.

Arriving at Cane; the edge of the desert.

We reached the saddle about noon. Arriving on top, we found ourselves on a sharp ridge, and the Grand Canyon lay below us: a great wound in the surface of the earth. Over the narrow ridge of the saddle a single trail passed; came up from the canyon behind us, topped the ridge and plunged almost straight down, in a series of spirals, into the Grand Canyon.

As we started back Judd's horse shied and snorted. We looked into the woods and saw a large white object hanging from the limb of a tree. A streamer of white stretched from tree to tree beyond it. We dismounted and went over to it. It was a bolt of cheesecloth.

"I forgot to tell you about the cheesecloth," said Judd, "they brought several bolts of it up here. It was to have been strung along from tree to tree like that, to scare the deer and keep them from wandering away from the saddle."

Having found McCormick's ghost, we turned our horses homeward.

We had seen six deer during the day, all in one bunch. I was not so deeply interested in the deer themselves on this east side as I was in the condition of their feed, for this was winter range and the deer had moved up on the plateau. The range, I had found, was in good shape. The buck brush had been lightly browsed. There were acres and acres of young, tender leaves on oak brush. The leaves were newly sprouted, but it occurred to me that if the deer had been on starvation rations, and if the summer range toward which they were moving was destroyed, they would have remained here to eat the oak leaves.

The juniper, which was exceedingly plentiful, had been lightly browsed here and there. I saw perhaps half a dozen trees that the deer had nibbled at. And this was the same feed that had been eaten clean over large areas on the other side of the plateau, and which had carried the deer through the winter in good shape. The deer had proved that juniper makes an acceptable winter forage. And here was juniper—miles and miles of it, almost without end.

I talked to Uncle Jim Owen that night. "Uncle Jim," I asked, "How many deer are there on the Kaibab?"

"Not so many as there used to be. They haven't been increasing lately. I think Nature takes care of it when they're weak. And some have died of starvation; the 'pink eye' has taken a lot more. There's perhaps 20,000 deer here now."

But I had learned my lesson: I knew that one guess was as good as another.

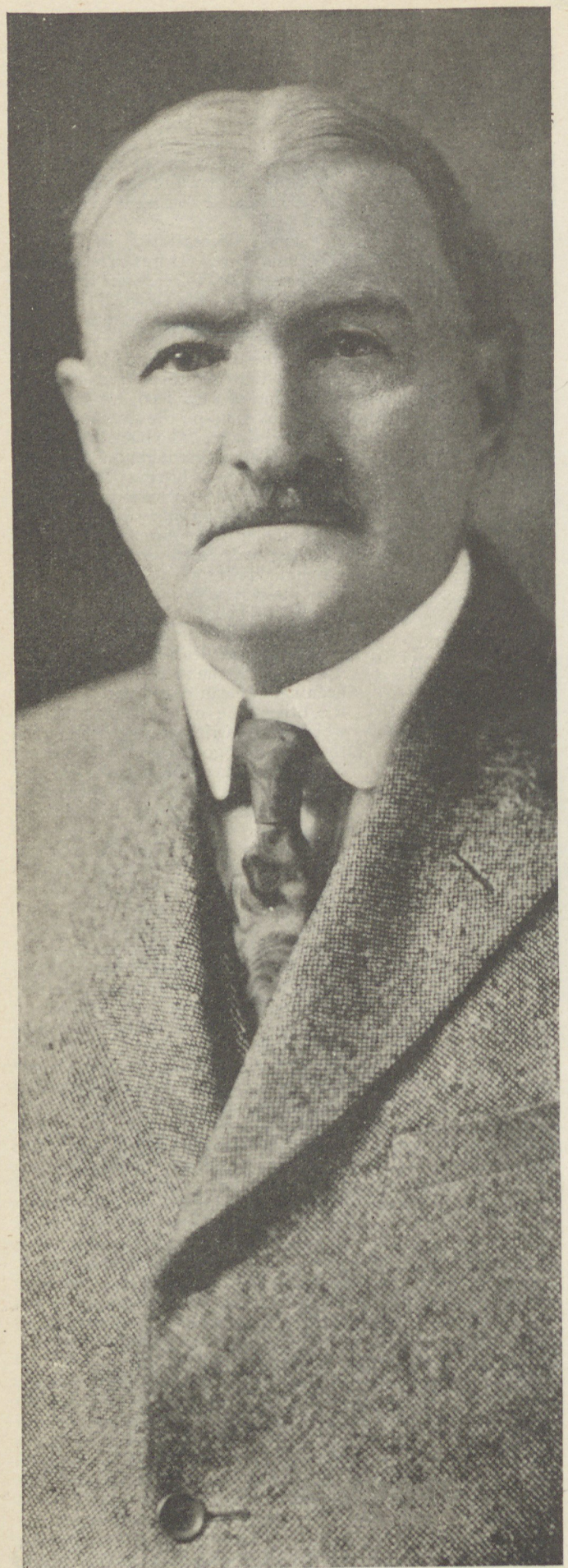
"Uncle Jim," I said, assuming the air of severe professionalism, "there are less than 15,000 deer on the plateau."

"Well," a suggestion of a smile cracked Jim's weathered skin, "I guess maybe you're right."

I now had given up my attempt to see the deer. They had eluded us. We had always "just missed them." So I gave up. I might have been chasing phantom deer all summer.

Now we started down the home stretch, along the desert, with the Kaibab looming high on our left. The heat rose dizzily from the desert; we could see banks of snow on the plateau. All morning and into the afternoon we rode on an even keel through sagebrush and sand. All day we could see our destination: a faint smudge at the base of the foothills. Slowly the speck grew larger and we could see a lone building and a barn, a corral and a pool of water. This was Cane reservoir, owned by cattle interests.

The house was made of pink stone, blending into the surroundings from which it had risen. We entered and cooked something to eat, spread our blankets on the covered porch, and sat down to watch the coming of night over the desert. The colors shifted with the lowering sun; great shadows came and went; the Pink Cliffs flushed deeply; the land of the Navajos on the horizon danced in red and yellow. Whirlwinds, one after the other in unending procession, moved across the desert, each sending a slender column of colored dust upward; thin, almost disappearing, where the sand and dust held tightly to the ground, suddenly becoming a solid pillar when the dust lay thick in its path. For many miles this procession marched in single file, sometimes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 65]



EMERSON HOUGH, THE TRUE PROPHET OF OUTDOOR AMERICA.

It is Impossible

EXPLANATION

John B. Burnham, president of the A. G. P. A. and two editors combined in the July issues of two magazines and attacked Will H. Dilg, founder and president of the I. W. L. A., charging failure to support the Game Refuge Bill and basing their attacks on half-facts. In this article, Mr. Dilg states WHOLE FACTS in detail.

NO great movement ever has been started in the history of the human race, so far as I know, that pleased everybody. No great step forward has ever yet been taken by mankind that did not provoke instant opposition from some quarter. No concerted effort for betterment by an aroused people, no matter how unselfish the motive, or how bitterly imperative the need for action might have been, but that the vilifier and the denouncer was right on the job. It was ever thus, and the Izaak Walton League of America, despite its great and well known service for the Out-of-Doors, is no exception to the rule.

The aims and ideals of the Izaak Walton League of America are, in my estimation, of far too great importance to the sportsmen of this country to permit the waste of a single moment of time, or a single line of space in petty bickerings. I know that the great body of Waltonians so "hate contention" that, if it honorably could be avoided, they would disapprove, as I do, the use of OUTDOOR AMERICA'S columns for so much as a reply.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I agree with your sentiments as to contentions, Brother Waltonians, but it depends somewhat on whose ox has been gored, and as I have been openly and unjustly charged with bad faith, *I claim the right to defend myself*. I also feel that you have *a right* to *know* the *truth*, and, in the face of these broadly published charges of unsportsmanlike tactics on my part, and as the underlying motives of such attacks were plainly intended to injure the League itself, I, as president of your League, consider myself under double obligation to tell you the exact facts concerning the Game Refuge Bill controversy.

As these malicious bolts were forged and shot during my absence in the Far West, and *so timed* that it would be impossible for me to make reply in the last issue of our magazine, I must first take occasion to acknowledge my thanks and appreciation for the gallant way in which the National Executive Committee wielded the cudgel in my defense. But inasmuch as these attacks were ostensibly hurled at me, personally, there are certain points in connection with the charges growing out of the way the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill was handled, that I feel that I *alone* can make clear to every sportsman in or out of our League.

Now that those who have *all along* been secretly opposed to the League have at last poked their heads up, and, under the pretext of a personal attack on me, have shown their true purpose, I want every sportsman

to Please Everybody

by Will H. Dilg

With, Extracts *from* Emerson Hough's Manuscript on the Game Refuge Bill

and lover of the Out-of-Doors to know the details of this so called "bargain," and then judge for himself which side actually "had its coat off" when the Upper Mississippi bill and the Game Refuge bill was before Congress, and I want him to know beyond a doubt just which side was seriously and fearlessly working for his interest, and for the lasting interest of our own Out-of-Doors of America.

Just as I had finished writing the above, a letter came to my desk from Judge George W. Wood, a nationally known sportsman-conservationist. Judge Wood has been the President of our great Iowa Division since its organization. He was the permanent Chairman of two National Conventions of this League and he is a member of our National Executive Committee.

The letter from Judge Wood has caused me to view the whole thing in a different light and so the tenor of this editorial will be of a different order than the one I first had in mind. Therefore I can not do better than to quote, at least in part, from Judge Wood's letter. He says:

"There is nothing in their power left undone to harm the League and *as a last resort* they make a personal attack on you. They did not dare attack the League. There was only one answer to their attack and that was for the National Executive Committee of the League to take it as an attack on them."

Further on in his letter Judge Wood says:

"In my judgment it would be a mistake to come back at them because you then make it a personal fight and that is just what they want. They know that you have been giving of your strength to the limit and they feel by adding this burden they may break you. My dear friend, this is the time for you to put this on other shoulders."

Further on the Judge says:

"The idea upon which this League is founded is too big and the whole hearted, unselfish service of the thousands of sportsmen who have put their time and money into it will speak louder to the public in the long run than the wailings of these few men who have *lost* the support of the sportsmen of this country. Our League will have to be judged *by its works* and not be judged by the editorials *of its enemies*.

"I know that these attacks hit your tender spot for they charge you with violating your word. Can you say more to the members of the League who one and all had your letters and telegrams and

WILL H. DILG, FOUNDER OF IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

know that you personally did all that you could to pass Mr. Burnham's Game Refuge Bill during the whole period of the last half of the 68th Congress? Do you think that any one is going to believe rot like that? Certainly not. Your own dignity and sense of personal rectitude, the knowledge of your thousands of friends are a complete defense to such small attacks."

You all remember *President Coolidge's Outdoor Recreation Conference.* This Conference was held in Washington at the call of the President on May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1924 and a great many of the conservation associations of the country attended this conference, and among these were the Izaak Walton League of America and the American Game Protective Association.

A. G. P. A. Officials Solicit Conference

Beginning with the second day of President Coolidge's Outdoor Recreation Conference (May 23rd) Mr. John B. Burnham and his group of friends solicited our Mr. George E. Scott, Chairman of our National Executive Committee, and urged that a conference be held between the I. W. L. A. and the A. G. P. A. Mr. Scott asked me if I approved of such a conference and I told him that *I did not approve of it* and that my objection to such a conference was entirely due to the fact that *from the birth of this League* Mr. Burnham's association *had been unfriendly* to the Izaak Walton League of America and had repeatedly carried in its bulletins *invidious attacks upon us.* I told him that they were *not our friends* and that I knew of a thousand things *all going to prove it.*

On the morning of May 24th, I was again urged that such a conference be held, and again I opposed it. At noon, May 24th, the last day of the President's conference, I *reluctantly* withdrew my objection to such a conference and it was arranged that it would be held immediately after President Coolidge's conference had adjourned.

Here follows briefly a description of what happened and what agreements were entered into, and I will prove that the officials of the Izaak Walton League of America *did not give their word of honor* that they would support the Game Refuge Bill *without limitation of time.*

Suggest Withdrawal of League Bill

Mr. Burnham brought four men to the conference. He asked that the Izaak Walton League withdraw its Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill *for the remaining thirteen days of the first session of the 68th Congress.* He urged that their bill had been introduced to Congress *before* the Izaak Walton League *was born,* and that if we would unite with him and appear before Congressman Bertrand H. Snell, the Chairman of the Committee on Rules, the rule they needed from this committee might be secured.

I objected and declared that we could not agree to such an arrangement, and gave as my reasons that the area was endangered by a gigantic drainage project and also the tremendous effort that our chapters had made throughout the nation to put over our Upper Mississippi Bill, and I declared that we could not in honor do anything but continue our fight to the last hour of Congress.

After some discussion, Mr. Burnham then asked if we would agree to help him to pass the Game Refuge Bill in *the second half* of the 68th Congress, and this we agreed to do *and this we did do,* as I will prove. We could not, however (and Mr. Burnham and his friends knew that we could not), *obligate* the League *further than our next National Convention.* They knew that both Mr. Scott and myself *were elective officers* and that there was no guarantee that we would be elected at the next National Convention of the League, and they also knew that the Izaak Walton League has a representative form of government, patterned, so nearly as possible, after that established by the Fathers of this Republic.

Our National Convention of 1924 had endorsed the Game Refuge Bill and *all* that we could agree to do was to put on *extra steam to help pass the bill,* and this we did as you will see.

Neither Mr. Scott nor myself would or *could obligate* the League to any policy other than for that period of time elapsing *between National Conventions.* And any statement to the contrary is insulting.

This is a Free Country and our League is a *free league,* and its *elected by ballot chapter delegates* to our National Conventions *are not figureheads* but ARE *legislators for the League,* just as the members of Congress are *legislators for the nation.* This League has a constitution, and neither Mr. Scott nor myself would, *or could,* depart from it *to a hair's breadth,* and *if* we had done as Mr. John B. Burnham *would have the sportsmen of this nation believe,* we would have taken unto ourselves the power of an IMPERATOR.

Letter Proves Agreement Definitely Understood

Here follows perfect evidence which proves beyond all shadow of a doubt that neither Mr. Scott nor myself gave our word of honor that we would support the Game Refuge Bill *without limitation of time,* and it comes in a letter under date of January 1st, 1925, from William C. Adams, of Boston, Mass., one of the men who participated in the conference of May 24th. He says:

> "It is understood that you and all the others present would do all you possibly could to help advance the Game Refuge Bill this *fall and winter.*"

Please, dear reader, carefully note the quotation from Mr. Adams' letter and keep it definitely in your mind.

Let me give you some of the strenuous efforts this League put into force to help Mr. Burnham pass his bill, and while you read I must ask you to *keep in mind* that with the opening of the second half of the 68th Congress we were *definitely and finally* told by the Department of Agriculture that our Upper Mississippi Bill required an amendment of two hundred and fifteen words, and that to make it a workable bill we had to *re-introduce* it in Congress and pass it *for the second time.*

Congress convened on December 1st, 1924. In the December issue we carried an editorial written by Donald Hough in behalf of the Game Refuge Bill, and besides, we let Mr. Burnham *tell his own story* and gave him nearly three pages in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and all in all we gave his Game Refuge Bill more space than did *any other* outdoor magazine, and I believe more space than *all* the outdoor magazines combined.

In addition, a letter was sent out over my signature to every elective officer *of every chapter in the League* and urged that they call a special meeting of their chapter and pass resolutions in favor of the Game Refuge Bill and to do *everything possible* to pass it. At that time we had

close to six thousand *elected* chapter officers (we now have 7,500), or just about *double* the number of officers that the A. G. P. A. had members *throughout the nation.*

League Members Protest Against Support

Just as soon as the I. W. L. A. advocated Mr. Burnham's bill, *letters and telegrams poured into headquarters* from our membership *protesting* at our support of his Game Refuge Bill. During this period Mr. Carlos Avery, a vice-president of the American Game Protective Association, and the editor of its Bulletin, called on me and I showed him *several of these protesting letters.*

On December 10, 1924, I was in receipt of the following telegram sent from Washington, D. C.:

> "Delegation called on Snell today Stop Was told Garrett's opposition must be removed to insure success of Game Refuge Bill Stop Will you secure agreement from Garrett to tell Snell he will keep his hands off."

This telegram was signed by *fourteen of the leading advocates of the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill.*

At that time I was *ill* and could not go. But as soon as it was a physical *possibility* (and this was in the early part of January, past) I went to Washington and remained there until March 4th, when the 68th Congress adjourned with the inauguration of President Coolidge. *Immediately* upon my arrival in the Capitol I called on Congressman Garrett, as Mr. Burnham and fourteen of his followers had requested me to do, and did my utmost to get him to agree as per the telegram printed above. I failed. I might as well have talked to the wind.

Thousands of Letters Mailed

About three weeks before Congress adjourned, Mr. Burnham asked me to send out a letter over my signature *to every member in every chapter in seven states.* This involved the sending out of *thousands* of letters, but I consented to do it *and did do it* and the letters were in the mail *within sixty hours* after the request had been made.

I have *space* to recite *but one more outstanding instance* where the League complied with the requests from the American Game Protective Association. Just a few days before Congress adjourned, I was asked over the 'phone to get in touch with two of Chicago's biggest business men and attempt to enlist their influence because of their close friendship with a certain Senator.

Night letters were immediately written and sent but one of the men was in California and did not get my wire *in time to act.* The other, however, *long distanced the Senator* and then wired me that he had *completely failed* to move the Senator. My friend suggested that I make a personal plea and he *wired me a letter of introduction to the Senator.* Mr. Burnham, *at my suggestion,* accompanied me but when we reached the anteroom of the Senate Mr. Burnham *thought it best for me to make the effort alone* and this I did.

It is but fair for me *to now* ask Mr. Burnham and the American Game Protective Association to tell the members of the Izaak Walton League just what efforts they made, if any, to help this League to pass its Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill and fill their part of the agreement.

What Did the A. G. P. A. Do to Fulfill Their Promises?

Mr. Burnham should come out in print and tell the sportsmen of the nation through his favorite mediums just what he and his group did *to help* us pass our Upper Mississippi Bill during either of the sessions of the 68th Congress.

After our bill had become a law the editor of one of the two magazines which have opposed the Izaak Walton League since its inception wrote a misleading article (August, 1924) from which I quote a paragraph:

> "The backers of the two bills got together at the close of the (President Coolidge) Conference and reached an agreement to give the Mississippi Bottoms Bill the right of way, in the belief that the Shooting Grounds Bill would stand a better chance of passage after the elections. Strenuous effort was then put forth to get the Mississippi bill out of the rules committee and on its passage, the effort being crowned with success against rather heavy odds."

Now, was your editor reporting the facts as they existed *when he made the above statement?*

None of the men from your association who participated in the conference of May 24th, 1924, were in the city of Washington when we passed our Upper Mississippi Bill.

The *sportsmen of this nation are entitled to know* just what the American Game Protective Association did to keep *the promises* to which you and your friends pledged yourselves at the conference held (at your request) in Washington on May 24th.

You will recall that you brought Mr. William C. Adams, Director Department of Conservation of the State of Massachusetts, into the conference of May 24th and that he played an important part during that conference. Mr. Adams is a great champion of your Game Refuge Bill and has worked night and day to put it over.

Mr. Adams was so little in touch with the situation in Washington that he wrote me a letter of condolence the day our bill had been *unanimously* passed by Congress. I am going to quote a few lines from *that letter*:

> "I can appreciate somewhat how keenly you are disappointed *over the failure of Congress to act on your measure at this session.*"

Surely, Mr. Adams was not one of those to put forth "strenuous efforts." The only "strenuous effort" to my knowledge that Mr. Adams put forth since the conference of May 24, 1924, was to continually bombard League national headquarters with letters demanding more space in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Attack Based Solely on Letter

Mr. Adams and his confreres *now* base their invidious attack upon me, on a paragraph taken from my letter (of January 6, 1925) answering his communication of January 1, 1925 (in fact the letter in which he so plainly stated that the League had agreed to support the Game Refuge Bill *during the Fall and Winter*).

In this paragraph upon which they lay so much stress, I stated that I had received many letters from chapter officers and officers of state divisions of the League criticising our support of the measure, and that I had always felt the advocates of the Game Refuge Bill claimed too much for it. But I stated my stand, (based on the edict of our 1924 National Convention) had remained unchanged.

Edict of 1924 Convention Carried Out to Last Letter

We would be supporting Mr. Burnham's Game Refuge Bill at this very hour if our National Convention of 1925 had not *reversed* the *edict* of the League's Convention of 1924. In fact, here at headquarters, we could not *do otherwise*, as the enactments of our National Conventions are *no less* than *a verdict* and must *be obeyed.*

My stand *had* remained unchanged and we continued to uphold our agreement until the day of the 1925 convention when our National *delegates voted unanimously to authorize Congressman Hawes to form a Committee of Senators and Congressmen to draft a new measure that could pass Congress.*

In fact, while I knew the old bill was not good legislation, I felt, like thousands of other men interested in sports afield and astream, that poor legislation that might be amended was better than no legislation at all.

Despite this, we supported it to the last minute of the 68th Congress—we fulfilled our obligation to the last letter.

Impossible to Impose New Federal Tax

As the 68th Congress drew to a close, I plainly saw that it was *impossible* for Mr. Burnham to pass his bill and that the time *had passed* to put over *new* Federal Tax measures in Washington and that Congress was hourly becoming more and more *opposed* to the establishment of *more* Federal Bureaus (we already have ninety-three). I saw too that there was an overwhelming objection sweeping throughout the country *against more Federal policing.*

After the 68th Congress had adjourned, I talked these matters over seriously with a few important Congressmen and Senators and in brief I learned that there was a tremendous opposition to Mr. Burnham's Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill, and that this opposition was growing daily. One Congressman put it to me in this way:

> "The majority of members of Congress are farmers and sportsmen and therefore we do not need to have Government experts tell us marshlands are vanishing rapidly. We know it just as well as they do *and we want to save them.* We know too that myriads of water fowl are annually dying for want of feeding and resting grounds."

Why Wouldn't Congress Pass the Bill?

"On the *face of it,*" my friend continued, "the Game Refuge Bill should be *the easiest bill to pass ever brought to Congress.* Yet it has failed in four sessions of Congress. Its failure cannot be due to the fact that it will tap the treasury of the United States for a large sum of money because it will *not take a single penny* from the Treasury of the United States. There can be no opposition to it from the 'watch dogs of the Treasury' and there is no occasion for any member of Congress to put a single obstacle in the way of the passage of the bill from a standpoint of national economy."

"Its proponents have maintained an expensive lobby and have done everything that human beings can do to pass it. There is not a man in Congress who does not want this bill *out of the way* and *if* a majority of Congress could *conscientiously vote for it* it would have long ago been a matter of law."

A great Senator told me about as follows:

"The Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill is not only un-American but it is Fundamentally and Constitutionally wrong. And if it should be passed by Congress and signed by the President, it would be nullified in certain portions of the United States by the *common consent of the people* because it is certain that there are whole sections of states in this country where a vast percentage of the sportsmen *are bitterly opposed to it.* And so I say that *unless* its interpretation is brought into accord with the predominating sentiment of these states *it will be impossible of enforcement.*

"I need not dwell upon the disastrous result which would follow such a law as the authors of the Game Refuge Bill would impose upon America, and the rebellious spirit it would arouse in such portions of the nation where the Constitution of the United States is *still* considered the most perfect document ever penned by man and where it *still means and guarantees* a form of Government which is by far the best yet devised by the genius of man.

"Now, if there is one all important and all paramount question before the American people today it is the alarming failure of our people to feel their obligation *to observe the laws of the land.* We all know we have enactments of Congress which are *habitually violated* by the majority of Americans and it is *certain* that if the Game Refuge Bill should be passed *one more law* will be piled up in Washington to be classed among the *unhonored and unobserved laws of this country.*"

More Federal Police

Finally, the Senator said:

"Our people do not want new Federal taxes and the Game Refuge Bill not only carries *a new tax* but it would increase Federal policing and I understand from its proponents that they expect to add five hundred Federal Game Wardens to our National Police Force and every citizen knows that when you *increase* Federal policing that in the same proportion you *decrease* the efficiency of the State Policing Power."

President Coolidge recently declared at Annapolis:

"Man is a reasonable being, and finally reason must assert itself." And *reason* did assert itself when I was writing my annual message which was delivered to our Third National Convention. I hesitated a long time before I wrote that portion of my message where I asked the League to authorize Congressman Hawes to form a Committee of Congressmen and Senators to produce a Game Refuge Bill which would pass Congress. I knew while I was writing it that I would be criticised and that I would be bitterly attacked but I also knew that the marshlands of America *were vanishing rapidly* and that *unless* this League stepped into the breach and brought a bill to Washington that Congress could *in conscience pass quickly*, waterfowl hunting in this country would continue to decrease *until* this form of sport would become but a memory.

As to "Improperly Managed"

Before giving you Emerson Hough's Game Refuge Article, I am tempted to answer one of Mr. Burnham's courtier editors who is attempting to convey that this League has been "improperly managed." I wonder if he means that we or I am to be criticised because it has pleased us to adopt a representative form of government while his organization, according to the form of government of the American Game Protective Association, can obligate that association *indefinitely* without any fear of a convention upsetting any arrangements they might make, their conventions being a matter of *invitation* while ours is a matter of our Chapters *electing delegates by ballot* and they are free and independent and vote as their best judgment dictates.

In passing, let us stop for a moment and take *as a comparison* the American Game Protective Association with which Mr. Burnham's obliging editor has been identified since its inception.

The American Game Protective Association has been in existence four years for every one year of our League and it is just about fifty times smaller in size. A membership in the A. G. P. A. costs one dollar per annum. A Chapter membership in the I. W. L. A. is never less than three dollars per annum and some Chapters charge five dollars per annum. The A. G. P. A. has been financed and is financed at this hour by the gun and shell makers. The I. W. L. A. has *never* received a dollar appropriation from any man, or from any business, or from any corporation engaged in the manufacture and sale of merchandise for sportsmen.

The I. W. L. A. has *one Chapter* with more than two-thirds as many members as the *entire membership* of the A. G. P. A. The Izaak Walton League owns and publishes OUTDOOR AMERICA and it has more circulation than has any outdoor magazine *in the world*. If the Izaak Walton League of America has been "improperly managed" then what would you call the management of the American Game Protective Association?

I might say more by way of comparison because there is much more to say, but all the pins *are down* in that alley.

Perhaps at some later date I may answer the attack of the editor of the other outdoor journal. It is known that this man is not a friend of the Izaak Walton League of America and we have received letters from our members who have written us to that effect.

Emerson Hough's Unpublished Manuscript

I will close my editorial with *a part* of the last written words of Emerson Hough and leave it to the members of this League and to the sportsmen of this nation to judge whether or not the Izaak Walton League of America took the right action when it abandoned the American Game Protective Association's Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill as it existed and *unanimously voted* to create a *new bill* and authorized Congressman Harry B. Hawes to form a Committee of Congressmen and Senators to draw a new bill that could be passed in the next Congress.

Soon will follow *a part* of Emerson Hough's great editorial. It was written by an honest man who possessed more actual knowledge about our out-of-doorland than did any other living man, during his lifetime, and he was the *true prophet* of outdoor America.

Mr. Hough's article has never been printed. It was written just a few days before he died and at that early date the candle of understanding the Izaak Walton League had lighted in the hearts of men was still dim and did not carry nearly so far as it does today.

I know in his friendly criticism of some of the outdoor sporting journals that it would have given him great pleasure to applaud the splendid stand of Mr. John McGuire, Editor and Publisher of "Outdoor Life" who is an ardent member of our Denver Chapter, and it would also have given him pleasure to know that his old friend Dr. William A. Bruette, Editor and Publisher of "Forest and Stream" is a member of this League, and has recently written a very friendly editorial about the Izaak Walton League.

Mr. Hough's great editorial now follows:

Emerson Hough on the Game Refuge Bill

"For forty years I have been trying, groping, often under the old selfish and silly guidance of so-called sporting journalism, to do something for sport in America. I can't see that it has come to much. I am quite willing to lie down and be forgotten on the march toward a better day, and I do think that better day is on ahead *and that it will dawn*. When this magazine (OUTDOOR AMERICA) the only unselfish publication in the world so far as I know, shall attain a million, two million, three million, circulation, then we surely will see all these problems solved not by sportsmen alone but by citizens.

"More Gain" Not "More Game"

"The main trouble with us is not more that we have lacked courage than that we have lacked sincerity and plain honesty, *along with a lack of plain horse sense.* We all ought to know the truth by this time. Yet continually we keep trying to pull ourselves over the fence *by our boot straps*. Continually we put out our propaganda which is eaten up by a public which wants to be fooled. I have no more admiration for the "More Game!" cry—it should be called "More Gain!"—than I have for that phase of philanthropy which advertises a liquid which will take the kink out of a negro's hair. One is just as sincere and honest as the other, *and just as practical*. That sort of thing is *not good enough today*. Time we should abandon all these old insincere methods by which we undertake to fool ourselves and realize that only a great departure—a great honest and sincere departure—is ever going to bring *any success to the movement which seeks to retain some field sports for Americans*.

"Of course foolish propaganda always will have a certain force. All the bureaus and all the commercial propaganda bureaus and with them a great many high-class, intelligent men—for instance, went behind the late measure which looked toward a national license fee for all gunners wishing to pursue wild fowl. *The theory was very plausible.* The argument used was that in this way a great fund would be developed annually which could be applied toward hiring more game wardens to enforce the provisions of the Migratory Bird Treaty. As a matter of fact, while I don't think many of us would begrudge that one dollar a year to go duck shooting, the net result would be an enormous bureau fund which would make our bureau friends in Washington even more powerful than they are today, but not one whit more intelligent, more sincere or more

honest. What the enforcing body back of that Migratory Bird Law needs is not more money but more intelligence, more sincerity and more honor. They can get these things only by the grace of God—certainly you and I can't give it to them by paying in one dollar a year to a slush fund.

"I am of the impression, if memory serves correctly, that this national license bill passed in the Senate but was killed in the House. It had attached to it a sort of secondary clause, *which many backers of this bill admitted was put on simply as* BAIT *to the voters*. I have reference to that phase of the bill which promised to create a great *many public shooting grounds* where wild fowl could be pursued by the plain people of America. This looks good *on paper* and we all of us so much wish and hope that such places can be found, that we are disposed to *go along with anybody* who will promise them to us. Promising a thing *and doing it* are two different propositions.

"Setting aside the injustice of any measure which makes a man in Maine pay for a shooting ground in Texas, or vice versa, this public shooting grounds proposition resolves itself to a question of real estate and geography. I have been studying this question of getting a shooting place for wild fowl, not in a club but some open shooting ground. I am here to say that you simply cannot do it to an appreciable extent. If you want duck shooting today, you have got to get the law of private trespass back of you and to pay for the privilege of sticking your hip boots in the mud. This is not absolutely true, *but in general it is terribly true*. Of course, this makes the public shooting grounds promise sound awfully good. There is very little to it.

"A million dollars a year would not be a drop in the bucket toward meeting the demand for public shooting grounds. In one month's time, *if we had a billion*, and not a million, dollars to spend, we could exhaust all the remaining good duck country which is not already owned. I may be wrong, but as I figure it out, about all that the public shooting ground proposition would do would be to raise the price of shares in the best ducking clubs. It would if we spent a million dollars a year in getting open shooting; that open shooting would last *about one day* if everybody got to shoot. And *if* it is not an even break, one man being just as good as the other under the United States law, *then why should we go in for it?*

"The human probability is that, if this measure actually had become a law, it would have benefited very few of us, although it would have benefited a good many new Federal Game Wardens *who would like a Government job*. I think it was opposed by a good many of the biggest and most intelligent state game commissioners of the Western and Southern country. I cannot see much actual benefit it would have been to the country except in the way of advertising the fact that *there is mighty little open shooting country left.*

"Of course, a great many men, still hanging on honestly *to the old theory of conservation of sport*, will not agree with my own feeling in this matter. It is no absolute cinch that I am right, of course, but it is a cinch that I am honest and sincere, and am covering up nothing, and that is a great deal more than can be said of 90% of the support which this unfortunate measure had. When I was younger I used to take great delight in fooling myself, counting my chickens before they were hatched, beginning to spend my money as soon as I thought I was going to make it. I don't do that sort of thing now. There is nothing in it. But that is just about what all of us have been doing who have been *hanging on to the old ways of saving outdoor sport in America.*

"Those old ways are *not good enough NOW*. They do not have back of them enough of intelligence, sincerity and honesty. They have not got brains enough back of them. They have not got business horse sense back of them. What earthly *use*, what earthly *sense* is there in kidding ourselves any more about so plain a proposition? Of course, if we are running a sporting paper which depends on trade advertising, or if we are holding a job of any sort that depends on "going along" that is an entirely different proposition. I wish all those folk well and have not the slightest quarrel with them in the world but I cannot countenance them until they recognize and support the principles of the Izaak Walton League of America.

"In fact, as nearly as I can get at the truth in the closing years of a life long fight for outdoor America, I think the whole thing resolves itself to one honest-to-God question: Do you and I really want field sports in America? *If we do want them we can have them.*"

You now know the obvious impossibility of "public shooting grounds." Our new bill must provide only for game sanctuaries where game animals and game birds may rest and propagate so that the nation's water fowl hunters may derive their proportionate share of benefit from this natural increase, which must follow the National establishment of such successful game refuges as Pennsylvania has already proved to be practical.

Brother Waltonians, and sportsmen everywhere, you know our League only wants the Right to Prevail, and now that you know what Emerson Hough thought about the Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill and know what I think, I hope you will *now* write me just what *you think*. A few lines will do and if you were not a delegate to our Third National Convention it is a *double duty* for you to let me know and so please *write today*—even a postal card will do.

Faithfully yours,

Written on Izaak Walton's birthday—August 9th.

Emerson Hough is dead but his philosophy and undaunted courage carry on.

The above photograph shows his body being borne to its last resting place by brother Waltonians.

While discussing this article with my friend (four days before he died) he said: "It will bring a storm of criticism and loose the gates of personal venom, but I'm wearied of *canned conservation* and I have told the truth and hewed to the line no matter where the chips fell."

It is somewhat interesting to relate here that while I was reading the final proofs of this editorial, Col. E. B. Ellicott, an old and devoted friend of Emerson Hough, called on me and during our talk I said: "Colonel, if only Emerson were here *and could know*." The Colonel looked at me for several seconds and said: "How *do we know* that *he doesn't know?*"

Our Northern Swamps

by Russell Watson

IF you get completely lost next fall in the northern swamp, or plunge for hours to get through one only to find, when nearly across, that you are balked by a flooded creek which you can swim or ferry if you wish on a log or bridge by a tree (all of which are uncomfortable), do not call down the wrath of the propitiating gods upon the place. Sit down on a root out of the wet and eat your lunch, build a little fire perhaps and make a cup of tea, smoke your pipe. You will find that cedar wood—which is almost always abundant in a swamp—resists rains pretty well, and inflammable shavings are easily made. You will find that tamarack, which is commonly abundant, is the best coniferous fire wood you have ever burned, being moderately resinous, dense and with plenty of heat units per armful. From cedar and spruce and balsam you can make a comfortable couch in a jiffy. Be content. Be happy you are not the unfortunate pedestrian in a big city—no flivvers to dodge, anyway. Sit quietly and, if you are hungry, in the evening a snowshoe rabbit will hop up, and you can bag him.

The burned swamp—a good place to avoid when fires are around.

You are not the first man that was lost in a swamp. Our firm has had some 25 foresters working for it in northern swamps during the past few years, many of them of wide woods experience and every last one of them became lost in the swamps. We all have sat down and bemoaned our fate on the edge of a sluggish, deep and wide creek, that we did not want to swim, were afraid to try to wade and were too tired to bridge. We always have got by somehow. We frequently found a logging road that led us out and although we have traveled the northern swamps hit-or-miss, skipping over quaking bogs, fording creeks that seemed to have no bottom other than ooze from midwinter to midsummer, wettest and driest times of the year, no man in any of our parties has yet come even close to losing his life. The swamps are not bottomless; the appearance of a quaking bog is worse than the actuality. Occasionally a man drops a leg into a muck hole, and pulls it out with difficulty, all the same as a cow in a barnyard pond; but usually we get along without much trouble.

So don't worry. Consider the value of the northern swamp instead. It is literally a life saver. One might almost say that it is a savior of the region. It covers nearly 20,000,000 acres in northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and has had, and today has even more, high economic significance in the development and wealth of the region. Without it, much of the game, perhaps most of the game, would leave; without it, many a poor farmer would have to pull up and out. It supplies pulp wood to many great pulp and paper plants; it is the source of telephone poles of our big midwest cities; it gives millions of railroad ties each year; it yields more millions of cedar fence posts. It is a pretty important forest type.

When the winter winds cut across those pine barrens, where once stood the heavy pine forests but where now are found a few scrubby jack pines and aspens, the deer and the partridge take to the protective swamps. Here they are safe from the "white winds' arctic wrath," sheltered and as quiet as in a cabin. The wind without may roar and snows drift, but deep beneath the sheltering cedars, spruces and alders the deer are protected.

Here the partridge, finding a cosy spot under some snow packed branch, may tunnel deep, making a warm winter nest. Indeed, it is probable that during some winter days, this hen does not venture out at all. Certain it is, that one occasionally kicks them out of their nests during the day; and actually one may put a snowshoe directly over one and imprison it during its drowsing.

Here in winter the deer and the moose—but particularly the deer—gather and make their trails, nibble buds, strip aspen bark, and chew in their peculiarly contemplative manner, the tender twig ends.

The swamp in the spring is the nursery of the deer and moose. Here the spotted, gangling legged fellows, lie quiet as mice, as indistinguishable from their surroundings as the brown hen partridge on her nest. One wonders why the tender skinned youngsters are not eaten alive by the mosquitoes. The answer is not simple and a number of factors are involved in its determination. Frequently the young are born in dense cedar thickets. Here, particularly close to the ground, there is almost no air movement, and consequently the scent does not carry; and as the youngsters lie motionless, the insects are not attracted by sight or sound. It is said, furthermore, that the fawns give off practically no odor. That is hard for a man to say. Most important, probably, is the fact that in dense cedar swamps there are surprisingly few mosquitoes. The water in cedar swamps is fresh, and evidently few of the pests breed in it. Also, it may be that the pungent odor of the cedar is repugnant. However that may be, we have many times fairly run from the vicious hordes of mosquitoes of a hardwood forest, to enter a cedar swamp and eat our lunches and peradventure have a bit of snooze without more than an odd whiner, soon despatched, to bother.

The swamp is the most fire resistant forest type in the Lake States. This is natural. Fire and water do not mix. As a consequence, although practically all of the lumbered-over forests are now so burned and reburned as to be practically a desert waste, the many swamps remain green.

But the fire woes do come to that county that drains its swamps. The swamp soil is commonly a layer of vegetable mold, from six inches to six feet deep. On this mold or peat the trees grow. When it is wet, it can hardly be burned with a plumber's torch, because it will hold at least five times its dried weight of water. But when dry, it fluffs up and may be ignited by a spark, and once ignited, it is about the most difficult thing to put out that the forester knows of. Much of the serious fire hazard of northern Minnesota can be laid directly to drained swamps. Once going, the peat burns sometimes for months, often far below the surface, and scarcely a wisp of smoke tells of the glow beneath. It is said that such peat fires may thus burn, in their protected situation, over winter. They certainly can weather a severe rain storm. When dry weather comes, particularly when one of the serious drops in relative air humidity hits, as it does every year or so, and a degree of desiccation of vegetation occurs that is almost unbelievable to the city man, then our little peat glow gets into action. There is a fascination in thinking about this little spot of fire, smoldering alive and warm and unknown, biding its time. It has a parallel in one of those smoldering

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 45]

The Pirate Pike

by Cal Johnson

"CAN you see him?" I whispered, as I made my way, on hands and knees, beside the boy, who was peering breathlessly through a small opening in the rushes and down into the clear waters of the river below.

"Sure. See him layin' there by that log with his fins moving back and forth?" replied the boy, in a low tone of voice, as he pointed a tanned finger towards the spot.

I lifted my body on all fours and looked over the little fellow's shoulders towards where he was pointing. Yes, there he was, the old battle scarred veteran of the river, whose wily habits had allowed him to live as a monarch among the finny inhabitants of the pool. His caudal fin moved gracefully in a fanning motion as his huge body was kept in a motionless position, the silvery markings on his side showing clearly. Each afternoon he would swim into shallow water and bask in the sun, refusing to take a lure cast close to his head. Our ambition to catch this monster of the river had been at heart for several months. Many times he had made a savage lunge for our plugs, but never had he opened his mouth to bite them. His uncanny ways were commencing to cause wonderment on our part and for that reason we named him the pirate pike.

We remained motionless for several minutes watching the great fish, hardly daring to move for fear of startling it and losing sight of the monster pike. Suddenly the pike made a dart forward, and we saw it grasp between its mighty jaws an unfortunate red-horse, who had swam too close to the abode of the pirate. The fish disappeared in the depth of the pool with its meal and was lost from view.

"Gee Whillikens, didja see that?" cried the boy, as he jumped to his feet with excitement, "wouldn't we have a circus landing that fellow after hookin' him, though?"

"Yes, son, I really believe it would take about all the pep out of my system if I ever am fortunate enough to hook into a fish like that," I replied. As I straightened up the pike disappeared.

That day had not been the first time the boy and I had crept quietly towards the home of old pirate and watched him as he lay there in the shallows. On many occasions we had cast our lures over the darkened waters of the pool in an endeavor to get him to bite, but his attitude towards the artificials had been none too good in the past. A red ibis fly and pork strip did not make him move an inch, as I cast it out over the waters with my fly-rod. Spoon hooks and plugs seemed to arouse no feelings in the fish's fighting attitude, as he swam by them without winking an eye.

"Let's try for the old boy this evening again," said the boy, as he looked up at me, his hundreds of brown freckles dancing about as he smiled.

"Looks like a good time, wind in the west, getting cloudy, and besides I have a feeling the pirate will strike this evening," I replied.

"Whee," cried the boy, "I bet we'll get him tonight, come on, let's hurry and get our tackle."

We started up the trail that led back to the cabin, the boy walking a few steps ahead, hat in hand and his bare legs glistening in the sunlight as he skipped along. Carefree as a lark, the little fellow commenced whistling a weird tune as we made our way along the trail through the thickly wooded forest. A rabbit scampered a few rods ahead of us down the path and several squirrels chattered noisily as we walked past the tree in which they nested. Our thoughts were lost, momentarily, of the pirate pike of the river and the beauty of the forest along the trail was foremost.

The cabin was soon sighted through the trees and we hastened our steps as the thoughts of the big fish came to our minds again. We were soon on the porch and into the cabin, then a scramble for rods, reels and other tackle. The same lures that I had used so many times in an effort to get the pike to bite were still in my tackle box. The pirate shunned them all.

"Why don't you try that old wooden plug with the red head and white body today?" asked the boy, as he eyed up my paraphernalia with great interest. "Bet old pirate has forgotten the time he made a lunge at that plug!"

"Not a bad idea at all, young man, guess maybe you're right," I replied, as I placed the odd looking lure in my tackle box and took out a book of flies.

"What are you going to use first?" asked the boy, eyeing me as if in deep thought.

"Oh, I suppose the old stand by—fly rod and feathers," I replied. "But I won't whip my flies around the pool very long this evening if I don't get a rise out of the old boy, I'll sling a couple plugs into his pool and wake him up for once."

We picked up the tackle and started for the big bend in the river where the pirate held forth, our hearts filled with anticipation. To outwit the pike was our mission and success meant the winning of a long drawn out battle. The thrill of just hooking the fish would be reward enough in itself and well worth the efforts of the several weeks we had spent angling for him.

Nearing the pool we stopped and started to rig up our tackle in preparation for the first casts of the evening. The utmost care was practiced not to approach the pool too noisily, as that would mean the scaring of the fish and our purpose lost. The boy was rigged up and ready to cast before I had my leader attached and he moved around nervously in his eagerness to cast his lure in quest of the pirate pike. I tied a large size fly to my leader and was then ready to approach the pool as quietly as possible.

Together we made our way carefully towards the bend in the river, where the deep waters of the eddy circled on its way down stream. The boy looked at me and smiled as he raised his arm in readiness to make his first cast. A green colored plug hung from his wire leader and dangled for a moment as the rod was held over his head in readiness for the forward cast. He brought his arm down in a steady, quick motion and the lure shot out over the waters, then landed with a loud "splash" near the rushes. I watched his face as he reeled in the lure with a feverish hand and saw the sparkle in his eyes, the set expression of his mouth and the rigidness in his entire pose. I prayed that he would get the strike he was hoping for. In another moment the plug was reeled beside the little caster and his mouth drooped, his body seemed to relax as he picked the plug from the waters. As he raised his arm to cast again he turned his head and saw me standing motionless, rod in hand, watching him.

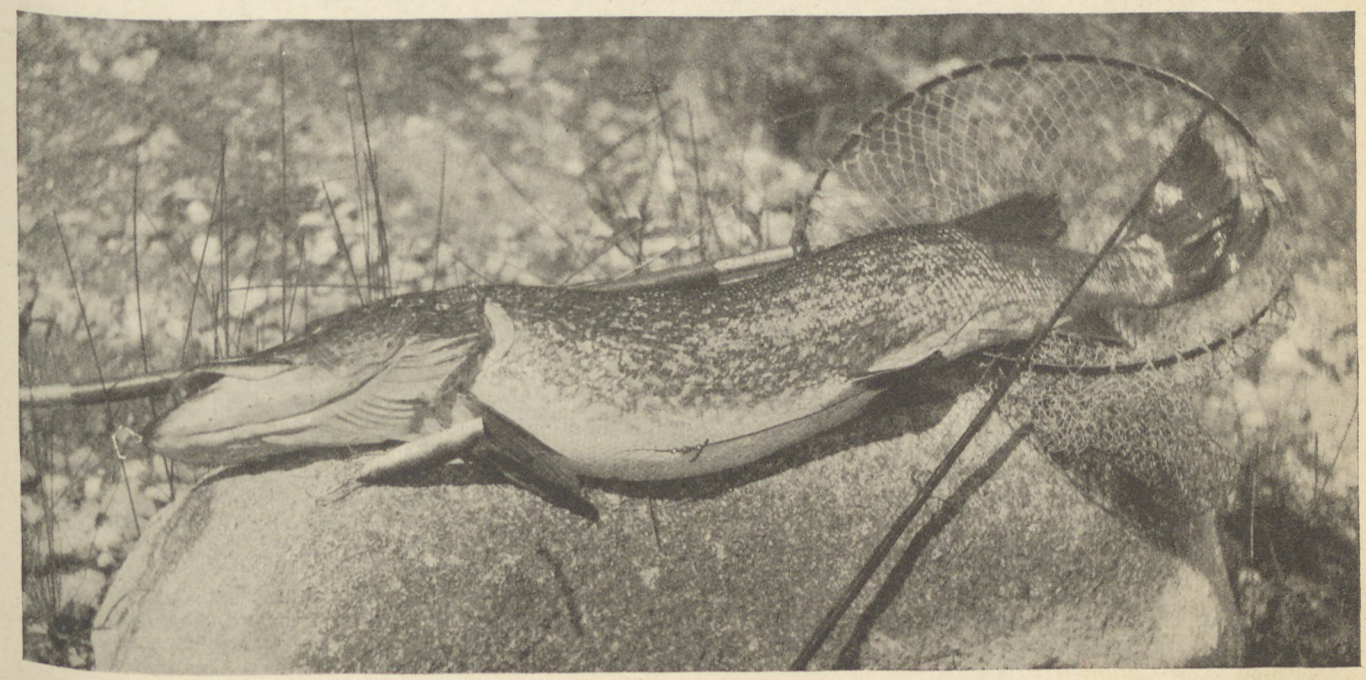
It was a great day for the boy

"Well, ain't you goin' to fish?" said the boy, as he held his rod above his head, a look of wonderment on his freckled face.

"You bet I am," I replied, and started to whip my fly through the air and out over the waters. But the sight of that boy and his interesting look as he cast and reeled in his lure fascinated me. What a joy that boy was experiencing, his clean heart and ideals were unblemished. A true American boy, and fisherman.

Several minutes of casting the feathered lures brought no results for me, while the boy had counted two small pike to his credit. How he laughed with glee as he reeled in those fish, his face wreathed in happy smiles. Fish or no fish, I was enjoying myself just to be with the youthful angler, where I could have fond recollections of my own boyhood days brought back into my soul.

"Shucks, I guess old pirate ain't going to bite this evening by the looks of things," re- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 64]



The defeated pirate—himself.

Peace—A Little River Story

by El Comancho

Illustration by John Thoman

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want.

El Comancho.

DAVID wrote day after day and in his writings he gave to science the findings of a lifetime.

Across the world, laboratories took the clue and began to delve, coldly impersonal, seeking only truth and to prove, or disprove, as results should show, whether or not David was to be heralded as the foremost thinker, or labeled a visionary for he voiced such things as men ne'er had thought upon before.

He said, "The sun is a black-dark planet journeying along a circular path and sending forth vibrations of wave-power in a fixed length which radiate everywhere through space, ceaselessly. All planets and all other things are continually doing the same thing, each in its own measure of strength, and each one as different, in length of wave, as notes of music differ, and yet harmonize, or discord, as the case may be.

"Relatively all bodies travel their own paths and maintain their fixed distances in frigid, black-dark space, where no light can exist and heat is an unknown thing.

"The sun cannot be a self-consuming globular mass of gas and flame; such a theory is chemically impossible on the face of it because fire, in burning, consumes, and leaves by-products behind; nor can fire be, at all, in the absence of oxygen which must, in turn, have a source of supply and this does not exist to fill such enormous perpetual demand as that of a burning sun. Air is also required to keep fire burning and there is no air on the sun.

"Further, the fact that the world has day and night is proof positive that there is no light at all upon the sun itself for a blazing sun would illuminate all space alike; it is not because the earth casts a shadow that there is no light in the world save against that side which is toward the sun.

"If, on the contrary, one assumes the new theory of dark power-waves alone instead of light, traveling from the black-dark sun at tremendous speed, then all things begin at once to fall in line and dovetail with the daily facts of life.

"Assuming this theory to be true, we find the earth surrounded by a sea of atmosphere through which black-dark sun power-waves must pass at high speed and as they pass they meet resistance of the atmosphere which slows them down, by friction produced through contact with the air, and thus is heat created and light is born because of these power-waves becoming heated to incandescence and glowing at a low degree of temperature, such as we find suitable for man to live in.

"These now hot power-waves, traveling now at the speed of light at the earth's surface, produce upon the optic nerves the round phantom-image of the sun as a glowing disk *at the outer rim of the world's atmosphere* just as the rainbow forms in our vision by the angle of its reflected rays glancing from spherical raindrops and thus creating the illusion of a half circle of color where no color really exists at all.

"Beyond—in cold space, unthinkable distance away, the cold, dark sphere of the sun vibrates directly behind its own phantom image, which, to us, seems now to be a ball of fire even as the rainbow seems to be a solid color mass fixed in the sky. Yet neither the rainbow nor the seemingly hot, blazing ball of the sun exist at all, as we think we see them for, if the earth's atmosphere were to be taken away, both would cease to be visible. This is all as plain and logical as anything could be because it fits exactly with conditions we know in nature—and it is the only thing that does fit.

"The case of the sun is proven by a series of existing facts as follows:

"No man can look directly at the sun because the optic nerve responds to no rays of light save those which travel straight into the eye; those which travel by, following a perpendicular, or a horizontal, or angular course, in relation to the plane of the eye, we do not see at all. Those coming straight into the eye, as incandescent power-waves directly from the sun, are so strong that they make the optic nerve-mass instantly so hot that it must seek relief in changing the plane of the eye to such position as to receive only the weaker, broken rays. These have already reached some point on earth and there exploded, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to rebound, strike some other point, and there re-explode in the same way again, continuously, over and over, thus producing what we call diffused light. This is the light which seems to us to illuminate the whole atmosphere all about us—and does in fact do just this (because of the millions of rebound-planes which reflect it) and thus is produced that which is known as 'light,' 'sunlight,' or 'sunshine' in our every day talk.

"Sunshine then is a sequential by-product of the explosion of black-dark power-waves which travel through space unseen at a speed much faster than 'light' and reach us from the sun as our nearest, most powerful, neighbor in the realms of frigid space.

"This is truth as it exists, and it disagrees with the elaborate theory of science, built upon a hypothetical assumption that the sun is a burning mass of gas. Under the present, newly accepted theory, this would be a paradox and the equivalent of one lifting himself by his boot straps because, if the old theory were true, the sun would have to produce the gas it consumes and thus create itself while it destroys itself and that is manifestly impossible on the face of it.

"The facts of the power-wave solution are such that they fit, exactly, the new theoretical sequence working out, logically, from the assumption of the existence of the sun as an invisible, cold, dark, swiftly vibrating planet traveling through space in a maintained position in relation to our own, and other, worlds which have their own series of motion; these would create exactly what we have here on earth according to the theory of the invisible, cold, dark sun sending vibratory waves in all directions.

"The side of our world away from the sun is in darkness as our world revolves from daylight into night because we travel around into the shadow. Shadow means simply absence of light, caused by something opaque coming between the source of light and the exposed surface. 'Light' is the dark power-wave of the sun traveling through the air so fast that it has become heated to the point where it glows.—

"This point is reached when the swiftly traveling dark power wave is slowed down by friction of air resistance until it is traveling at the 'speed of light.'

"Reverting back to the facts we find that the dark power-rays of the dark sun, heated to incandescence and visible now, as 'light,' because of friction against the world's atmosphere, strike against any worldly solid substance which they do not penetrate. They explode on contact and then rebound in all directions at an angle of forty-five degrees, to repeat this process over and over indefinitely at each point of contact, thus creating weakened, or split-up power-rays, now changed by friction into heated, and glowing, incandescent, as 'light.' This reaches our eyes as 'light rays' which travel straight through the lens of our eye to the optic nerve and in this manner create the sensation of 'seeing' 'daylight' and 'sunshine' on the side of the world next to the sun.

"The side away from the sun lacks any power-waves whatever coming from the sun to strike anywhere on that side because these power-waves cannot penetrate the earth and they travel on a straight line course from the sun and rebound also in straight lines; if they cannot travel in a curve or go through the earth it is patent that they must pass straight on by into space again. When they thus over-shoot the rim of the world's diameter they must then keep on going straight away into space beyond the world until they cool again. There is nothing for them to hit and explode against and thus create the rebounding wave, returning at the forty-five degree angle, necessary to

bring them back as straight light-rays to enter our eye and register on our optic nerves. As these heated rays travel on into space beyond us again they cool off and vanish—therefore we have darkness beyond us as the logical sequence and this darkness is the darkness of cold, black, lightless, dead space, stretching to infinity, which of itself must be of globular form as no other shape can have no beginning and no end.

"Thus night is logical and proper, and it fits the facts as we know them because it is nothing more or less than the natural black-dark of icy space. Space has no atmosphere and consequently offers no resistance to the rays (by which friction is created) and therefore the dark-waves of vibration from the sun are *not* heated in space and when they are not heated they are not 'light.' Our optic nerve does not respond to any vibration greater or less than the 'speed of light,' nor does it register the *cold* wave, therefore we cannot see any wave until it is heated and traveling at the 'speed of light' to which our eye responds by transferring this vibration of the brain to where it is translated by intelligence to mean 'light.'

"Water is more resistant to sun-power waves than is the air, therefore when the 'sun shines' directly down on the deeps of our oceans the greater resistance of the water mass to the traveling wave of cold, dark force, (coming from the sun, and now incandescent and manifest as light,) develops friction at a much higher rate than that produced by air and the speed of the power-ray, or light-beam as it is now, is swiftly reduced and transformed into heat, so the surface layer on top of the sea gets warm by absorbing the traveling rays on a bright clear day if there is no wind to agitate the water.

"In losing its identity of Power, in the frictionally-created new product of Light, the power-wave has already lost so much of its initial speed that it is traveling at 'the speed of light' when it strikes the surface of the sea. Water is semi-transparent and does not, therefore, entirely stop the light rays with such suddenness as to create the explosion and rebound resulting from striking an opaque surface. This is understood when we remember that 'speed of light' means speed which the dark power-wave is traveling *at the earth's surface* after it has been retarded by friction to the point where it glows. Is incandescent and is now chemically changed into what we call 'light.'

"Instead of stopping then, this present light-ray, formerly the sun power-wave, now travels on down into the water, at a swiftly diminishing speed, and friction changes all its Light into Heat which is now, in turn, absorbed by the resisting water, as a by-product of friction, until it finally ceases to be light at all and remains as heat, imprisoned in the surface layer of ocean water, until it vanishes entirely by absorption in 'cooling off' as we say.

"Thus, theoretically, the deeps of the ocean must necessarily be pitch-black dark and they must be as cold as the normal degree of cold is in absolutely dark water. This would be the cold of space, less the absorbed heat of all friction encountered by the moving water. This corresponds exactly with known facts, as they exist, in every detail and proves the sun to be a black-dark spherical body traveling through the absolutely frigid darkness of space which is cold to the point of absolute zero; this zero point will be found to fit actual conditions upon scientific measurement of the cold degree of infinite space.

"In like manner the sky appears to our eyes as a blue inverted dome but this also is not what exists in reality and it is another proof of the foregoing theory of a black-dark sun that gives no light outside the earth's atmosphere. Space, which is behind our illuminated air in every direction is absolutely cold;

So when David spoke his mind, Jule had answered "whenever you think best, Davie," and thus it was arranged.

therefore all 'light waves' crossing through our atmospheric blanket from the sun would be cooled off again on their re-entry back into space and thus would entirely vanish.

"Sunlight is yellow in predominating color. If one sets up a yellow disk where sunlight can fall full upon it and then stares at it fixedly for thirty seconds, without shifting the position of the disk, or of his eyes, and then suddenly shifts his gaze to an intensely black surface and stares at that as he did at the yellow disk, he will, within a few seconds, observe a phantom disk the same size and shape as the real yellow disk he stared at first but the phantom will *not be yellow:* instead it *will be blue.*

"Exactly the right shade of yellow in the original disk will give exactly the blue of the sky on a clear day when the phantom disk appears to the eye against the black; for just the same reason the sky appears to be blue, for yellow light registering, on the optic nerve, has sky-blue for its complementary color, against a black background. Thus our optic nerves, bombarded by yellow light, react to produce a phantom of the complementary color of blue when we look upward against the black background of empty space. Sky must thus appear to us as a blue dome of limitless depth cast in a circular form, or dome, covering the earth like an intangible shell, hanging aloft without support. This is the only possible form that it could assume if the whole of our theory is fact.

"There can be no question that the above theories will, in time, be proven to be facts because they are facts and fit existing conditions as we know them and they answer all the puzzling questions science has been trying to find answer for down through the past years.

"Our present scientific study of 'light' is based on an entirely wrong assumption of character."

For days David wrote on, putting his findings into words, patiently explaining, making known entirely new things in the face of all opposition.

He wrote the Wave Action of Cosmic Motion which is Life itself; he told why and how this functions and fixes the never ending sequence of movement, forever traveling its circular course, and changing all things, yet never losing its identity of the Unit—Motion.

How the wave-lengths harmonized to create Families of Related Species he made plain; how discord of unlike wavlengths of Motion kept some Species entirely unlike other forms through the insulation produced by cross-lines instead of parallels, he explained also.

Through all the gamut of nature he showed how everything living, everything moving, everything inert, or dead, or still, or in the most violent state of agitation, just as it happened to be, was logically related to all else in a sequence of forms which meshed, one with the other, as gears mesh to form a powerful whole, wherein all parts moved together, but each one moving only at its own exact mathematical speed in relation to all other parts, nor deviated even the fraction of one iota therefrom, else they should thereby interrupt the whole and produce resultant chaos.

Narrow minded clergy rose up and called him heretic and damned him fervently.

Thinking men hailed him as a great man.

Science accepted his findings at face value calmly, without comment, and coldbloodedly began to apply such exhaustive tests as would ultimately prove him to be a man able to project his mentality far in advance of his time, and thus set forward the frontiers of the world's knowledge into the unexplored—or smash his structure to bits against acid truth.

Through it all David continued, unmoved, on the even tenor of his way knowing that he was right and that science would prove him so; the others did not matter.

Beside him, Jule, who had lent her aid to help him work his theories out, stood steadfast, smiling, sure of herself and of the man, loving him and the child, June, with the calm strength of a placid sea for she knew that he understood truth.

To David, in accordance with his theory, came the quiet mental understanding that in Jule, the twin, the Soul, or Living Intelligence of both June had merged when her body died in giving birth to the child which lived now in her image, endowed with the personality of David and the form of the mother, warmly vibrant, all-alive and with life all before her.

Jule was no longer the twin, but by virtue of the harmony of twin life-waves, now was a perfect woman, embodying the dual personalities of twins who have merged through physical death of one body and become thereby the one woman, whom nature originally designed, but who had been born a dual form through some slight deviation of natural process which interfered before birth.

To David's thinking mind it was plain that Jule had absorbed her other half at the death of June and so had become the merged personalities and thereby was now a single, perfect Whole, as nature originally intended.

Everything in his theory confirmed this and Jule herself was so impressed with the consciousness of this fact within herself that she felt herself to be the actual mother of little June and loved the child with all her self as only a mother can.

It seemed to her that June, her twin, was actually herself; she mentioned this to David who smiled and said, "My dear, that is proof again that our theory is truth as it exists. I have never mourned for June for she has never ceased to be here with me in you, her other half; I think the time has come for us to marry and carry on again."

David spoke in the most commonplace way, as though stating well understood fact.

There had never been a word of love-making between them since David's engagement to June and yet he proposed marriage now as a necessary formality to comply with the laws of man, just as he had not before mentioned marriage or love in deference to conventionalities which decreed a period of mourning for his wife, June, who had died.

It seemed to him as though these details were all understood without words and were routine matters.

Jule, to him, was June living again in face, figure, voice, movement and all that makes individuality, but a riper, a more finished personality than either June or Jule alone, just as one should expect if two twins could, by process of fusing, merge into an undivided one.

To Jule, David's proposal came with no element of surprise or unexpectedness, for she, within herself, had somehow come to a realization that such procedure would come in the proper place when the slow marching column of events should reach the point ordained; it was the most natural thing in the world to Jule, for, when June died, it seemed that David passed into the keeping of the living Jule as did the tiny child.

So when David spoke his mind, Jule, beside him, had answered with her woman's smile, "Whenever you think best, Davie dear." And thus it was arranged.

To you, the onlooker, it would possibly have seemed coldblooded, or merely a matter of convenience, because there was no surface demonstration on the part of either.

Yet down in the deeps of both, they knew that in all the world there were not two people who loved more devotedly than they nor for whom the world and life could hold more happiness.

Presently a quiet word was sent to McGregor, and to half a dozen more, that on a certain date a marriage would be consummated at the station on the Little River where the lives of both parties had been spent so far in useful occupation.

And McGregor came, good old McGregor, with his Scotch burr, his sharp cornered bones, his red Scotch eyebrows and his great, big child's heart; he came a-smoking his old black pipe and he pressed the hand of the younger man, looked into his eyes and said, "Davie, ye ha' shown th' rare good sense that's in ye, mon, for in all th' warld there's na mair th' likes o' her, I'm tellin' ye."

And now I'm writing finis.

The story of David and the twins is done for now there are no twins.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

Winners of the Outdoor America Hunting Story Contest

1st prize, J. M. Thralls, Mayor of Wellington, Kansas, "High Lights in Old Mexico"; 2nd prize, J. C. Edwards, Webster Grove, Mo., "A Boy, a Dog and a Gun"; 3rd prize, F. Dupuy, New York City, "Southern Alberta Sheep"; 4th prize, J. M. Moody, St. George, Utah, "A Close Shave With Old Clubfoot"; 5th prize, Jay Mertz, Lansing, Michigan, "The Killing."

Details will be published in October.

One Man's Opinion

by Frank Stick

Etching by Earl H. Reed

IT is not necessary for me or for any other man to reply to the attacks made upon the president of the Izaak Walton League in the past few weeks by two magazines, the only sportsmen's publications which are, at the present time, supporting the American Game Protective Association. Will H. Dilg is perfectly able to defend himself. Yet, as the attacks referred to have not only questioned the honor and the veracity of our president, but they have also questioned the judgment, the understanding, and the independence of thought and of action, of every individual member of this League, a reply to the allegations and inferences by one who has been closely allied with the affairs of the Izaak Walton League from the beginning, and one who has also been in a particularly advantageous position to view the development of the opposition, may not be uncalled for.

Both magazines in question publish glaring misstatements of facts, and many obtuse explanations, which explain nothing much but the fact that a certain bill has been presented to Congress, which calls for a Federal tax on duck hunters, of a dollar per head. We are told that the bill will function in such and such a manner, and will do many wonderful things for the sportsmen of this country.

After studying the bill in question, thoroughly and conscientiously, I confess I find nothing in it to confirm the optimistic view of its backers excepting the aforesaid dollar tax. That it is a weak bill, an unworkable bill, that it has a peculiarly pork barrelish tint, that even though it were to eventually pass both houses, and become a law through the passage of enabling acts by the various states, this bill could never function justly and equably, is a decision that must be arrived at by every sportsman who studies it carefully, and forgets for the moment the highly colored and imaginary articles which have appeared in its favor.

It is my honest and sincere opinion, after following the progress of the bill from the beginning, and after talking with and corresponding with sportsmen from every section of the country, that ninety-five percent of the sportsmen who have backed the bill in the past, have done so, not with the belief that it was a perfect bill for the purpose intended, not even that it was a good bill, but that it was *better than no bill at all.* This was exactly the attitude of the delegates to our convention in 1924, when a resolution was passed in favor of the bill.

While the arguments presented by the advocates of the old Public Shooting Grounds Bill are usually identical, in the articles published by the two magazines I have mentioned there has been considerable confusion of testimony—which must be embarrassing to Mr. Burnham and to the other officers of the American Game Protective Association.

We are assured by one of the magazines that considerable friction exists between state laws and Federal laws relating to the protection of water fowl, and this unsatisfactory condition is advanced as an argument why the Public Shooting Grounds Bill should be supported. The editor of the other magazine just as emphatically reminds us that there is no friction, "because the states long since willingly amended their laws to conform to the provisions of the Federal Act." The latter statement is correct. It is also presumably an argument in favor of the old Public Shooting Grounds bull (I should say bill), but why and wherefore not even the March Hare himself could explain.

The question is frequently asked, "Just what is this American Game Protective Association, which we always hear mentioned in connection with the old Public Shooting Grounds Bill?" In a few words, it is a small organization founded some fifteen or twenty years ago as the American Game Propagation and Protective Association, and which has been supported to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars by donations from gun and ammunition companies. Its paid membership is small. In fact, in the seventeen hundred or more chapters of the Izaak Walton League, we have a single chapter with a paid membership almost equal to the total membership of the old association.

We do not mention this fact in any spirit of boastfulness or of bravado, but we mention it as an indication of the qualifications of the two presidents in the field of organization. Will H. Dilg has been the chief spirit back of the Izaak Walton League, which in three years has become, in the words of President Coolidge, "one of the great forces for good in America." And this growth, mind you, has been made without financial backing, excepting for donations from philanthropic members, with no personal axe to grind.

The fact that John B. Burnham, President of the American Game Protective Association, has for a number of years received a large salary from the organization he represents, does not mean that Mr. Burnham has commercialized the business of attempting to conserve and restore the game birds of this country. It is my personal conviction that Mr. Burnham is sincere in his efforts, and doubtless he earns every cent of the salary paid him. Nevertheless, it is a fact that because Mr. Burnham is the recipient of this large salary his influence not only with the sportsmen of the nation, but with the legislative bodies with which he makes contact is considerably restricted.

Whether justly or unjustly accused, *when an individual or an organization whose purpose is supposedly altruistic, is the recipient of compensation for services rendered, the taint of commercialism and subsidization is always present.* It is also indubitably a fact that at the present day there are a lot of men whooping it up for conservation at so much per whoop, who are in the game solely for the money they get out of it, and who are looking into the future for still greater financial returns. That the passage of the old Game Refuge bill would offer to these gentlemen an unusual opportunity for dipping into the public coffers, is another fact that the sportsmen of American will do well to consider.

Do not think from these statements that I believe the majority of the sportsmen who have voted for the bill in the past have been anything but sincere and honest in their beliefs and intentions. Ninety-nine percent of these men are square shooters, but they have either accepted literally the glowing statements made in behalf of the measure, or they have, as I stated before, considered the bill as being better than no bill at all.

Also, do not think from my remarks that I believe either of the editors of the magazines which have published the mani-

Frank Stick

Conservationist

FRANK STICK of Interlaken, N. J., is an artist whom every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA *knows. He is also an enthusiastic hunter, fisherman, and a real sportsman, as his opinion given herewith shows.*

He has been in close touch with the Game Refuge Bill since it was first introduced in Congress and knows his subject. This opinion coming from the east is of special interest at this time.

festos which I criticize, are anything but real conservationists at heart. I like both these men, personally. I consider both of them as really fine writers, and both of them as workers for the betterment of outdoor America. At times, misinformed, and unduly influenced workers, perhaps, but men who will, in the course of time, experience a change of heart and of thought, and perceiving wherein they have been at fault, will do their share in the great battle which is before us.

From the time, four years ago, when the attempt was made to popularize the present Game Refuge Bill, by foisting it upon the public as a Public Shooting Grounds measure, a majority of the officers of the Izaak Walton League were opposed to it, for we recognized its weakness, and we knew it could never accomplish the things which were promised for it. That some measure of popularity was achieved among those sportsmen who considered only the possible results, and who did not consider the practicability of the bill, there is no denying.

Notwithstanding the fact that, as I have said, we were almost unanimously opposed to the bill, when our delegates in convention in 1924 adopted a resolution of confidence, every officer of the League did everything in his power to assist its passage through Congress. And it was principally due to the efforts of this League that the bill showed some strength in the 68th session of Congress.

The fact that (as has been claimed by Mr. Burnham and the editors mentioned) the president of the Izaak Walton League agreed to assist the passage of a certain bill in the year 1924, *does not bind him to continue his efforts indefinitely*, particularly, when he knows that this particular measure has no chance of ever becoming a workable piece of legislation. Nor were he so inclined, would he have the right to carry on in the name of the Izaak Walton League, when this League in convention assembled has, decided by the unanimous vote of its delegates to halt in the support of a bill, which they, after thorough consideration and mature deliberation, conceived to be neither a workable nor an adequate measure. Also, if a reciprocal agreement was entered into, with the American Game Protective Association, as claimed by Mr. Burnham, this agreement was automatically broken by the latter, for he failed utterly to aid the Izaak Walton League in the passage of our Upper Mississippi Bill, and also in all the other legislative and educational measures we have put through in the interests of conservation.

As a sportsman—a true Waltonian, what do you think of the old Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill?

The policies of OUTDOOR AMERICA *are identical with the precepts and principles of your League and governed by the voice of the majority.*

Please write us a letter giving us your views. Do it right away—don't put it off, as this is the most important problem confronting the sportsmen of America today who would do something for the sportsmen of tomorrow and the years to come.

In your reply "Hew to the line—let the chips fall where they may."

In proof of this statement, you have only to look through the pages of the bulletin published by that association, and in the pages of the two magazines which have given the American Game Protective Association their support. This, notwithstanding the fact that our own magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA, devoted more space to an advocacy of the Public Shooting Grounds Bill in the four months of the last session of Congress than any other magazine in America.

In addition to the space given in our magazine, our president wrote a personal letter to the officers of each and every chapter in the League, asking them to work for the passage of the bill. These facts are self evident and to the mind of every fair thinking man will answer the criticisms which have been directed against our president and the executive committee of this League.

But to return to the bill, which has caused all this calamity howling, and which, if we are to believe the statements we have read recently, is due to divide the great army of sportsmen into two factions.

This present Game Refuge and Public Shooting Grounds Bill calls for a Federal tax of one dollar to be collected from each duck hunter, with which to furnish funds for the purchase of such tracts of water and marsh as are necessary for the reproduction of water fowl, and such resting and feeding grounds as shall be required for their maintenance. Just how, or when, or by what rule these funds are to be distributed and used is not pointed out, though it is naively suggested by some of the born optimists in the opposing camp that, "Doubtless the details can be worked out by committees appointed for that purpose."

In general, there are many excellent arguments against a Federal tax, and we are convinced that the Nation as a body is opposed to this type of legislation, and in favor of state jurisdiction. Regardless of arguments presented by Mr. Burnham, and others in the employ of the American Game Protective Association, wherever game refuges and public shooting grounds have been placed under state control, they have worked out entirely satisfactorily.

We point to Pennsylvania, with its 32 state game refuges, and its thousands of acres of public shooting grounds, and there are a number of other states which have adopted and which are adopting similar systems of game maintenance. In every case, these refuges and shooting grounds are patrolled by state wardens, and no man can show wherein a warden employed by the state is not fully as efficient, if not more efficient, than one employed by the Federal Government. Statements and suggestions to the contrary, made by sponsors of the present Game Refuge Bill, are not only misleading but *they are also an unjust reflection upon a worthy body of men*, who in most cases are receiving salaries nowhere commensurate with their ability and labors.

But it is not the purpose of this writer to extol the general principles of state rights, as opposed to Federal rights, but rather to point to certain concrete examples which prove his contention that this bill is weak, and can never become a workable piece of legislation.

From the recent articles which I have quoted, the inference would be drawn that the Izaak Walton League stands alone in its opposition to this Federal tax bill, and that this League is responsible for all the adverse sentiment which has sprung up relative to the proposed measure.

This is far from the truth, for, as a matter of fact, only two among the sportsmen magazines of this country are supporting the bill at the present writing. Forest and Stream, the magazine which did more than all others combined to make the Migratory Bird Act into a law, has come out with several powerful editorials against the bill. Others among the outdoor press look upon the measure with disfavor, and still others are only mildly interested, either way, for they know, as every thinking sportsman must know, after giving the question mature thought, that the bill can never function.

What support the bill possesses at the present time is centered mainly in four or five eastern states. And yet, these eastern states, as I will show, supposing the bill were to ultimately become a law, *would pay the most and benefit the least.* The sportsmen of the west and of the south are, at the present writing, in the majority of cases, opposed to the bill, as are the sportsmen's organizations in these sections.

It is pointed out by the backers of the present bill that "inasmuch as the duck hunter is the only one who profits by the bill, he alone should be taxed for the cost of refuges to be established." There are, we are told, "one and a half million duck hunters in this country, comprising less than one-fourth the total number of licensed hunters, and less than one-fifteenth the total number of fishermen, campers, hikers, canoeists and boatmen, and others who go to the out-of-doors for their recreation." It is apparent that the statement that "The duck hunters alone would profit by a Game Refuge Bill," is a fallacy.

As an example. For some years I have been in the habit of visiting, in the ducking season, a section famed for its shooting. Close by is a tract set apart by private owners as a breeding ground for water fowl. Black ducks are raised here in considerable numbers, and later in the season the adjoining waters swarm with deep water ducks, and with geese, which feed on the celery and eel grass. For a period of three months the surrounding waters and marshes are used by a small number of

duck hunters. For at least six months of the year this same territory is enjoyed to the fullest by fishermen, boaters, and campers, and for twelve months of the year it yields a considerable revenue, and a comfortable living to professional fishermen, crabbers and clam diggers.

What the value of this same body of water is to agriculture, I cannot say, but I am assured by experts that the continuous evaporation is responsible for the great productiveness of the adjoining farm lands. Practically these same conditions exist in ninety percent of all areas that might be taken over under the terms of the present bill. *Would it be right and just then, for the duck hunters to pay the entire cost of such a venture?* And, do you think for one minute, supposing these tracts were to be purchased by the duck hunter alone, any state in the nation would be so short sighted as to turn over to him any considerable tract for his exclusive privilege?

Several years ago, through the efforts of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League, the meandering lake, on the banks of which my home is situated, was set aside as a wild life sanctuary and all hunting forbidden within a radius of five hundred feet. The results are, though we are in a fairly thickly settled community, ducks, herons and other varieties of water birds, breed here in considerable numbers. I can hear mallards quacking as I write these lines, and only yesterday a pair of great white herons came to roost in the cove near my studio, the first I have seen north of the everglades in a number of years.

Troopers of the Sky, by Earl H. Reed.

Now, this lake and its borders constitute a valuable producing plant for the sportsmen, but this same tract is of ten times greater value to the fisherman and the recreationists who visit it ten months out of the year. Nor does the fact that this lake is a rendezvous for devotees of other forms of recreation, materially detract from its value as a sanctuary and a breeding ground for wild fowl.

There are, as most sportsmen know, four fairly well defined lanes of water fowl migration, from north to south. Excepting under extreme conditions of water shortage, there is little or no divergence from these lines of flight, or shall we say, zones.

What numberless sportsmen throughout the country are desirous of knowing, is *just how their money is to be spent in relation to the zone they live in.* There has been, for instance, a considerable increase in the number of ducks and geese, in the extreme eastern zone, within the last two years, due to excellent breeding conditions, following two unseasonable open seasons, which left an abundance of breeding stock. For this reason, and because our duck waters are mainly tidal water, and thus permanently established, the easterner has less to worry about than his brother duck hunter in the middle west. Also, the eastern flight is absolutely distinct, and does not converge.

Under the terms of the bill, the sportsmen of the east will be asked to pay for and establish sanctuaries in sections from which they will never derive the slightest benefit. We are told by the backers of this bill that "out of the national fund, refuges will be established in western states," for, as they assure us, "it is a national question." This is true. But we also claim, what every thinking sportsman must know, that it is also and primarily a matter of zonal control.

Supposing, according to the terms of this bill, it should become a workable measure before certain states, particularly our southern states, put through the legislation necessary for them to benefit under the act. *Would it be right and just for the northern states to purchase and establish refuges and feeding grounds from which all the states lying within their zone would derive benefit in an equal degree?* Particularly as those states lying south of the Mason-Dixon line are unqualifiedly opposed to the bill, and will fight it to the limit, which would mean years and years of unceasing labor to put it through.

I present this argument in the supposition that the statements made by the advocates of this bill, to the effect that "an enabling act from each and every state in the Union is not required to make the bill workable" is true. The belief of every disinterested lawyer and statesman of my acquaintance is that such an enabling act IS required, to make the bill effective. If this is the case *then no sportsman of this generation would live long enough to see this bill function,* even though it were to pass both houses at their next session.

During a talk with the editor of a magazine supporting the bill, I made mention of our Upper Mississippi Bill. The editor expressed the opinion that this was a needless piece of legislation, "because," as he pointed out, "the Game Refuge Bill would have taken care of it in due course of time." The facts are, that if we had delayed action in this particular instance, that entire region which was covered by the Upper Mississippi Bill would now be one vast drainage tract, with the fish and game gone forever and ruined for all time, so far as the sportsman is concerned. As every sportsman knows, this League put its bill through both houses and it became a law, within a few months of the time we started our battle. *And it did pass both houses, regardless of the fact that it carried a straight appropriation of one and a half million dollars.*

The American Game Protective Association, in widely circulated propaganda has repeatedly pointed out the futility of expecting Congress to grant a straight appropriation of three million dollars per year, even in the furtherance of a measure which will benefit the entire nation. Yet, we have a concrete example of a bill passed unanimously, carrying a proportionately far greater appropriation, for the Upper Mississippi Bill, which particularly benefits one section of our country. *Would it be a tremendous thing, or an unreasonable thing, to ask for this modest appropriation, when we have before us the example of the state of Pennsylvania appropriating twenty-five million dollars for the purchase of forest lands?*

Modest and reasonable as such an appropriation would be, it is the opinion of officers of this League, that a Game Refuge Bill can be developed which will do all the things that such a measure should accomplish without diverting a single dollar from the public funds.

The American Game Protective Association has repeatedly presented the argument, that "it required sixteen years to put over the Migratory Bird Act and we should not be discouraged over a few failures in the Senate and in the Congress." Now, I believe, considering the fact that the present Game Refuge Bill carries a Federal tax, every one will admit that it would be a still more difficult bill to make into a working law.

Every day we receive letters telling of some new drainage crime completed, or some drainage crime contemplated. Are we supposed to wait then, the sixteen or twenty-six years that may, and probably would, elapse before this Federal tax bill is passed through Congress, and through the various states, or should we too have a new bill *which will become a law before it is too late?*

Mr. Burnham's contention that the system of state control of game and game refuges is unsatisfactory, and is a breeder of discord, is not only unjust, but it is not borne out by facts. In most of our states there is now in existence an excellent system of game and fish control and supervision, and where this system has been in existence for a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 59]

John Moreland-Fisherman

by Will H. Dilg

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

PART III

JOHN MORELAND'S camp was ideally located amidst the pines on a high wind swept point. Here a swift little river ran into a primeval forested lake. It was a perfect camp—a camp where the pocket-book had not been consulted. Patterson had taken Moreland at his word and had not spared expense—he knew the all important was to keep Moreland pleased and interested, and that mosquito infested tents and wet, cold, and uncomfortable beds had spoiled many a wilderness vacation. It was a camp in which a woman with a love of outdoors in her heart would have been supremely happy. The spacious tent in which Moreland and Patterson slept had windows, and a floor of the best sod cloth was sewed to its bottom walls and it was mosquito proof.

Plainly Moreland was proud of the outfit, and Patterson often caught the old man gazing at it, satisfaction with the whole world shining in his eyes. This was especially noticeable in the evening when they returned after a successful day on stream or lake, the big woods and camp life were to Moreland an unending source of interest and the ways and means for man to live in God's open country never tired him. It seemed that after all this stern captain of industry had something of the gypsy hidden away back in his ancestry, perhaps it may have been that fishing old uncle of his boyhood.

Earl H. Reed, the well known writer and artist, has written a new book "The Silver Arrow."

This delightful volume of Indian romances is copiously illustrated by the author. Those who have read Mr. Reed's many contributions to Outdoor America will appreciate this book.

Moreland delighted to putter about the camp, and took especial interest in the camp culinary department. Pete Lafitte, half French and half Indian, was camp cook. Pete and Moreland were about of an age, and the half breed was in his way as much of a character as was Moreland, and quite as much of a tyrant. Moreland never missed a chance to watch Pete dress and skin a fish, a performance at which he was an artist. Pete demanded plenty of elbow room about his camp kitchen and at first did not admire the constant attendance of Moreland, especially when he clumsily got in his way or disturbed something on the fire. The two old men soon, however, grew to understand and like each other.

"You like-a dem beeg city—no? You come go long o' me dis winta an' trap. You choke in dem beeg city. I go once my cousin Montreal. I say—stay two week—by Gar, I mos' choke. I arriv' one morning—I mos' choke in dem beeg city. I say—my cousin—'When nex' train leave for beeg woods, I take heem.'"

"I don't know how to trap and live in the woods, all this is new to me. I've never fished and hunted before this summer," said Moreland.

"By Gar, I see dat—dat mak' no diff. You com' live my shack dis winta. By Gar, Pete Lafitte he trap and mak' you to trap. W'en we got hunger—we catch de feesh an' kill a deer or pa'tridge, we no go hunger. It mak' no diff. Gim' me som' dat tobac—it mak' no diff. You come dis winta trap with Pete Lafitte."

"Old Pete will never know," thought Patterson, who had overheard this spontaneous outburst of friendship on Pete's part, "but his invitation is worth more than all the medicines in the world to John Moreland"

The testy old man showed it, too. Pete had unconsciously given him the compliment of his life. Moreland knew that in the business world he was feared because of the might of his money, but here in the wilderness things were different. Pete did not give a tinker's dam for money—yet he had invited him, John Moreland, to trap with him.

"He must really like me," thought Moreland, and there was a feeling in his heart that had never been there before.

One evening Patterson returning from the trail with an Indian guide, found Moreland practicing bait casting close to the camp. Moreland, concentrated as he was, had no thought of an audience and was doing more than ordinarily good work.

"You're getting to be pretty good with a bait rod," said Patterson.

Moreland glanced up and his face flushed, but he said nothing until he had completed the next cast, which fortunately was a beauty.

"Yes, I think I'm getting on to the trick of it, but I still forget to use my thumb. Fair bass over there in the grass," said Moreland, attempting indifference, and pointing his finger to the right.

Patterson walked over and said, "I should say it is a fair bass—it will go over three pounds easily. You're getting to be the real thing."

"The mate of that bass is just below about a hundred rods. He rose to my spinner but struck short and missed it. I tried to raise him again, but that one rise was all I could get. Thought I'd give him a rest for half an hour or so."

"Just the right thing to do—my, but you are getting to be the real thing," said Patterson, admiringly, and there was a real ring of truth in his voice.

"I told you I was going to learn to be a real fisherman, and I meant it. I know I have lots to learn, but I'm trying all the time and keeping everlastingly at it, which brings success, as you say," said Moreland.

They soon arrived at the mouth of the little river and Moreland showed where the big bass held forth.

"Too long a cast from shore," said Patterson. "Better send Jim here after your waders and then wade out as far as your boots will permit before you make the cast."

"There, he's on the feed again! My, what a whopper!" said Patterson, in half suppressed excitement, as a mighty bass foamed up the water as he struck at a passing school of minnows from his haven in easy water just alongside a half sunken log wedged into the high bank across stream.

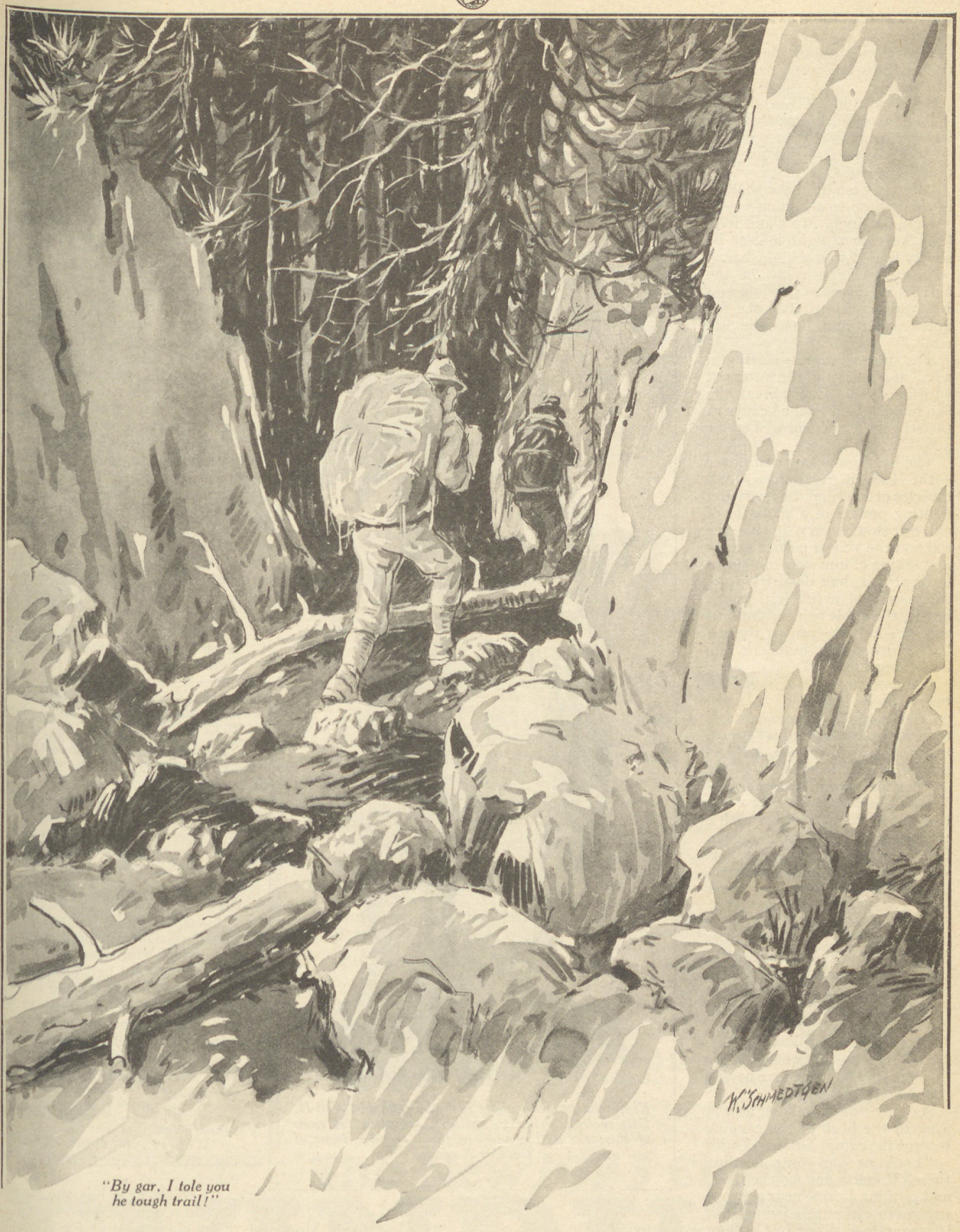
Moreland's waders now arrived, and were hastily put on, Patterson meanwhile calmly cautioning him not to attempt to cast until he was sure he could make the distance.

"Now, wade carefully and as noiselessly as possible," said Patterson, as Moreland stepped into the water, rod in hand.

Moreland was hatless, and a light wind tossed about the thin white hair on his head as he slowly made his way across the river. Patterson thought he made an interesting picture as he moved through the golden and rose tinted water aglow from the setting sun.

"I wonder what the office force of John Moreland, Inc., would think if they could see the old man now," thought Patterson.

After he was half across, Moreland paused. Was he close enough to send forth his spinner and pork bait?



"By gar, I tole you he tough trail!"

"You can get fifteen feet closer, and work in more up stream!" shouted Patterson.

The old man followed directions, and when the water was close to the top of his waders, turned and looked back again at Patterson, as though asking for further directions.

"Try it from where you stand, and don't hurry, take your time, and don't forget to thumb your reel," half commanded Patterson.

Moreland made as perfect a cast as could any master bait caster.

"Start her coming!" gleefully yelled Patterson.

There was a swirl in the water, the fish making a wide wake as it struck and missed.

"Reel slowly—let her sink a little," again yelled Patterson.

Moreland followed directions, and had hardly taken in six feet of line when there was another and fiercer swirl.

"I've got him!" roared Moreland, and as he said it a great small mouth madly sprang into the air in a splash of foam. With lightning speed the fish now took to the current and

tore off yards of line as it rushed with express train speed down stream.

Patterson grabbed the landing net from an Indian, and dashed into the river, shoes and all, meanwhile shouting to Moreland:

"Give him line! Give him line!"

As Patterson approached Moreland he could hear him half whispering between set teeth:

"I wouldn't lose this fish for a million dollars—not—for—a million—dollars."

"Better wade into the shallow water to the left and get out beyond those treacherous weeds."

Unhesitatingly Moreland followed Patterson's advice, carefully keeping a tight line as he slowly waded to a shallow bar.

"Keep your fish out in the current as much as possible and I'll wade out into that deepish quiet water and have the net ready."

The sun was rapidly setting in a ball of red fire and the water red with its color. Every break the fish made added to the beauty of the scene. Patterson wished for a kodak.

The battle was long and bitter—the fish, a river bass, had muscles of steel and the heart and fighting powers of a gladiator of old, but slowly, very slowly—the rod and the almost perfect giving and taking of line wore him down until at last, half dead from the exhaustion of a full half hour's battle, the noble fish surrendered and was netted—just as the red ball sunk down beneath the darkening hills.

"My, what a bass," said Patterson, as he hefted it. "It will go five pounds or more," and then he let out a loud whoop of triumph which echoed and re-echoed among the pines.

Then he turned to Moreland—"I'm all in and as weak as a kitten, but as happy as a kid with a new pair of red topped boots. Give me your arm, Robert—that was some battle, and I'm trembling and jerky from my knees up. I want to sit on the bank for a bit and rest."

As Moreland rested, he pridefully looked at the splendid twenty-two inch small mouth bass which with tail spread out to the limit lay on a flat rock at his feet.

"I wouldn't have lost that fish for a fortune. I wish Walter Strong could have seen me handle that bass."

As they slowly walked, arm in arm, in the hush of the evening toward the camp, Moreland said:

"Look at our tents nestling there, Robert, among the trees, and to think I came near going to my grave without knowing what it meant to live out in God's own country."

Pete Lafitte had already been told by the Indian, who had hurried on ahead, of Moreland's big bass.

"By Gar, ole fren', you ketch tam beeg bass—let me congrat' you—dat tam beeg bass—beegest bass I see for many year!"

That night as they lay among their blankets, Moreland desperately fighting sleep, but determined to talk, said:

"Robert, my boy, I'm going in for the fly rod tomorrow." He attempted to say more but sleep enfolded him.

Two months had elapsed, and Moreland was a new man, and felt and looked it. Of course, his word was law in the camp, just as it was in all his business affairs. He was, however, less of a tyrant and daily his gruffness and temperish nature softened as his body hardened to the free and healthful life of the open. John Moreland, naturally strong, had a splendid physique. In his youth, he must have been powerful, often thought Patterson, as he watched the old man labor over arduous and difficult portages.

He was all possessed with the fishing fever, a tiger after the first taste of blood could not have been more ravenous.

At first he found it difficult to master the fly rod, and though he was slow in catching on to the trick of hooking his fish, he persevered with dogged determination and was untiring in his efforts. In time he was rewarded, and caught on to the knack of it all of a sudden just as he had with bait-casting.

El Comancho, with whom Irvin S. Cobb and Will H. Dilg recently fished in northern Montana. A story of this trip will appear in the November issue of Outdoor America.

Moreland and Patterson scoured the country for miles around, and they had need of their crew of Indians. The matter of cutting trails through the woods for miles to some lake or stream did not even cause Moreland to hesitate.

Nearly three months had now elapsed and there was a hint of frost at night. Moreland was particularly anxious to take a big trout before they left for home. He had hooked several, but had been unlucky. This, however, only the more whetted his appetite to take a big fish.

Pete Lafitte came to him one night and said, "Meester Morlan', you wan' ketch beeg trouts. I know place, tirteen mile from here, where dey all beeg rainbow feesh—no one know dis place but Pete Lafitte. Ford car can no go dare—I show you— You wan' go, Meester Morlan'?"

Moreland wanted to know how Pete knew the trout were big. This, however, only made the old half-breed mad, and he said with a shrug:

"Mak' no diff' to me—I show you where beeg trout—you no wan' go, mak' no diff'—mak' no diff'."

With the statement he thumped his chest with both his fists, turned on his heel and stalked off to his tent. There was a convincing finality about Pete which conveyed to Patterson that the old half-breed knew just what he was talking about. Patterson, however, chose to let the matter stew in Moreland's mind, fully believing that he would discuss it with him after they had turned in and lights were out.

Sure enough, Moreland opened up at once:

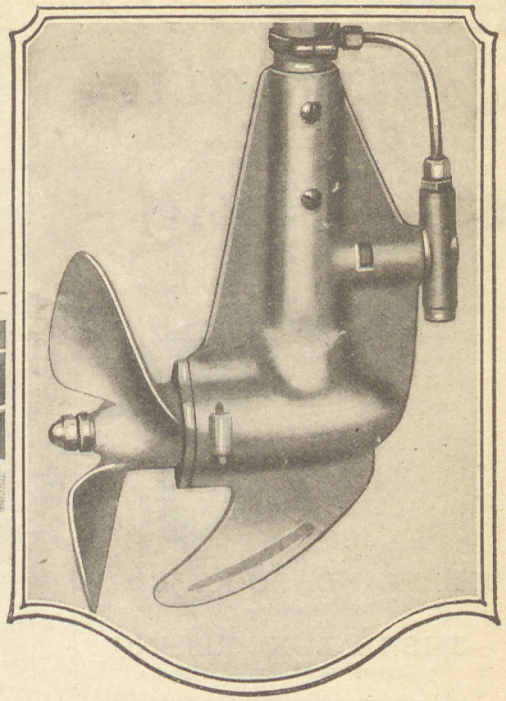
"What do you think of Pete's big trout story tonight?" he asked.

"I think Pete has the goods, beyond a doubt."

"So do I," said Moreland. "I'm going to start for it bright and early tomorrow morning. I wonder if our Indian ponies can't make the trip. Their little wagon will carry a tent or two, and enough duffle to make a temporary camp?"

The next morning Moreland was up just as soon as he heard Pete starting breakfast. Patterson smiled as he watched the old man jump into his clothes. He wasted no time and started in at once to wake up the whole camp. Then he announced in a loud voice so there could be no doubt of Pete's hearing, that he was going to try out his big rainbow stream.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]



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POWER! Not the power developed at the flywheel nor the "pencil-and-paper" power of piston displacement — *but actual power at the propeller blades.* That's what counts!

You know that. Therefore, you know what a real step forward the Evinrude Power-Focus Drive represents. Sealed in its water-and-sand-tight housing, (shown above), is the only ball bearing transmission used in any outboard motor. Precision-cut gears run in a constant bath of oil. Less friction, more power-at-the-propeller from the same motor. In a rowboat, the new 1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin gives you 6 to 9 miles an hour. With a canoe you get the sensation of a high-powered speed boat.

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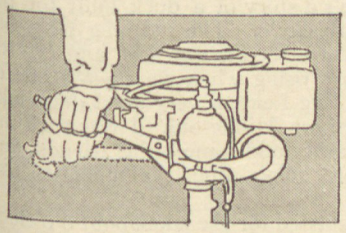

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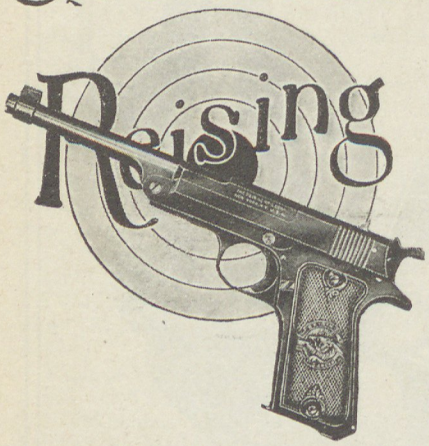

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Ned Colburn bags a duck.

Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

TUC-WOT-THU is here. The moon of first frost. The time of year when the waters turn cool, and the fish grow ravenous as wolves again. The time when the sumac leaves turn scarlet with warning of autumn, and all the air is filled with promise of the hunting season. And then school has to begin again.

Do you know, though, fellows, that is the thing I like best about September. It takes me back to the days in the old country schoolhouse, when I was only as old as you, and Gee, it makes me wish I could be like that again.

Our schoolhouse was an old weather faded one, with initials cut into the door casing and desks. It had a big yard, big enough for our ball diamond, and the road on two sides was grown up with tall underbrush. We built a real Indian wigwam of brush there, one fall, and had a fire, and roasted potatoes and apples. A small creek ran across the road, a little way below the schoolhouse. We used to catch big stone rollers there, spearing them in the shallows with our frog spears. In winter the creek overflowed and froze, and made us a big skating pond. I remember one day when I fell in, and had to stand beside the big wood stove all afternoon to dry out. Rabbits lived in the brush piles along that old road. We have even killed them with sticks. All in all I liked the old schoolhouse. The days I spent there were happy ones. I used to be glad when the early goldenrod came out, and the redwings flocked, and I knew it was time for school to begin again.

You grownup men, if any of you are reading this, what wouldn't we give to go back and race barefooted, across that old playground again! How we would trade our business successes, our wealth, if we have it, to be back where the fellows are about this campfire, starting to school again. Enjoy it boys, while you may.

* * * * * * * * *

Detroit, Minn.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

Here's a story of a duck hunt for the campfire circle. The morning was cold and frosty, the air was still, and the fog was just rising when we started off for Upper Egg Lake, a very good duck lake in Northern Minnesota. I was with my grandfather and some of his friends, and we were going after the mallards this time.

We started for the lake about 5 o'clock and it took us two hours to get to our destination, seven miles away. When we arrived we had to leave the car on the top of a hill and carry our equipment down to the lake. Just as we were getting out of the car a big flock of mallards arose directly in front of us, but as none of us had our guns ready we couldn't shoot them.

We hauled our boats, decoys and our guns down to the lake and were ready to push out when a flock of canvasbacks flew over and my grandpa pulled a nice one out of the flock.

Our expectations were high when we pushed our boats out into the lake and set off for our different places of shooting. My grandpa and I took a likely looking point on the north end of the lake. When we got there we looked to our guns and took our different points. I was about fifty yards away from my grandpa.

After a little anxious waiting I saw two mallards coming for us at full speed, but when they got about seventy yards away,

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they swerved to my left and I didn't shoot, but my grandpa did, and a nice double was his reward.

I was shooting a sixteen gauge double barrel Parker, a nice little gun with very good qualities, but it wasn't the gun, it was the fellow who was shooting it and that's me!

After a lot of good shooting on my grandpa's part, and a lot of shell wasting on mine, I discovered to my disgust that I had only one shell left, so I was determined to wait for one I could hit (I hadn't got a duck yet). Finally one came for us and I yelled to my grandpa to let me get it. He consented and I determined to try my luck on him. On he came and when he was only a few rods away I pulled the trigger. A "click" was my only reward. What had happened? Was the shell in the other barrel or in my pocket? These are a couple of the thoughts that went through my head at the time. I determined to base my hopes on the other barrel, so I pulled the trigger, and lo! The old greenhead dropped right next to me. Proud? Say, I was the proudest guy for many miles around. I got out of my cover and hurrahed, yelled, shouted, and made all sorts of noises, and probably would have run to town and told everybody about it if my grandpa hadn't told me to be quiet. So I sat down and took the glasses and watched the ducks come in toward me.

As it was getting on toward noon we took our boat and paddled to shore where we met with the rest of the party. It was later found that we had got most of the ducks, twelve of them, while the rest got only five.

Sincerely yours,
Art Hamilton.

A good duck hunting story, Art. This is the month when the duck season opens, and we are glad to sit by the fire and listen to good tales of flocks over the brown marshes.

* * * * * * * *

Akron, Iowa.

Cheerio Boys:

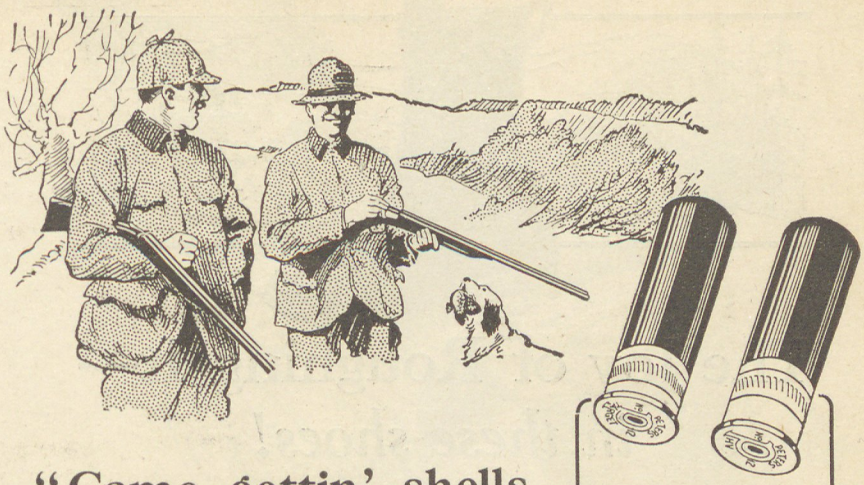
Well fellers, I've not been heard from before I guess, so I'll tell you I'm fourteen years old, stand five feet, ten and one half inches, and would a blame sight rather hunt than eat.

Well here's to the coyotes, boys! A neighbor boy and myself took a notion one day we were going rabbit hunting in some well wooded hills to the west of my home. So we got together about noon and started for the hills. As we came over a hill just before arriving at our hunting grounds we saw a coyote manufacturing tracks over the next hill.

I carried a light rifle, only a .22, and my friend carried a shotgun. On seeing the animal I pulled up to shoot but realizing the uselessness of the shot I let him go. He'd likely have gone anyway.

We hurried to the hill to pick up his trail but after following it for some time we found he had swerved to the south into some deep gullies. Knowing we could never hold his trail in that chopped up country we went to hunting rabbits again.

However Mr. Coyote was not so easily disposed of for we soon stumbled onto



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There is a Peters dealer near you. In smokeless shells—ask for "High Velocity," a shell of longer range; "Target," a superior field or trap load; or "Victor," a lower priced smokeless shell of quality. For the semi-smokeless shell, ask for "Referee."

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in these shoes!

WHEN the first crisp days of Autumn urge you again to the wooded trail, to find that lonely spot where game is plentiful, remember this—

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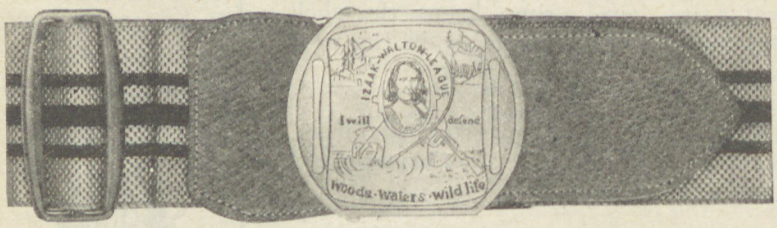

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his trail again and this time we had only to look ahead and there sat the coyote in a slight draw, no more than seventy-five yards away.

Even though my rifle carried long cartridges, it would have been a very lucky shot indeed that would have laid him low. About half a mile from where we were lived a fellow who owned a large rifle and Herb decided that since Mr. Coyote seemed bound to hang around, he was going to get it while I stayed and watched where our game went.

After Herb got back from that mile run through knee-deep snow he was as tired a boy as ever trod that ground, and that was not the worst of it for our coyote had packed his trunk and proceeded to make more tracks.

But tracks they were and not being easily discouraged we followed until we came to where he had gone down out of the hills into a cornfield that had been all tracked up by cattle and we realized that at last he had escaped safely. Worse yet we realized that it was becoming dark and we were no less than five miles from home without even a rabbit to show on our return.

Well everybody, I haven't seen any stories from South Dakota. That's where I'm from. Hope I can before long because I know old Dakota has lots of exciting times worth writing about.

Well, so long, fellows.

Fayette Kerr.

A fine letter, Fayette. We know just how you felt. We've all wound up five miles from home, just at dusk, with nothing to show for it, I guess. Doesn't the supper taste good, though, when you finally get where it is? Anyway the trailing is good fun, and maybe you'll get him next time.

* * * * * * * *

Ruthven, Iowa.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading the OUTDOOR AMERICA this month and for the first time I noticed the contest so I thought I would write you a letter.

This story may be called the happiest hour of my life.

Dad had given me a sixteen gauge shotgun, a double barrel. He has a ten gauge. He said that I could go with him hunting the first morning. Believe me, I was the gladdest boy around here.

I might say here that Dad and I joined the Izaak Walton League of America about a year ago. I was fourteen years old then. I think I am the youngest member of the chapter.

Well, the night before the opening morning I attended a meeting of the I. W. L. A. It was decided that the people on shore would start shooting at six-twenty-three. The people in boats should also start at six-twenty-three. After the meeting I went home and right to bed, but I was so excited I couldn't sleep any. Dad slept like a log. I got up about half past three. Dad was up getting breakfast. I ate very little because I wanted to get started. Dad told me we had two hours yet but he started out, to please me.

It was rather cold but we only had to go about three miles to Lost Island

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outlet. This outlet keeps getting smaller every year. I suppose I don't know much about it but it seems that if something isn't done about it all the lakes and swamps will be dry. But to continue the story—we arrived at the outlet and had about an hour and three quarters to wait.

My dog Pat acted like she was crazy. Dad said we had four minutes yet. Pretty soon some men in Pound Lake began to shoot. Then every one seemed to begin to shoot. Dad and I were stationed about fifty yards apart. One man shot across the water in the direction toward me. He shot high, and the shot fell all around but did no harm.

So far not a duck had come within range, there were some high ones but I always gave them both barrels. I was beginning to feel disappointed when Dad said, "Look east! east!" I looked and there were five teal coming. I got down and waited, when they came I let them have it and down came one. I ran over and picked it up and started back. I saw one teal coming over Dad. He shot and it seemed to me that every shot hit it. The duck just crumpled up and fell.

We didn't get any more shots. Right after I got my duck a man hollered, "A good shot, Kid." Boy! didn't I swell up though!

Dad said we might as well go home. I was satisfied with our luck, so we went home.

I have shot several duck since then, among them a canvas back.

I have hunted rabbits. I have never shot a rabbit on the set and hope I never will.

I have never been much of a fisherman.

Yours truly,
Franklin Hastings.

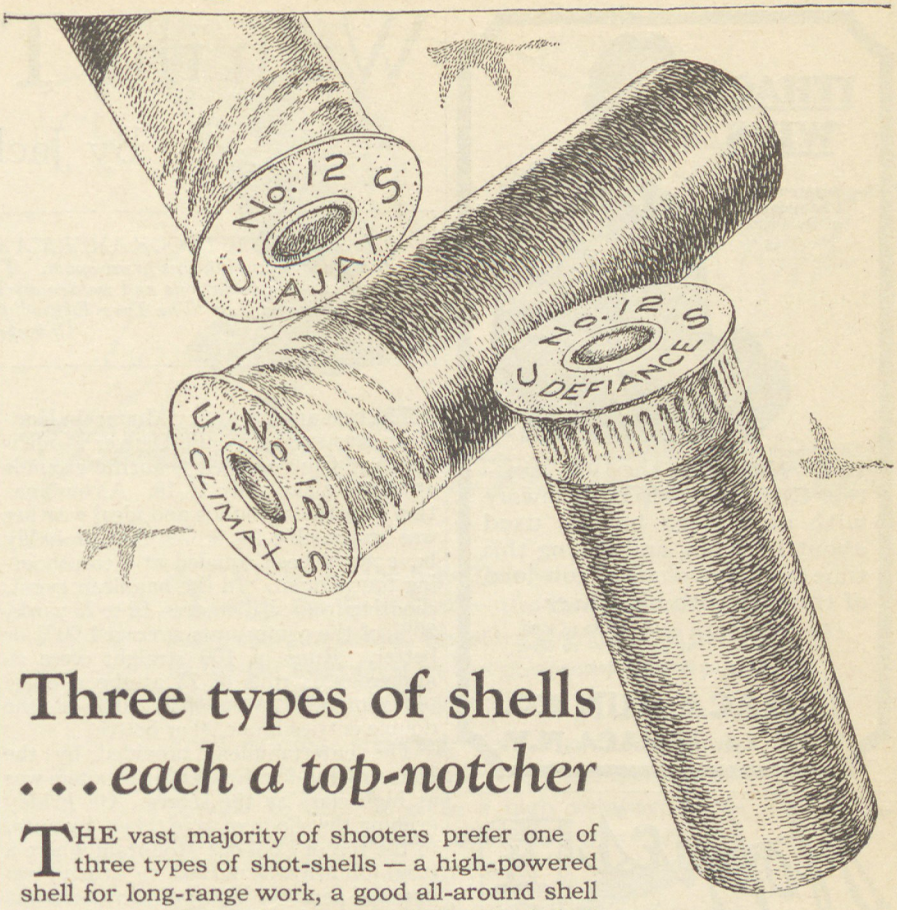
Another good story of a duck hunting trip. Isn't it fun, though, getting up those cold frosty mornings, and starting out in time to watch day break over the marshes? Come on up to the fire, you other fellows with duck stories.

The Madsen Plan

(Continued from page 14)

would forever assure the country of a reasonable supply of migratory birds. It would allay suspicion, jealousy and ill feeling between Federal and state authorities and would make unnecessary the unpleasant propaganda that has been circulated throughout the country over the past four years, by men in high places in state and governmental affairs.

SOME such program should appeal to the sportsmen of America, the Izaak Walton League, the American Game Protective Association, the Audubon Society, and every other organization in the country interested in the conservation of one of the most beautiful and beneficial of all of our natural resources, and thus bring about a country united and determined to leave to posterity at least a remnant of what this generation has used so lavishly.



Three types of shells ... *each a top-notcher*

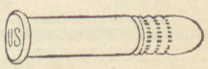
THE vast majority of shooters prefer one of three types of shot-shells — a high-powered shell for long-range work, a good all-around shell that sells at a low price, or a medium-priced shell that offers a choice of powders. No matter which type is your favorite, you can get it in a US shell.

For long-range shooting, there are Ajax Heavies —the last word in fast, powerful loads for geese and duck. With Ajax Heavies, a long shot is a sure shot. They're packed with the power of the thunderbolt—hard on the birds but easy on the shoulder.

For the shooter to whom price is a factor, there is the Defiance—a quality shell at a low price. The Defiance will outshoot many a shell selling for more. Its low price is possible only because it is loaded with a new-type powder (No. 2 Smokeless) that costs less to make.

For the sportsman who has a powder preference, there is the Climax—the old standby with trap and field shooters. A better all-purpose shell than the Climax never slid into a gun barrel. It comes in all standard powders and, like the Defiance, in a variety of loads covering all shooting needs.

Ajax Heavies, the Defiance, the Climax—pick your favorite. Each is a top-notcher in its class and will give you your money's worth in shooting. United States Cartridge Company, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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L. D. Willis won the 1925 Amateur Championship of Delaware with an Ithaca he has used about 10 years, and during this time he has won a wagon load of trophies with his Ithaca.

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YOUR new gun kept new, your old one brought back—easily by cleaning the bore with Hoppe's. Takes out every trace of primer salt, powder soot and stain. Dissolves metal fouling and leading. Prevents rust.

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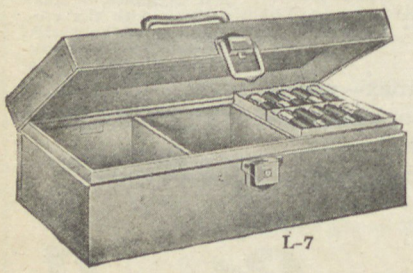

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Pack 150 shells in a **Hobart Case** and know they'll be dry and instantly ready when needed.

$4.00 For Years of Satisfaction

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With the Trapshooters

By Jack Smith

The colums of OUTDOOR AMERICA are open to all trap shooting organizations and clubs featuring this great sport. The policy of OUTDOOR AMERICA is to support all associations and we are anxious to hear from your club, Address all communications to "The Trap Editor" Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

The first annual Rocky Mountain Handicap was staged by the Denver Municipal Trap Club on their beautiful grounds at Sloans Lake, July 15-18. A combination of perfect grounds and ideal weather was responsible for scores that probably have never been equaled at a trapshooting tournament. In the handicap event, shooting from all distances, 16 to 23 yards, 80% of the contestants averaged 90% or better. Runs of 100 straight were as numerous as runs of 25 at the average tournament. More than 50% of the double entries broke 90 or better.

The entertainment provided by the Denver Club for the visiting shooters was as high class as the scores. On Friday evening the shooters were taken, by auto, to the top of Lookout Mountain where a trout dinner was served to nearly two hundred persons. After dinner there was dancing on the wide veranda of Lookout Cabin from which the street lights in the city of Denver could be plainly seen in the distance, a mile below and twenty miles to the east. Following the termination of the tournament, on Sunday, the shooters were taken on a 150-mile drive through the mountains. It is safe to say that those who were fortunate enough to attend this shoot will return to Denver next July for the Great Western Handicap. Plans are already under way for staging that great event and a great many novel entertainment features are being included. Here are the scores of the Rocky Mountain Handicap.

FIRST DAY

100 REGISTERED SINGLE TARGETS

Brad Townsend, John Nicolai and R. A. King, 100; E. F. Woodward, C. W. Olney and S. C. Arnold, 99; Rush Razee, C. D. Williams, Phil Miller, E. M. Roush and A. V. Cooke, 98; F. W. Innes, 97; Dr. Monismith, Jack Franklin, Fred Etchen, W. B. Sale, Mark Arie, J. A. Kunkle and Earl Cooley, 96.

SECOND DAY

150 SINGLES AND 25 PAIRS

Ed Varner, R. A. King, E. M. Roush and J. A. Groves, 149; N. V. Pillot, Fred Etchen, Mark Arie, G. D. Williams, C. W. Olney, A. V. Cocke, Joe Rohrer, S. C. Arnold, E. M. Nutting and Geo. Burt, 148; Geo. Lewis, Geo. C. Franklin, Brad Townsend, Phil Miller, E. F. Woodward and Frank Troeh, 147; W. R. Thomas, C. Younkman, Guy Nichols, John Nicolai, D. L. Macaffree, H. Bortz, J. H. Wilson and J. R. Hinkle, 146; Phil Hartwig, Chas. Etchen and Lester Luther, 145; Max Weick, Jack Franklin, E. T. Gibbs, W. B. Sale, H. M. Smith, J. H. Burnside and F. J. McGanney, 144. 25 pairs—Joe Rohrer, 48; R. A. King, Phil Miller, E. F. Woodward, Frank Troeh, C. W. Olney, Carl Nelson, C. A. Gunning, Rush Razee and S. C. Arnold, 47. The 46's were too numerous to mention.

THIRD DAY

200 SINGLE TARGETS

E. M. Nutting and Jim Groves, 200; Brad Townsend, John Nicolai and Geo. Lewis, 199; Rush Razee, Fred Etchen, E. M. Roush and Joe Rohrer, 198; Phil Miller, C. W. Olney and Max Weick, 197; Jack Burnside, Guy Nichols, A. V. Cocke and N. V. Pillot, 196; Chas. Etchen, R. A. King, Frank Troeh, Geo. C. Franklin, C. F. Nelson and J. R. Hinkle, 195.

FOURTH DAY

50 PAIRS, AND 100—16 TO 23 YARDS

Fred Etchen, C. W. Olney and H. M. Smith, 97; Phil Miller, 96; N. V. Pillot, 95; A. V. Cocke and F. J. McGanney, 94; C. A. Gunning, A. Sarcander, Brad Townsend, Rush Razee and Frank Troeh, 93.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HANDICAP

Geo. Lewis, C. A. Gunning and G. E. Wilson, 99; Phil Miller, Mark Arie, Frank Troeh and C. W. Olney, 98; H. M. Smith and E. M. Roush, 97; Brad Townsend and M. L. Smith, 96; Chas. Etchen, F. M. Luther, E. F. Woodward, J. H. Burnside, H. Bortz and F. J. McGanney, 95.

SUMMARY

ROCKY MOUNTAIN AMATEUR SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP

E. M. Nutting, 200 x 200.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION

Jim Groves, 200 x 200.

DOUBLES

Fred Etchen, 97 x 100 and 48 x 50 in shoot off; C. W. Olney, 97 x 100 and 47 x 50 in shoot off; H. M. Smith, 97 x 100 and 47 x 50 in shoot off.

HANDICAP

Geo. Lewis, 99 x 100 and 25 x 25 in shoot off; C. Gunning, 99 x 100 and 24 x 25 in shoot off; Geo. Wilson, 99 x 100 and 23 x 25 in shoot off.

ALL ROUND

C. W. Olney, 786 x 800.

JUNIOR

Jack Franklin, 93 x 100.

LADIES

Mrs. C. M. Buchanan, 92 x 100.

15 HIGH AVERAGES TO DATE

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J. L. Nicolai, Denver, Colo.	1250 x 1221	.9768
Gus Payne, Tulsa, Okla.	1500 x 1463	.9753
Geo. Lewis, Oilton, Okla.	1050 x 1022	.9733

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W. Lambert, Oklahoma City, Okla.	1700 x 1638	.9635
W. G. Warren, Chicago, Ill.	1300 x 1253	.9630

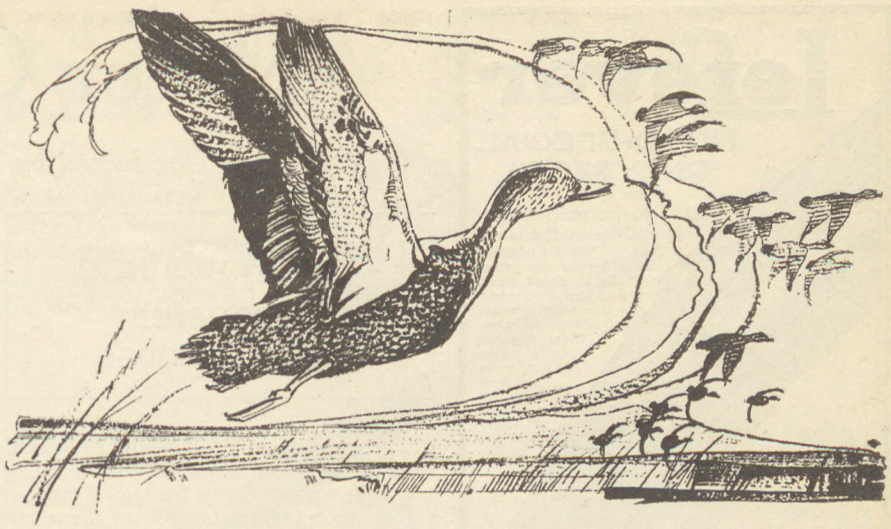
Our Northern Swamps

(Continued from page 27)

sparks which burn in the breasts of men, and which, under certain circumstances, bursts forth into a wave of red terror that sweeps all before it. Such smolderings become revolutions. Similarly have arisen great holocausts. A forest fire is interesting in its purely abstract mathematical aspects. It spreads in radius, and in difficulty of control, in geometric fashion. The area covered varies as the square of the time it has burned. In one hour it may cover five acres, if burning material is congenial; in two hours it may cover 25 acres; in four hours it may be over 600 acres. It goes like a nightmare, and finally gets beyond bounds unless rain interferes. Man has never yet put out a truly big forest fire—it takes rain to do that. Thus is the drained swamp, with its smoldering peat fires, the most terrible menace of our north country. But the undrained swamp is fire resistant, excepting during the driest spells.

The swamps have brought much wealth into some parts of our north country. The settler who buys a piece of cut-over land with intent of farming, finds the swamp a good friend. He must find some source of extra income to supplement the money returned by the few bushels of oats and potatoes he raises from his first clearing. This supplementary income comes today, as it has for the past several decades, mainly from the woods. The mossback system of making a farm from the forest was to work like a horse in the woods all winter to get a little money so that he could live during the summer while working like a horse clearing the stumps from his farm. The swamps in many regions are the only woods left. The trees they bear are all of high market value—the cedar for posts, poles, ties; tamarack for fuel and ties; spruce for paper pulp wood. Further, these wood commodities can be logged single handed. There is no need of expensive machinery of logging and railroading. A man with a broad axe and a pair of broad shoulders will hack four or five dollars' worth of ties a day.

Yes, the northern swamp does have real value. Without it no game, no big fall hunting. It is the game saver of the north; and the perpetuator of the small farmer.



YOU can get the high fliers with shells loaded with Du Pont Oval—the new powder for *heavy* shotgun loads. Shooters everywhere have hailed Du Pont Oval as the greatest discovery in shotgun powder in 40 years.

For long range shooting—for large ducks, geese, brant, turkey and grouse—Du Pont Oval is the powder to use. It gives a high velocity, hard-hitting load that is from 10% to 15% more effective than any other on the market.

Ask for your favorite shells loaded with du Pont, the *dependable* powders. Du Pont powders are loaded in all standard makes of shells. For heavy loads *only* ask for shells loaded with Du Pont Oval. For medium and light loads shoot the old standbys, Du Pont (bulk) and Ballistite (dense). Your dealer will supply you.

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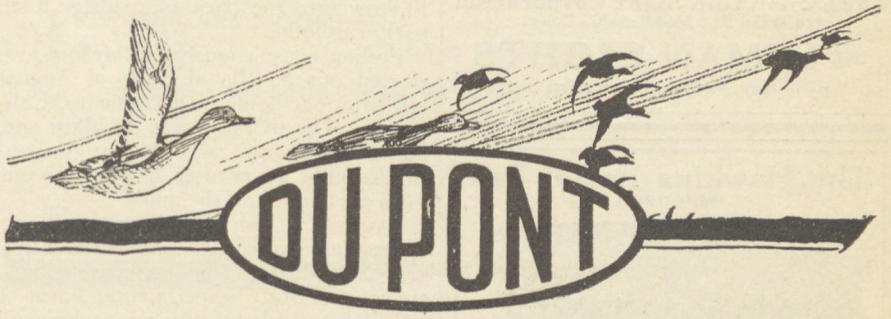
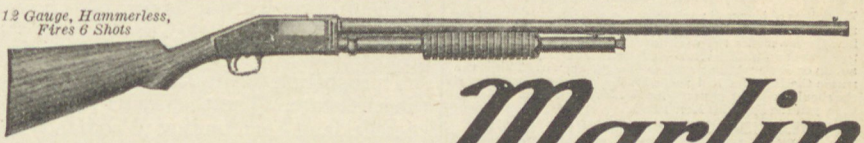
Sporting Powder Division
Wilmington, Delaware



12 Gauge, Hammerless, Fires 6 Shots



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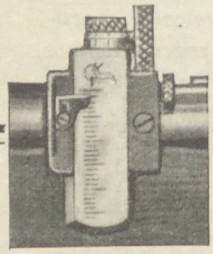

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Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

Gypsying in a Roadster

By ALICE DODGE

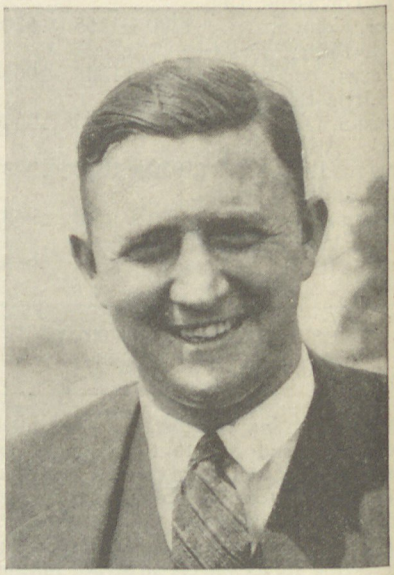
Last year when my husband suggested that we spend our vacation on a camping trip that would take us through Northern California and into Oregon as far north as Portland, I immediately conjured a shuddering vision of bugs, snakes and dirt. But said husband, who is fond of camping in its most insidious forms, somehow cajoled me into consenting to go.

One doesn't realize what a significant, yet unobtrusive, place comfort holds in his life until he begins planning housekeeping in the open. It is just like starting all over again; we purchased folding chairs, folding table, folding bed, in fact, nearly all of our outdoor equipment folded. Our life in the open was to be one of material unfoldment, as well as spiritual.

The placement of all these articles in a roadster required some ingenuity. A long narrow box, the exact width and breadth of the running board, was placed on the left side of the car. Into this box we put the food supply and the dishes. A number of square cans—square because of their compactness in packing—were used for salt, sugar, coffee and beans. The tent and bedding were placed on the right hand running board. The chairs, table, stove and many other things went into the back of the car. It is really surprising how many things one is able to stow into the back of roadster if he packs carefully.

Feeling conspicuously picturesque, we started out on the morning of August 4th from our home in Sacramento, California. The morning was a balmy one, and our thoughts raced forward in anticipation of adventures to come as our little car clipped off the miles.

Every town on our route has some interesting feature to distinguish it. First, we passed through the little city of Davis, site of the State Experimental Farm of the University of California, where all the practical work of the University School of agriculture is carried on; next, we went through the thriving city of Woodland, said to have more millionaires in proportion to its size than any town in the state. The thousands of acres of fertile land surrounding Woodland may be the reason. The next town, Arbuckle, by large signs, declares itself "The Home of the Almond." Rice thrives at Willows and olives, oranges, walnuts and turkeys predominate at Orland and Corning. A trip through these flourishing little cities makes one more keenly aware of the appropriateness of the term "Superior California" which is applied to the Northern section of the state.



Homer Bow, of Canton, Ohio.

At Red Bluff the first view of famous Mount Lassen is caught. Mount Lassen is the only active volcano in America, but it was quiescent when we passed. North of Red Bluff the route took us through many quaint, picturesque little towns. At Redding the landscape began to change quite decidedly; it wasn't long before we began to traverse a rolling foot-hill country. We entered the mountain near the scenic juncture of the McCloud and Pitt Rivers.

At Dunsmuir, two hundred and thirty-four miles from home, we decided to pitch camp for the night at an attractive motor park, which advertised mineral springs. In this camp a number of tourists, who were making the place their hotel for the night, were unpacking their cars, setting up tents or those who were already settled were getting supper. It is called *supper* in the open.

We selected a place under a towering pine tree on which to make camp. A motherly looking woman, who was cooking supper under the next tree, gave us a kindly, welcoming smile as we stopped our car.

"What *is* she cooking?" I asked my husband.

"Oh, Boy! Onions!" he replied, sniffing appreciatively.

A light lunch and the long drive in the open had whetted our appetites to a keen edge, and the tantalizing odors which pervaded the air around us added zest to our hunger. I jumped out of the car, bent on getting supper in short order.

All inquiries on camping should be addressed to Murdo Gibson, care Outdoor America.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

"Come and help me with this tent," my lord and master called to me.

"Don't bother me!" I retorted, throwing things about in the food box. "I'm looking for the onions!"

One has no privacy in these outdoor kitchens, for your neighbors know either by sight or smell what you have for every meal. Somehow, one doesn't seem to mind in the open. Fried potatoes and onions is a very popular dish, with canned pork and beans running a close second. And the coffee that is consumed! Coffee made under a roof by the most famous of French chefs could never taste so good as that made over a camp fire. Bacon holds an important place in every camper's food box.

We set our alarm for five-thirty next morning, but we learned that if one wants to get an early start from a campground, he does not need an alarm clock. There is always some one else in camp who wants to start early too—too early in some instances. At half past three next morning an enterprising individual began to chop wood noisily and vigorously. Soon there were signs of awakening life all about the camp; tents were being taken down and camp furniture banged and clattered as it was being folded.

Leaving Dunsmuir, we passed through the lumber towns of Sisson and Weed into a very picturesque country which took us through the Shasta and Klamath River Canyons, views of majestic, snow-clad Mt. Shasta adorning the landscape at many turns of the road.

Up and up we climbed into the wooded Siskiyous, a far-flung grandeur of Masterly design. Every stretch and bend of the road unfolded more and more scenic beauties—towering trees, mountain peaks silhouetted in graceful contour against the azure vault of heaven, and at times the world seemed to be lying in panorama at our feet.

Like California, Oregon's little cities have distinctive, interesting features. The first city we entered in Oregon was Ashland, famous for its municipally owned mineral springs. Next we came to Medford, noted for its pears and peaches. Out of Medford our route took us over a beautiful mountainous country, which offered fine opportunities for camping and fishing. On this road is Grant's Pass, girded on all sides by rugged mountains and famed for its trout streams.

On our second night out we stopped at an attractive little camp ground on the Umpqua River. If it were not for the promise of greater beauties to come, we would have been content to linger at Umpqua River.

Our route on the third day traversed a country of wooded hills, alternating with peaceful valleys. We passed through Roseburg, named for the rose because there are more roses grown there than in any city of its size in the world, through Eugene, site of the University of Oregon, through Corvallis, seat of the Oregon College of Agriculture, through Salem, the Capitol City, and through Oregon City, quaintly set between rocky walls and boasting of paper and woolen mills.

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Model 330 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun in 12 Ga.—16 Ga.—20 Ga. and .410 Ga.

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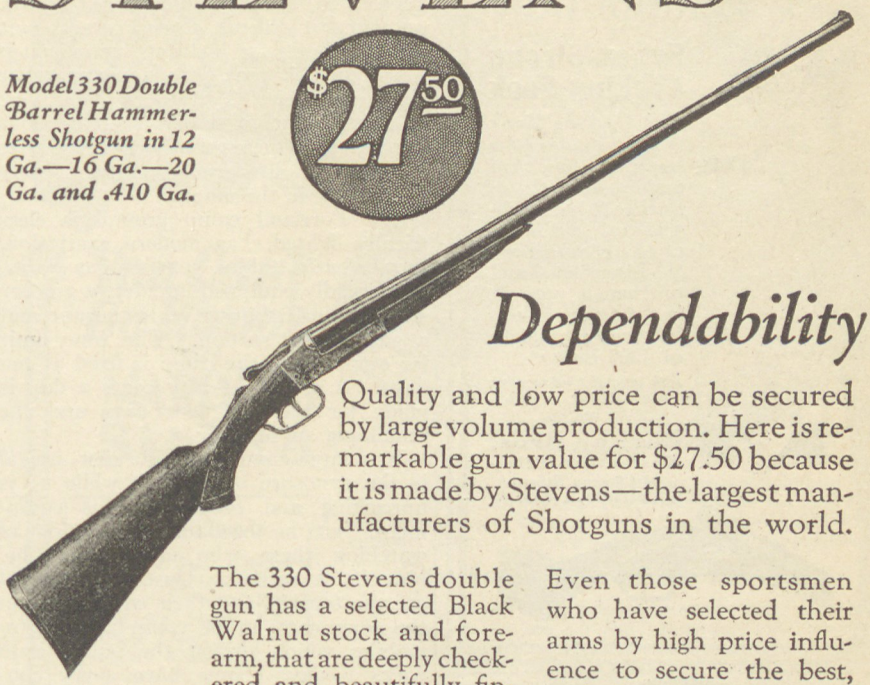

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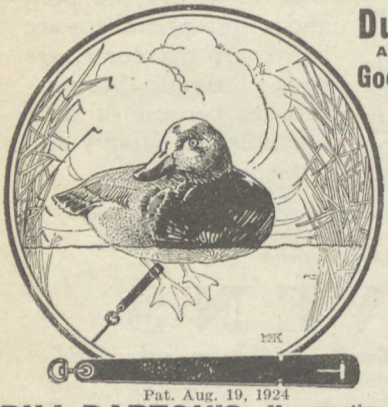

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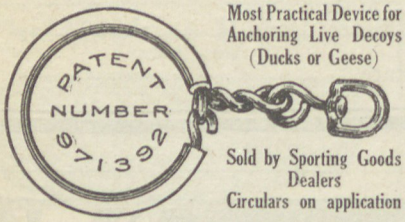

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Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City

At six o'clock in the evening we reached the outskirts of Portland, which is called "The Rose City" because of the number and beauty of its roses. When we arrived at the municipal auto park, we found it difficult to secure a vacant spot in that vast inclosure upon which to pitch our tent. It appeared that Horace Greeley's advice to go West was being followed to a tremendous degree, for there were cars in that crowded camp ground from nearly every state in the union.

The Portland camp ground is electrically lighted, has modern sanitation, shower baths, tables, benches, gas plates, a splendidly equipped laundry, a grocery store, a meat market, a restaurant and a gas service station. The time limit for stopping at the camp is fixed at ten days. A charge of fifty cents a day is made for the first four days and the remaining six are free.

In a large camp ground a new arrival is the cynosure of all eyes while he is unpacking and setting up his equipment, but he has the satisfaction of watching those who arrive after he, himself, is settled. Queer and varied are the tourists and their equipments in the long caravan of camp-laden automobiles which throng the public auto parks to-day. Some have every conceivable folding article designed for comfortable camping that it is possible to get, while others have scarcely anything. However, the latter seem to enjoy themselves just as much as the former.

An outfit which attracted a great deal of amusing interest at the Portland camp was a huge, screened-in house set upon a Ford chassis. It was furnished with a complete bedroom and kitchen set. When the owner drove into camp, his wife was seated in a rocking chair as contentedly as though she were on her front veranda at home.

No tourist visiting Portland should miss the trip over the Columbia Highway or fail to visit beautiful Mt. Hood and Lost Lake. The Columbia Highway is a delightful combination of good roads and beautiful scenery. The road, in many places cut out of the mountain side or tunneled through, hanging upon startling cliffs, passing at the foot of great waterfalls, runs along the Columbia River. This highway is famed the world over for being a remarkable work of engineering skill. Vista House, an observatory "dedicated to those brave pioneers who out of a wilderness carved states and cities," gives one the first magnificent views of the Columbia River. Latourelle, Horsetail, Bridal Veil, Wah-Kee-Na and Multnomah water falls are jewels which the Master has placed in matchless settings of ever-living green. Oneonta Gorge, Castle Rock, Mitchell Tunnel, Rowena Loops, Shepherd Dell and Eagle Creek are only a few of the romantic beauties to be seen on the Columbia Highway, each one more interesting and attractive than the last. The fish hatchery on the highway attracts many visitors. Here the large rainbow trout are so domesticated that they eat out of one's hand and permit themselves to be petted. One may enjoy a great many of the grandeurs of the highway before turning off the road to visit Mt. Hood.

Multnomah falls, a jewel in the wilderness.

After a stay of eight days we left Portland. Returning over the same route we had come as far as Medford, we turned off there for Crater Lake. A few miles out of Medford we began to follow up the Rogue River Canyon, interesting because of its volcanic origin. We traveled through a cool, timbered region with now and then an intriguing scenic vista through the trees claiming our attention.

The approach to Crater Lake winds along a way littered with lava boulders and dotted with firs. Then almost before one knows it he is at the rim of the lake. This sudden impressive grandeur bursting upon the vision takes the breath, stirs the soul. Looking down two thousand feet, one sees a great, silent mysterious jewel with a center of an intense blue and edges of the faintest turquoise, set in fantastically sculptured lava walls of slate gray, pink, dull blue and black, the colors changing with the sun.

Crater Lake, situated in the heart of the Cascade Range, was primarily caused by the eruption of Mount Mazama long before man came to that part of the country. The lake was not discovered until 1853. Geologists say that after the volcanic eruption the walls of the mountain became weak and collapsed, leaving a crater six miles in diameter. Melting snows and mountain springs have contributed their part in making a lake in that crater with no known outlet. In some places the lake is two thousand feet deep. Crooked, grotesque lava formations decorate its sides; a heap of curiously shaped lava, which breaks the surface of the lake near shore, is called The Phantom Ship because it suggests a ship under full

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The Roadster.

sail. Wizard Island, a small volcano, which sprang up in the lake, has long been extinct. Much has been said and written about the awesome beauty of Crater Lake, and it is classed as one of the wonders of the world.

Starting back to California by way of Klamath Falls, we stopped five miles south of Crater Lake to look down upon The Garden of the Gods. Great pinnacles of lava intermingle with beautiful trees in this volcanic garden.

The road to Klamath Falls is one of great scenic beauty, following Upper Lake Klamath for a great part of the way. Twenty miles south of Klamath Falls we saw the last of good roads until we reached Weed, California. This route took us over a sandy, rutty, little traveled road through a dry, sage-brush country, with not a habitation to be seen for miles.

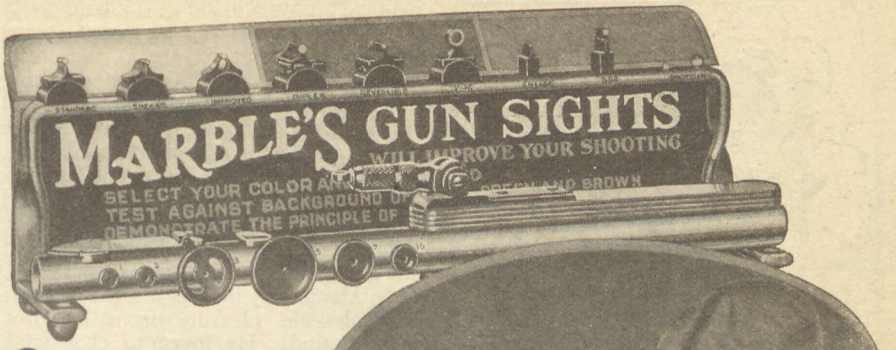
At seven-thirty in the evening we reached the small town of Bray, California, where we were the sole occupants of the tiny camp ground. It had taken us five hours to travel sixty-five miles; so we could easily understand the lack of tourists in that section of the country.

Next morning we found the roads out of Bray very steep and in some places dangerously sandy. However, magnificent views of Mt. Shasta from time to time somewhat lessened the annoyance of the bad road.

We were very glad to strike the pavement again at Weed. Leaving Weed, our route covered the same territory over which we had come. Quaint Sisson and picturesque Dunsmuir seemed like old friends as we passed through them again.

About eighteen miles south of Dunsmuir we stopped at a unique little camp on the Sacramento River. The camp was unique in these days of commercialism in that everything was free. We were greeted in a hearty, welcoming manner by the owner, Mr. C. F. Dougherty, a rosy-cheeked, blue eyed man with a healthy, clear complexion. He told us to make ourselves at home and helped to make us comfortable in every possible way.

Mr. Dougherty discovered a mineral spring in the mountains above the camp grounds about twelve years ago. This spring, coming out of a mineral rock, has marvelous curative powers for skin and blood diseases. According to a



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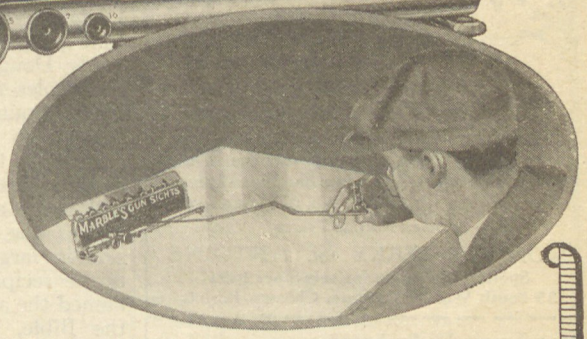

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New sights will help improve your shooting. Nearly every good dealer has our Sight Demonstrator. Simply pick up the flexible extension arm; focus through the Marble's Flexible Rear Sight upon the various front sights arranged before you at barrel length. Try them out on the white, the green and the brown panel backgrounds and you'll find a sight to exactly fit your needs. Improve your shooting —avoid disappointment by using self-tested Marble's Sights.

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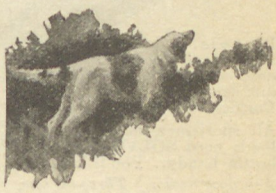

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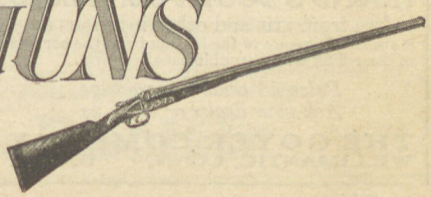

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The consistently good shooter has his guns, ammunition, and clothing out and ready in plenty of time. He finds things he needs, things he would like to have, that he has put off buying. He has found, also, that a VL&A catalog is a necessity to the fullest enjoyment of his sport.

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is free from grit and other injurious substances. It removes the fouling from the corners of the rifling where trouble usually starts.

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chemical analysis made at the University of California, it is the strongest spring in mineral of that nature in the state. The water is too strong for drinking and must be taken by the tablespoonful for medicinal purposes. It lathers like soap when the hair is shampooed in it, and it has been proven that the mud around the spring can be used with good results for facial beauty packs. Mr. Dougherty bathes in the water, and that is the secret of his fine complexion.

Mr. Dougherty derives a great amount of wholesome pleasure from his free camp ground. He loves to chat with his guests about his spring and to confide to them his plans to some day erect a hotel and baths for which he will make a nominal charge. He now carries the water down the mountain side in large canteens, and each guest is the recipient of some of it. He has named the spring Shiloah after the one in the Bible, which also came out of a mineral rock and which had the same curative powers.

Besides two Angora goats, Mr. Dougherty had a big brown dog which was his constant, adoring companion. The goats, Billy and Nancy by name, had an inordinate curiosity. They watched every new arrival from close vantage point. Nancy, the "more deadly of the species," often led Billy into mischief. Wherever she led Billy followed, even to the top of a big National car. Very early one morning Nancy climbed upon one of the tents of her owner's guests. When Billy followed, the combined weight of the two animals was too much for the canvas. Down it came upon the sleeping occupants, the goats jumping for safety when they felt it going. Those of us who were up rushed to extricate the bewildered campers, who, being so rudely awakened, thought surely that a cyclone had struck them.

Trout abounds in the river close to the camp and in the mountains above there are plenty of deer for those who care to hunt. Below the camp there is an apple orchard to which the owner, Mr. Dougherty, invites his guests to help themselves.

We left kindly Mr. Dougherty's camp with a great deal of regret. But when we reached Sacramento again, we found that after all home is very dear to our hearts.

After observing the thousands upon thousands of people who go camping nowadays, I have come to the conclusion that the automobile is a source of incalculable enjoyment to the average American family. Before its advent only a favored few could journey into Nature's art galleries to view the pictures created by His hand. Now the whole family, clad in trousers, even to gray-haired grandma, can bundle some bedding and cooking utensils into a car and go where they will, the whole outdoors their hotel.

There seems to be a community spirit in the public camp grounds—a spirit of fellowship and understanding. All tourists have common interests upon which to exchange information—best roads, good fishing and camping places, and attractive camp sites. The

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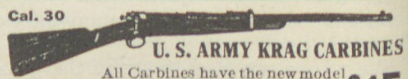

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spirit of universality is found more frequently in the wild, cool, wooded places; the natural beauty surrounding, the air salubrious with the scent of pine, the brooks and streamlets rushing by with songs of gladness, the leaves rustling softly, and glimpses of graceful fern and moss peeping out seems to bring out the best in one's nature.

I am glad that I allowed myself to be persuaded to take to the open road. I have had vacations and vacations, but this one was an event. Give me a silent glen, a winding stream, a sweet scented night, and like Emerson, I will put to shame the pageantry of kings.

Glimpses of California Highways

By Nelle M. Bien

Honk! Honk! Everybody in a hurry, everybody smiling, everybody going somewhere.

Mr. B., with limousine number from Texas, passes Mr. K. from Michigan, loaded for camping, each running board and back seat piled high; mother and father with baby on front seat, while peeking from among boxes and rolls of bedding are two or three wide-eyed kiddies and a trusty Airedale. At the crossroads he waits for another bronzed traveler to pass. His license is from Iowa; they haven't all moved out yet. Quickly following him comes a flivver from Oregon.

At the next corner a swarthy Spaniard, driving a dusty car; closely following comes Mr. T. with a table and four chairs he has bought from a dealer in used furniture, so they can be comfortable in their new "Garage House" until the recently planted orange grove earns enough to put up the much desired bungalow.

He is attracted by the many small modern homes under construction and innumerable chicken runs, all filled with clean white chickens whose combs are bright red.

It seems that each family tries to outdo the others for a bower of roses over door and windows, clusters of cannas in soft yellow and pinks, and the blazing geraniums separating his yard from the neighbors, give one a feeling of domestic happiness.

Most laughable are the animated clothes lines, for a California housewife uses the "pinch clothes pins" and when she folds the clothes and takes them inside, she leaves the pins on the clothes line, and a close observer cannot but be reminded of a set of dolls dancing a merry cakewalk on the wire.

He sees half hidden in the doorways, as he hurries along, children with almond eyes looking unwinkingly as a doll at the haste of these Americans.

The Mexican settlements swarm with brown skinned boys, all smiling as the autoists turn to watch them.

The old native cacti, but among new friends, still proudly stands guard at driveway entrances and with its queer shaped spiked leaves, drawn for action, keeps at proper distance the passerby.

So many kinds of palms bewilder the

(*Continued on page 53*)

In Flight!

Game birds fly fast on the southern flight—and high! Often out of range of the ordinary gun.

However, you needn't experience the disappointment of shivering in your blind *this* year, while the birds go roaring by beyond the reaching-power of your gun.

Equip yourself with one of the new

L. C. Smith Long Range Guns

then you can bring them down at distances which make other shooters hold their fire.

The L. C. Smith Long Range is chambered for the modern high-power 3-inch shell, and bored to a longer, tapering choke. **It makes clean kills consistently at 80 yards.** Examine your dealer's stock today, or write direct for catalog J-396.

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, Inc., Fulton, N. Y.

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Grizzly Bear . . . Mountain Goat
Deer . . . Moose . . . Caribou . . . Mountain Sheep

You can get exceptional big game hunting only a few days from your office. Sure enough sport that tests your nerve and marksmanship. Plan your trip now to

The Canadian Pacific Rockies

Here you get new thrills every day from the matchless big game hunting and magnificent mountain scenery.

Write for information to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 5941 Windsor Station, Montreal . . . He is in close touch with local guides and outfitters.

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GENUINE Moccasin construction, to the Outdoor Man who knows it, means foot-comfort such as no ordinary boot, nor "moccasin style" footwear can approach.

Russell makes *only* genuine moccasin boots, shoes and slippers. Makes them of leathers that, for all their soft pliability, almost defy wear. Makes them with a toe-piece seam called "Never-Rip"—and it never rips!

If there should be no Russell dealer near you, write for new catalog and booklet: "An 1800-Mile Hike for Health".

THE W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Capron Street Berlin, Wis.

Russell's
"Never-Leak Chief"

Typical of the Russell line of Genuine Moccasin Footwear, which includes boots for Outdoor men, women and boys, ski shoes, golf shoes, low-cuts, and slippers.

The W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.,
924 Capron St., Berlin, Wis.

Send me your catalog and booklet: "An 1800-Mile Hike for Health"

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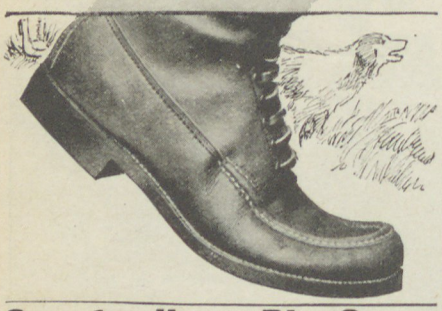

Sea Angling—Big Game

DID you know that these race horses of the ocean, the sailfish, as well as other great fighters of the sea—amberjack, tuna, etc., have been taken with barbless hooks? You can read all about this great deep-sea fishing sport in

Outdoor Life

America's greatest game, fishing and conservation magazine. The Editor spent last winter fishing in Florida, and has a serial now running in his magazine, *"On the Florida Reefs,"* which began with the August issue. All subscriptions received now can start with that number, so you will not miss the thread of this most interesting angling serial now appearing.

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Bait and Fly Casting Department

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by Frederick J. Lane

The Western Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, composed of clubs on the Pacific coast affiliated with the N. A. S. A. C., held its third Annual Tournament at Seattle, August 7, 8, 9. The winner of the All-Around Championship will be a contestant at the National Tournament, August 19, at Chicago. Detailed scores will be published in the next issue.

The Parsons Chapter, Parsons, Kansas, of the I. W. L. A., will sponsor a bait and fly casting tournament in connection with Katy Lines athletic meet, Saturday, September 19. A full line of events similar to those scheduled for the National Tournament will be on the program, and any caster in this neighborhood will be most welcome, as the Parsons Chapter is planning to make these events the biggest of the day.

The next number of OUTDOOR AMERICA will contain a full account of the National Tournament and will be the only official publication of the scores. Every caster interested who is not a member of Izaak Walton chapters should arrange for a subscription in advance.

As the interests of the casting clubs and Izaak Walton chapters are most similar, members of both are invited to make use of this department for information regarding bait and fly casting.

Ohio State Tournament

The largest State Tournament ever held was at Columbus, Ohio, July 3rd, 4th and 5th.

The newly-elected officers of the State Association are: President, V. D. Reese, Columbus; vice-president, Fred Bolton, Youngstown; treasurer, J. K. Kinnear, Geneva; secretary, R. P. Merrill, Columbus.

Clubs scored points as follows: Columbus, 57; Cleveland, 33; Akron, 16; Youngstown, 1; Geneva, 0; Zanesville, 0. Tom Monger had a margin of over 400 points on his nearest competitor in the all-round.

One-quarter ounce distance: First, F. A. Arborgast, average 214½ feet, long cast 230 feet (new state record); second, Tom Monger, Columbus, 180 1-3 feet average; third, A. E. Fogle, Columbus, 178½ feet average.

One-half ounce distance: First, Al Foss, Cleveland, 233 feet average; second, A. E. Fogle, Columbus, 226 feet; third, Eddie Braddon, 222½ feet average. F. A. Arborgast made new state record in long single cast, 275½ feet.

Five-eighth ounce distance: First, F. A. Arborgast, Akron, 226 1-3 feet, long cast 236 feet; second, Al Foss, Cleveland, 215 feet; third, J. D. Palmer, Akron, 205 feet.

Dry fly accuracy: First, P. D. Reese, second, W. N. Shrum, Cleveland, 99 7-15%; third, R. P. Merrill, Columbus, 99 7-15%.

Dry-fly (unknown distance): First, Eddie Braddon, Cleveland, 99.5%; second, W. N. Shrum, Cleveland, 99%; third, P. D. Reese, Columbus, 98.9%.

Accuracy fly: First, Tom Monger, 99 12-15%; second, L. D. Coile, 99 10-15%; third, Eddie Braddon, 99 9-15%.

Distance fly (5¾): First, Wm. Behmen, Columbus, average 108 1-3 feet, long cast 111 feet (new state record); second, Tom Monger, 103 feet, long cast 105 feet; third, A. A. Trimble, 99 2-3 feet, long cast 103 feet.

Salmon fly: First, Eddie Braddon, 136½ feet, long cast 141 feet; second, W. N. Shrum, 128 feet, long cast 131 feet; third, A. A. Trimble, 122 feet, long cast 130 feet.

One-quarter accuracy bait: First, Tom Monger, Columbus, 99.4; second, Fred Arborgast, Akron, 99.4; third, Eddie Braddon, 99.

One-half accuracy bait: First, Tom Monger, 99.4; second, L. D. Coils, 99.2; third, P. D. Reese, 99.2.

Five-eighths accuracy bait: First, A. A. Trimble, 99.8 (new state record and a tie for his own national record); second, P. D. Reese; third, L. D. Coile.

Five-eighth ounce accuracy ladies' event: Mrs. P. D. Reese defended her national title successfully against all comers. First, Mrs. Reese, 98.9; second, Mrs. Carter, 98.2; third, Mrs. Behnen, 98.1.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hurst, from Indianapolis, were well up in all events, but as visitors their records were not accepted for record.

All the winners will compete in the National Tournament at Chicago.

SCORES

All-around champions—Bait and Fly Casting National Tournaments, National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs:

Chicago, 1909, F. N. Peet, Chicago Fly, Chicago; Chicago, 1910, W. H. Ball, Illinois, Chicago; Chicago, 1911, not contested; Chicago, 1912, L. E. De Garmo, Illinois, Chicago; Chicago, 1913, G. G. Chatt, Illinois, Chicago; Chicago, 1914, C. J. McCarthy, Illinois, Chicago; San Francisco, 1915, S. Forbes, San Francisco, San Francisco; Chicago, 1916, C. J. McCarthy, Illinois, Chicago; Newark, N. J., 1917, not contested; Chicago, 1918, Wm. Stanley, Illinois, Chicago; Chicago, 1919, Wm. Stanley, Illinois, Chicago; Columbus, O., 1920, R. D. Heetfield, Illinois, Chicago; Portland, Ore., 1921, C. J. McCarthy, Chicago Fly, Chicago; Cleveland, O., 1922, G. G. Chatt, Illinois, Chicago; Denver, Colo., 1923, Wm. Stanley, Illinois, Chicago; Buffalo, N. Y., 1924 Wm. Stanley, Illinois, Chicago; Chicago, Ill., 1925, ?

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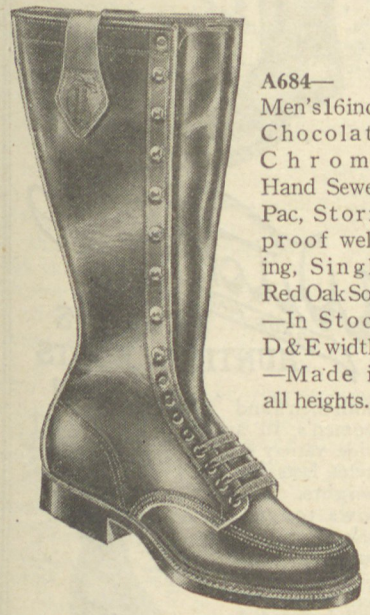
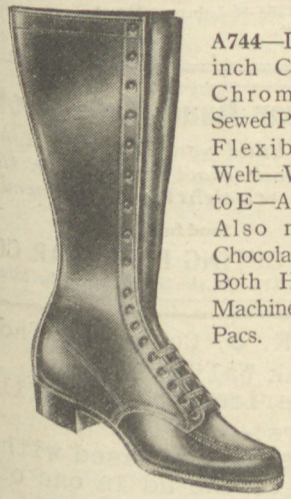
for Men



A684—Men's 16 inch Chocolate Chrome Hand Sewed Pac, Storm proof welting, Single Red Oak Sole—In Stock D & E widths—Made in all heights.

and Women



A744—Ladies' 14 inch Chocolate Chrome Hand Sewed Pac, Single Flexible Sole, Welt—Widths A to E—All heights. Also made in Chocolate Elk—Both Hand and Machine sewed Pacs.

Made in all heights with or without flexible soles.

Strictly a QUALITY Line
Ask your Dealer for further information

Manufactured by
Hand Made Shoe Co.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Glimpses of California Highways

(*Continued from page 51*)

new arrival, but the windbreaks of them protecting the orange groves in San Gabriel Valley, flaunting their dried leafed petticoats, hold the eye for many miles.

Far along the highways stretch even rows of deep green orange trees, but the lack of pasture for the cattle between the trees, is a surprise to the eastern tourist, accustomed to apple and cherry orchards planted years ago, and soft green grass growing under them.

Mr. B. who is a real farmer sees the tidy wire box and standard from which his western brother rancher draws the water supply, and coaxes it along the furrows between the trees.

As he motors through the lovely fertile valleys, along the much traveled boulevards, he is amused as well as surprised to see a small black-board or printed sign near each driveway, making these announcements:

Eggs in Cartons..... .42c
Pullet Eggs..... .30c
Fresh goats milk.
FOR SALE—Potatoes .85c a Lug.

All very unusual information to the well-to-do farmer who is wintering among the oranges and sunshine. Not only the above mentioned foods are for sale, but all along the highways, little stalls or shacks with palm thatched roofs, shelter orderly rows of boxes, containing the golden citrus fruits, shiny apples, plums, melons, potatoes, corn and luscious peaches, cold drinks, ice cream cones and many other good things to eat, that tempt the tired traveler. And the busy housewife hurrying home will gladly buy from the roadside market a little cheaper and much fresher vegetables and fruits, than the markets in the city show.

One day as he stood and watched the many people buying and then hurrying to the waiting auto, or leisurely selecting a klondyke melon for the family treat, he counted sixteen different kinds of the freshest and nicest vegetables piled on the new counters of the markets on the boulevard.

One need not be a flesh eater in California for variety as well as perfection are the aims of the indefatigable Jap gardener.

Perhaps Mr. B. has a friend, acquaintance or kind rancher's wife, who will welcome him into her neat cool home, and as he looks from the casement windows flung wide to let in the sunshine, his eyes follow away to the East and West, lines of trees, tall, straight and graceful, the eucalyptus soldiers, always holding off the full sweep of the ocean or mountain breeze.

To the north are tall, rugged, protecting mountains, Old Baldy, the snow-capped sentinel of the range, each hour of the day showing us different moods, and softening into a golden haze of glory, as the sun slips to rest on the Pacific's bosom.

Patrick
DULUTH

Antonio Moreno in Frank Lloyd's "Judgment."

Patrick Shirts are so Comfortable!

Beautiful fabrics, skilled tailoring, and excellent fit, make Patrick Shirts the universal choice.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths—different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors.

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DOLLAR for dollar, you get most in Drybak Hunting Clothes. The only sportsmen's garments made with the maker's money-back guarantee on label and buttons. Ask your Dealer.

Drybak Fabric, famous for fine lasting color, excellent texture, great durability and unsurpassed waterproofing, is matched by Drybak manufacturing.

You get fit, comfort, good appearance, and no rip or tear can come at corners or seams. Try our Drybak Coat No. 87 shown above.

Drybak Laced Breeches and Long Pants have oversize reinforcement front and back of rubberized duck—original and exclusive.

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Bass True Moccasins—Woc-O-Mocs—are the best there are but not the highest priced.

The above Bass Moccasin is made of the best quality Chocolate Chrome Veal, thoroughly waterproofed, is as soft and flexible as an old glove and wears like iron.

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

2nd Vice Pres. I. W. L. A.

My Heart in the Hills, by Charles Hansen, with frontispiece, 205 pages. Dorrance & Company, Philadelphia, $2.00.

This is a book without preface, foreword or introduction and after you shall have read it you will agree with me that it needs none. While every chapter shows the master touch of the practiced writer the narrative loses nothing of freshness and spontaneity. The author is editor of the Greeley (Colorado) *Daily Tribune* and a Waltonian, although this does not appear in the printed page wherein is set down the fishing and hunting experiences of the author and his chum, Ray, along the streams and among the mountains of Colorado.

But let him speak for himself:

"It is when the grinding fetters become unbearable, when the desire to be free and untrammeled, even for a day, overmasters us, that Ray and I break our petty bonds, and rush to the hills, there in the delight of friendship, and cooling purifying breezes and showers, find rest and renewed vigor of mind and body."

"I would take the reader in imagination with us to ride wildly on mountain roads, in blinding snow or beating hail; through sunshine and torrential rain; to climb the heights and explore the depths; to fish and hunt and camp with us in hidden alpine places; to enjoy the hills as we have come to know them; to see nature's wondrous smile and feel her terrible rebuke; to be intensely human, learn the knighthood of the road and enjoy a new and carefree life, if only for a moment."

"Mountains are more than earth and stone in extraordinary arrangement. At their finest they are the most expressive physical forms of spiritual thought. Their heights and depths are ecstasy and despair, their gentler aspects, happy content."

"Friendship grows closer in the mountains than anywhere else. The narrow strips out of the middle of our souls usually exposed to view are made just a trifle wider there. Occasionally the secret doors open a bit to give a friend a glimpse of the best or worst that may flank our company manners."

A chapter is given to Fly Fishing for Sport, which should be read in its entirety to get the full flavor of the author's viewpoint. If a fisherman, you no doubt will agree with him in thinking that fly fishing for trout is the only pleasurable occupation in which a man or woman becomes so thoroughly absorbed as to forget everybody and everything about them—not so absorbing, however, as to render the author oblivious to the charms of the most "Compleat Angler" he had ever seen. She was standing upon a boulder in the Rio Grande outlined against the pale evening sky. "After all," he admitted, "a pretty woman is the finest scenery of all." Be this as it may, most

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—sturdy and long wearing, yet soft and pliant

Hunt and tramp all day with your feet in comfort—protected by

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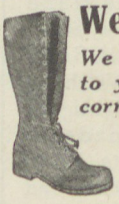

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Dear Sirs:-

I was well pleased with results of the ad in one of past issues of your magazine. I am sending check to pay for ad to be put in your For Sale Columns —Sept. issue, 1925.

Purebred Newfoundland Brood Matron, Black, Curly, reg. A. K. C. Male pup is beauty. Eligible A. K. C. Mae Bennett, Columbus, Ind.

Resp. yours,
(Signed) Mae Bennett
R. 5, Columbus, Indiana.

of us will agree with him that there *are* a thousand ways known to the biggest trout for getting away from the amateur angler, and that he does not hesitate to employ any or all of them if necessary to make his getaway.

The concluding chapters of the book are headed "In Tune with the Infinite" and "Pastoral Symphony." In one, the author discusses the theory of evolution, of particular interest just now, and in the other we find the peace and calm that come after the storm that cleanses the soul.

"There was really no need for hurry but I thought the thing over; thought of again traversing at night the sage-green floor of San Louis; of its beautiful rim of mountains silhouetted against the starlit shade of night; of the Milky Way arching the valley like a diamond-studded handle to the basket, of taking home in my soul a little bit of heaven."

I have read the book twice, and shall read it again. It is such a book as Izaak Walton would have enjoyed to read and one that every true disciple of gentle Izaak should know.

Camping Out, by Warren H. Miller, illustrated, 325 pages. D. Appleton & Company, $2.50.

A new book by this well known writer who has added another volume to his list of books of the outdoors.

The fifteen chapters cover about all that one who is looking forward to a vacation in the open places needs to know. Whether you hike with knapsack and rifle, paddle and portage with rod or camera, follow the mountain trails a-horseback, or spin along our smooth new roads with all the modern luxuries of motor car, tent and trailer, you will find the author a safe guide to follow, one who knows how to do it best because he relates his own experiences and gives the boiled-down and time-tested results of thirty years of experiment in every phase of outdoor life.

He does not agree with the satirist who describes camping out as the most terrible of modern diversions, but believes it to be a fine art and one of those things worth doing, and therefore worth doing well.

Outfits to meet every possible need are listed and priced.

There is something of trout, bass and surf fishing, a chapter descriptive of his "discovery" of the Adirondacks with its lakes, streams, forests, mountains, mosquitoes, midges and no-see-ums, and another upon camp cookery.

A practical guide to him who seeks and finds the open spaces, and a fireside solace to the less fortunate who may not now, but hope sometime to, find their dreams come true.

Books for Review should be mailed to Thomas Ambrose 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

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Is a sagging waistline giving you a "getting-along-in-years" look? Here is a way to overcome it.

A BULGING waistline makes a man look years older than he really is. And with most of us it's at the waistline that the first indications of early old age appear. Lack of exercise weakens the abdominal muscles. They quickly become soft and flabby and permit the abdomen to sag and bulge. The waistline expands and unconsciously the victim assumes that "getting-along-in-years" look.

How to Overcome That "Early Old Age" Look

Overcome this

But now—for those who need it—a remedy is waiting. A remedy that has been *proved* by thousands—a remedy so sure that we *unconditionally guarantee it.* This remedy—a new belt called Director—takes inches from your waistline and years from your appearance. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction permanent. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

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Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance the moment you put on a Director. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength that comes when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. It actually dissolves excess fat away. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

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Director is *made to measure,* no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify. Director makes you look taller. Doctors prescribe Director. Good tailors recommend it because it makes clothes fit and look better.

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Write today for full information on this amazing new belt that is making thousands of business and professional men *look* younger and *feel* younger. Director has met with astounding success everywhere. For this reason we are now making a special trial offer which gives you an opportunity to wear and test Director for 10 days without risking a single penny.

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Will keep you dry even in a duck-boat, or musky fishing in rain or drizzle. No blasting winter wind, no beating sleet or rain, can possibly get through this suit originally designed for the United States Navy on war duty in bad weather. Light in weight, rolls up into small space. Tough, almost rip-proof. Hood tucks in when not in use. Won't stiffen in zero weather, or get sticky in warm weather. Wear trouser legs inside or outside boots. Won't even wet through in all day driving rain. Coat and pants prepaid together for $10.

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J. H. M. (name on request) writes: "I commend you on the coat and its rain-shedding qualities. Was out all night in a rainstorm and wasn't even damp when the rain stopped next morning." For comfort, looks, wear, and rain-protection — you can absolutely bank on **Red Head Brand** Hunting Clothes.

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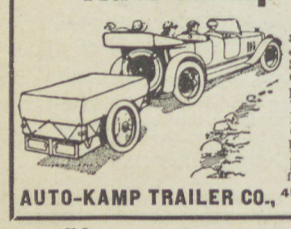

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Real Camping

Conducted by Murdo Gibson

The number of letters responding to the invitation printed in July gives promise that this department may be of real service to Waltonians. The communication quoted below was selected for answering at length in these pages because it is typical of the majority, in the sort of information desired.

"Dear Camping Department:

My chum and I are planning a hiking trip through the Adirondacks and would like to know what equipment and provisions to take with us. Neither of us has had any camping experience, but we are both fairly strong and active. Do you think we can walk one hundred and fifty miles in seven days actual travel? We intend to start the Saturday before Labor Day."

I infer, one way and another, that the chums are young men who can stand considerable exertion without serious discomfort. Taking for granted, also, that they are blest with good appetites, I make no allowance in the grub list for such extra items as might be obtained from time to time along the way—fish, game, berries, etc. Assuming, likewise, that the hikers will not care to do much cooking en route, I offer the following suggestions as providing ample nourishment and considerable variety. The physical energy necessary to pack forty pounds for more than twenty miles per day will obviate all danger of autointoxication from the seeming excess of sweet and dearth of vegetables.

Provision List for Hiking Trip—Two Men, Seven Days

Article	*Description*	*Pounds*
Rye Crisp	Swedish	2
Rye Bread		4
Crackers	Soda and Graham	5
Pancake Flour	Self-raising	3
Grape Nuts		5
Beans	Canned	10
Erbswurst	Pea Meal Sausage	1
Egg Powder		1
Bacon	Best Breakfast	7
Cheese	Brick	3
Dry Milk	Powdered Whole Milk	1
Jam	In friction top can	4
Sugar	Granulated	3
Salt	Table	.50
Tea	Tabloid	.25
Coffee	Finely Ground Powdered	.50
Chocolate	Sweet	2
Raisins	Seeded	2
Matches	Parlor	.25
Candles	Plumbers	.30
	Total	55.00

Hat—My favorite for journeys of the type under discussion is a featherweight felt crusher, without lining, and with plenty of small holes punched in the sides. An added refinement consists of a narrow strip of flannel sewn to the inner band where it touches the forehead. Besides acting as an absorbent, this stays put, blow high or blow low.

Kerchiefs—A large silk neckerchief moistened with fly dope and worn around the neck will prevent sunburn and discourage obnoxious insects. For the pocket, one large handkerchief is sufficient. It can be washed and dried every evening, if necessary.

Underwear—Ought to be light woolen. If an extra suit is taken, its style and fabric are unimportant, as it will be used only by way of a change while the other is drying.

Sox—Two pairs, medium weight, soft wool; one pair, thin lisle. The latter, worn next the feet for the first day or two, may save some discomfort to those unaccustomed to wool. It is well to remember that feet swell when walking in warm weather, consequently boots which feel roomy enough at the start may become disagreeably snug after a few hours

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

tramping. Removal of the lighter sox at this time is likely to give just the desired relief, without danger of chafing from excessive looseness. Sox should be washed every night—the slight additional trouble is a small price to pay for insurance against scalded feet.

Boots—One pair, well made from light, porous leather, will permit the feet to breathe and prove sufficiently water resistant for momentary wading of small streams and puddles. Soles should be single, flexible and just thick enough to hold hobnails securely. (Pine, spruce and balsam needles soon polish leather soles to a glassiness which makes hill-climbing difficult and dangerous). Cone headed nails of soft steel, spaced about one and a half inches apart, will prevent slipping, without adding too much weight. Shoetops seven inches high are recommended in preference to the regulation six inch height—the extra inch prevents leggings or puttees from climbing over them. If trousers are to be stuffed inside, twelve inch tops are about right, but professional woodsmen favor ten inch tops that just meet their abbreviated pant legs.

Caution: Heavy, waterproof footwear has a definite place in outdoor equipment, but it is *not* the thing for summer walking trips.

Gloves—Useful around camp. They protect tender hands from blisters, splinters and thorns—also from the open fire's heat, which is hard on skin and fingernails. Have them loose fitting.

Clothing for wilderness travel should be neither tight nor clumsy. A comfortable, tho not ungainly looseness can generally be obtained by choosing trousers, shirts and underwear one regular size larger than ordinarily worn in office or classroom.

Trousers & Shirts—Woolen trousers (not breeches) and shirts similar in style and texture to those used by our soldiers are excellent for summer walking trips. In hot weather, waterproof cotton clothes usually generate more moisture from within than they exclude. If traveling

W. K. Alford.

"Good Eats"—the Best Part of the Trip!

A drive to your favorite camping spot. Appetites sharpened by nature's tonic—fresh air and sunshine. And then "good eats". You'll have them, "right-now", when there's a Coleman Camp Stove along.

A complete little camping gas range that cooks anything, anywhere, anytime. Boils, fries, roasts; bakes, broils, toasts. No wood to rustle; no smoke. Always clean. Easy for anybody to operate.

Fuel is common motor gasoline. Everything built in. Folds up like a suit case. Sturdily built throughout—always ready.

Two feature models—Model No. 2, price only $12.50; Model No. 9, price only $9.00.

See these Coleman Camp Stoves at your dealer's. If he is not yet supplied, write us and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. OM-25

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Can be set up by one person in five minutes. Sewed-in floor. Steel Stakes, Mosquito Netting, Jointed Pole and Carrying Cases.

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Our Guarantee, "Satisfaction or Money Refunded," Your Protection

Metropolitan Camp Goods have stood the test for 33 years for quality, service and durability and are recommended by thousands of satisfied customers as most reliable for every outdoor purpose.

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Lightens the Pack! Weighs but 8½ pounds rolled up.

The *Woods Arctic Junior* is essential equipment for every hunter. It guarantees the warm comfortable sleep that assures steady nerves and aim. This is the original, scientific eiderdown sleeping robe that experienced outdoor men and women endorse.
Beware of cheap imitations and substitutes.

For use in the far north we recommend the heavier WOODS ARCTIC EIDERDOWN SLEEPING ROBE.

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Our beautiful new catalog, just completed—32 wonderful pages of record game heads and prize trophies from every quarter of the globe. Also information on fish specimens.

It will give you a new conception of what real art in taxidermy means. You should see this catalog before deciding who shall mount your trophies. It is free. Send for it today.

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Leave it to an Indian to show you how to carry the maximum load with the minimum effort. In one of the popular sized baskets you can take your entire outfit on your back and carry any distance without fatigue. Going in or coming out, on the train or in your automobile, your whole outfit is in your basket. Pack up your basket a month ahead, leave it packed up, then you are always ready, nothing left behind. How many trips have been nearly spoiled by leaving something behind, such as camera, compass, knife, new flies, leaders, razor, etc.

Made from Black Ash, light in weight, very strong and complete with harness. Sizes regulated by height:

Popular size	22 ins.	$5.50
	18 "	4.80
	15 "	3.75
Boy Scout "	12 "	2.30 also

makes excellent fish basket.
If not entirely satisfied return at our expense.

JAKWAY & CO., 519-21 Main St., Towanda, Penna.

TENTS Get Our Catalogue
AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO., 236 State St., Boston, Mass.

must be done during rains, a feather-weight slicker, cape or poncho is useful; it can also be employed as a ground sheet for the bed. Serviceable capes of rubberized silk, weighing less than a pound and a half, are widely advertised in sportsmen's journals.

Suspenders—They are the best device yet invented for holding up pants. Wear a belt if you must, but place your main reliance upon a pair of wide webbed braces. One argument in their favor is the fact that a packsack will pull any shirt up through any belt, but it is quite unable to pull it down again; another is that trousers should be worn loose in the waistband, to permit the escape of excess body heat which, when confined by a belt, is apt to result in serious chafing.

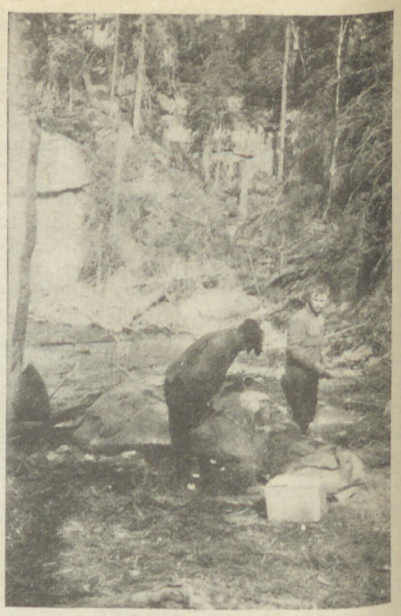
Extra Garment—Well worth carrying in high altitudes, even in midsummer. I know of nothing better for cool nights than a "stag shirt"—or tail-less shirt—made from a good grade of mackinaw cloth. It gives more protection against wind, rain, brush and mosquitoes than does a knitted sweater, although the latter is good and has hosts of friends among experienced campers.

Tent—A wedge, or "A," tent, five feet wide, seven feet long and six feet high is large enough to shelter two men and their packs. The tent I have in mind is a great favorite with Minnesota cruisers when traveling light. It is made from Tatelec-treated silkolene, has a nine inch sod cloth all around, and weighs only five pounds. To exclude insect pests without hermetically sealing the tent, a piece of bobbinette or cheesecloth may be sewn across the front. It is unlikely that mosquitoes will be troublesome during September, so this precaution may be omitted.

Bed Tick—Unless one is sure that evergreen boughs will be available at every camp, a light bed tick should be taken. Even with the boughs it will be useful as extra insulation against the chilly night air. Stuffed with hay, moss or leaves, it provides an excellent foundation for a tent bed.

Sleeping Bags and Robes—The lightest sleeping bag I ever saw came from Norway. It is said to be stuffed with genuine eiderdown. It weighs about four pounds and the reliable Waltonian who owns it testifies on honor that it keeps him warm during the cold October nights when the northern ducks are crowding each other off the rice lakes. I am not at all partial to sleeping bags, but intend to get one of these Norwegian affairs.

Numerous styles of sleeping-robes and bags are being advertised. The hiker who has the price can keep warm at night without overloading himself during the day. Down-filled robes are my first choice; next come soft, loosely woven woolen blankets; then woolen quilts or comforters. The idea seems still common that weight of bedclothes has to do with warmth. It is a fallacy. I have a 15½ lb. eiderdown robe which I proved to be warmer than 48 lbs. of Hudson's Bay blankets covered with 4 lbs. of canvas. The reason for this is, of course, that the down provides more *dead air space* than does the woven wool. A single layer of tough, light weight wrapping paper will add not less than fifty per cent to the efficiency of the ordinary woolen blanket.



Agricultural land—along the International boundary.

But there is nothing very terrifying about spending September nights in a tent under even a single blanket. The person who would forego the joys of forest roving in early autumn because he dreads the cool nights—well, he hasn't enough of the adventure spirit to keep him happy out of sight of a soda fountain.

Handy Box—Each member of a camping party should carry a pocket knife, compass, waterproof matchbox, pencil and notebook; but one "handy box" may serve for everybody. An inventory of my own much traveled kit reveals: Simple first aid outfit, needles, linen thread, awls, shoemaker's wax, bachelor buttons, side-cutting pliers, copper wire, braided picture cord, safety pins, adhesive tape, scissors, small flat file, vaseline, tweezers, carborundum whetstone and assortment of tacks, brads, nails, screw-hooks and rivets. Listed thus, it appears to be an unnecessarily complete outfit, but it is the crystallization of more than thirty years' experience in forest travel and I would not willingly omit a single item. It all is easily contained in a tin cigar box and requires only the addition of a bandana handkerchief to keep it from rattling. The hinged lid is held in place by a strong rubber band cut from an inner tube.

Axes—A cruiser's 2½ lb. double bitted axe with 28-inch handle is my choice for this kind of a trip. One edge only should be sharpened. The other may be used for cutting roots, or for rough work generally. If this tool is supplemented by a serviceable belt axe, no time need be lost when making camp. Both should be fitted with leather sheaths or other safeguards and fastened to the outside of the loaded packs, so as to be readily available when wanted. It is a mistake to carry on the belt anything which may just as well be put in, or on, the pack.

All inquiries should be addressed to
"Real Camping Department"
Outdoor America

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

Peace

(Continued from page 32)

Yet there is Jule, and June, and David still, and the Little River bids fair to flow on through centuries to come as it has through those of the past nor shall it take heed of the comings and goings of men for when man is done and gone the Little River will still flow on.

David has left the laboratory station and the Little River because HIS Little River is no more—it has gone the way of changing things since the days when he basked in the yellow sand at the swimming hole, naked as when he was born.

Today the present Little River is a dead, polluted, rotten thing not fit to swim in and no whooping crowd of younglings seeks its cooling depths. The rock banks are slimy with mud from a million fields and the water rots and bub-

(Continued on page 63)

One Man's Opinion

(Continued from page 35)

term of years sufficient to work out a plan of administration, the results have proven its value. The State Game Commissions of most of the eastern states, and many of the western states, work without compensation. It is reasonable to suppose that these men must be honorable and altruistic in their supervision of the affairs of the sportsmen, excepting in the few instances where it has become a political issue.

The sportsmen of the nation will do well to intrust the development and supervision of their shooting areas to these State Commissions and state wardens, aided and abetted by Federal appropriations, and under the advice and control of a Federal bureau, as in the past.

We do need a Game Refuge Bill, but we need one that will give a *square deal to the sportsmen of every section of this country*. And we need one that will function, *not in sixteen or in twenty years*, but *now*.

Just what the bill will be, which may eventually be presented to the members of the League and to the sportsmen of the nation, no man on this committee is prepared to state. But we can rest assured that our bill will be found to have overcome the weakness of the present bill. It will be a practical bill, and a workable bill, and *one that will be satisfactory to all*, as our conservation measures of the past have been satisfactory to all.

In the end, the sportsmen of this nation will choose wisely. When the cobweb of fancy that has obscured the vision of a few, is drawn aside, the trail will be clean and straight, *for the vision of the sportsman is clear*.

The Izaak Walton League makes no claim, nor do we believe that we are all-powerful, nor do we believe that we are

(Continued on page 73)

You owe it to your family

a Vacation in Northern Wisconsin

Take mother and the youngsters up into the North Woods this summer. Give them the benefit of a real out-o'-doors vacation in Wisconsin's land o' lakes.

A summer holiday fishing, hiking and loafing in the pine-laden air will do them a world of good.

Illustrated folder containing maps, list of resorts, etc., sent free on request.

Wisconsin Lakes Special

Lv. Chicago 7:00 p. m. (Daily Ex. Sun.)
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Arrive Northern Resorts early next morning. Drawing-room and open-section sleeping cars, observation lounge car, serving appetizing dinner and breakfast.

ASHLAND LIMITED
Lv. Chicago 5:00 p. m. daily
(Standard Time)

Season, thirty-day and week-end bargain fares

For reservations and descriptive folder, apply

City Ticket Office, 148 S. Clark St., Chicago
Phone Dearborn 2323, or
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago—Phone Dearborn 2121
or Madison St. Terminal—Phone Dearborn 2060

172

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods. Many kinds for all water conditions including

WILD RICE, WILD CELERY, SAGO PONDWEED SEEDS

which are guaranteed to grow and produce satisfactory results can be planted NOW. Large healthy seeds of a high germination at a lower price. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing Waters and Conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.

DECOYS

First class wood duck decoys, glass eyes, any species. Solid $10 dozen, Hollow $20 dozen, Airwood $24 dozen. Special decoys made to order.

C. E. Dellenbarger Co., Joliet, Ill.

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS WHO PATRONIZE OUR MAGAZINE

Read every ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA, then answer those that interest you.

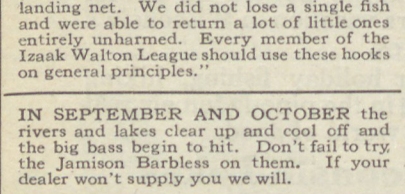
JAMISON
BARBLESS HOOKS
Hold the Big Ones, Don't Hurt the Little Ones

This bunch of jumping, fighting Small Mouth Bass were taken on Jamison Barbless Hooks July 24 by Fred W. Kuesel and George Bell, of St. Paul, Minn. Fred is giving the skeptics the horse laugh.

"What do I need a landing net for," he says. "When that long, needle-sharp point touches a fish he is hooked and the hump slips in and holds him so well you don't need a net. The Jamison Barbless has made a joke out of the landing net. We did not lose a single fish and were able to return a lot of little ones entirely unharmed. Every member of the Izaak Walton League should use these hooks on general principles."

IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER the rivers and lakes clear up and cool off and the big bass begin to hit. Don't fail to try the Jamison Barbless on them. If your dealer won't supply you we will.

BARBLESS BASS FLIES

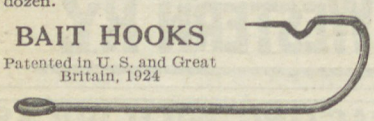


Barbless Hook Bass Flies, Highest Quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Spinner Flies, Highest Quality No. 4, No. 6, and No. 8 ringed hooks. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies, No. 1/0 Ringed Hook, no Snell. Highest Quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents, $4.20 per dozen.

BAIT HOOKS
Patented in U. S. and Great Britain, 1924



They hold Minnows, Crabs and Worms and keep them alive twice as long as barbed hooks do.

Ringed Barbless Hooks (cut shows No. 1/0). Nos. 8 and 6, 20c doz. Nos. 4 and 2, 25c dozen. No. 1/0, 30c doz. No. 3/0, 35c doz. No. 4/0, 40c doz. No. 5/0, 50c doz.

Turned-Down-Eye Barbless Hooks, for fly tying. Nos. 8, 10, 12 and 14, 25c dozen. $1.75 per 100.

CHARTER MEMBER IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Twin Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, etc. Testimonials.

THE
W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. W
739 S. California Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Muskellunge aren't as scarce in Lake Winnebago as they used to be, but it fell to the lot of Joseph Weishaupt, genial manager of the Valley Inn, president of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League, and an ardent sportsman, to land the prize beauty of the season. This particular muskie tipped the scales at exactly 11 pounds. The fish was landed without the aid of gaff or net after a half hour's battle near the old light house reef. The light steel rod, ordinary reel and thirty pound test line (shown in the photograph) turned the trick. The bait used was a common spoon hook and live minnow.

The Cake Eaters Go Fishing

By W. T. Whitcomb

It was along about the middle of July a couple of years ago when we just happened to meet up with this pair of young men from the city. They were out for their first motor camping trip and were certainly city bred. Please don't think for a minute that I would ridicule these boys, for I think they are a pair of dandy good sports, and were perfect gentlemen in every way around the camp.

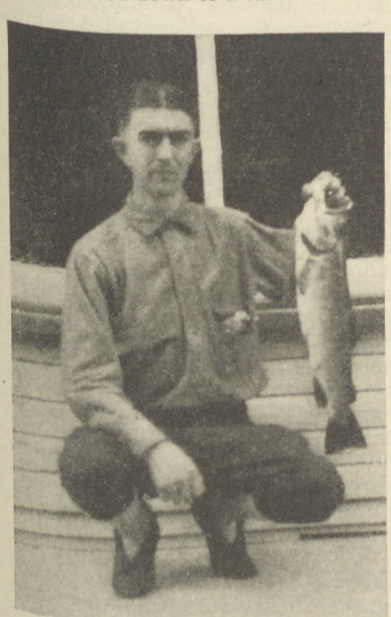
The place was on the rushing water of the Flambeau in northern Wisconsin, and the setting was ideal for a perfect camp. The setting was all right but the rain was not exactly the thing for outdoor sports. However, after a wet night the morning was fairly decent and we got acquainted with our fellow campers by the automobile route. Not a map, but the car itself. They had a dandy new sedan, but that rain was too much for it and while all of us prodded it and ground it after the battery was used up, we got acquainted. By the time the motor began to show signs of recovery we had all expressed ourselves as to the trouble and what it might be until we were one family, almost. After that battle we went after minnows. The boys wanted to use their car so we all piled in and went after minnows in Crabapple creek. Everyone knows that is the creek where the Cameron Dam caused so much trouble with a Mr. Dietz a few years ago, and it contains some nice mud minnows, too. The tall grass was wet and we were prepared to go in after the minnows all right by the time we found the creek. The boys were game and splashed right in, fancy boots and all. You see they had some of those renowned water-proof boots and wanted to see if they would leak. They did. All boots do so far as I can find out when the water is around them long enough, and especially when some goes in the tops. We got the minnows and got good and wet and then went back to the river to get a big one.

After drying out a little our made-to-order campers decided to assemble their fishing tackle. Such outfits I never hope to see again. They were wonderful to behold. The best of everything and plenty of it. Reels that would hold enough line to reach across most of our northern lakes, and they had the line, too. Strong enough to hold a yearling holstein tied by the tail, and they wound that line on the reels for half an hour, more or less. And of all the kinds of fish hooks that were ever in one package—it was a sight. You see the sporting goods store had prepared these outfits for the boys, as the boys themselves did not know a fly from landing net. Well, finally they got things organized and decided it was time to limber up the tools so when the reels were adjusted so they would whirl for 5 minutes more or less they went to the bank of the river where the brush was back perhaps 15 feet and prepared to cast into the whirling flood. But how to do it was another thing. It was new business and they had not even seen anyone do the trick, I suppose, for one of them made a few wild sweeps around his head with the pole, like a cowpuncher swings the rope before he catches the wild horse at the rodeo, and away flies the lure. There was a big Bucktail tied on the line, and it fell about two feet from the bank right at our feet when we got to where he was working and a bass grabbed that thing right there

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

at our feet. By that time the reel had tangled the line beyond all hope and our friend dropped the pole and dragged the fish out on the grass. Was just a small bass, but big enough to make good eating. Well, that fellow was tickled stiff and thought that river must be so full of fish that they would come up to the shore when they saw some one coming with a pole. The other man took a swing at it but the bait went back into the bushes instead of in the river so he did not get a fish. That was the only fish they did get while we were around that camp, but they were not bothering with little fish. They were prepared for the big ones, and were going to get them. Their good friend, the sporting salesman, had loaded them up with a pistol that would have fitted in well with a cowboy story of the early fifties. It was a cannon, and they were informed that it would be absolutely necessary to shoot those big ones or they could not possibly be landed. Perhaps not, but if they had received a charge from that engine of destruction there would have been nothing to land. I was looking for a log house to get on the other side of when that came into view, for they wanted to learn how to shoot. Neither of them had ever had hold of a gun before, but they loaded that fowling piece and took a few shots at a rock in the middle of the river. They hit the river all right but many feet from the rock and the bullets went humming off through the woods after jumping from the water. I guess they did not have occasion to use the gun in a boat, for I never had notice of the death of either of them.

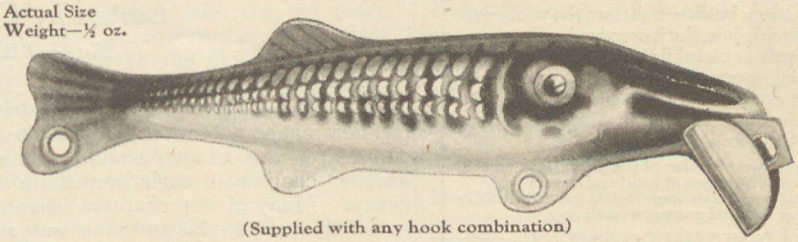
Just as soon as those fellows learned how to fish a little they would have the best time of anyone out in the woods, and they were having a dandy time then, just learning what the outdoors was like. They had the spirit, and were game, and I'll bet by now they have the camping business boiled down to a turn.



C. E. Allison, editor and publisher of the Belleville, Pa., Times and President of Belleville Chapter, with brown trout caught in Penn. Creek.

A *New* Kind of Bait That *Looks* Like a Minnow

Actual Size
Weight—½ oz.



(Supplied with any hook combination)

Outing's Piky-Getum Acts Like a Hurt Minnow

Now you can get an artificial minnow that actually *looks* like a baby pike. A new process of making a hollow body of indestructible metal developed by this company, gives it the actual *form* of a baby pike. Its action duplicates that of a hurt minnow—rolling on its side—struggling, darting here and there—the best fish-getting action. Its metallic colorings flash like the sheen of a live minnow.

No more fooling around with live minnows and bulky minnow pails. A Piky-Getum gives you all you need in a bait. Comes in nine different color combinations—price ninety-five cents. Ask your dealer to show you one. If he can't supply you, order direct from us.

The Outing Line includes decoys, rods, reels, baits, tackle boxes and other outing equipment. We'll gladly send you a folder showing these items.

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Prescott Spinner Fly Gets em

Come home with the fish —*not the story*

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Tied on No. 1/0 hooks 30c
Tied on No. 4 hooks 40c
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With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

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Hold all World Records on Tuna, Sword fish, Sail Fish, Marlin Sword fish and many others. Booklet containing all big fish records; seven World Record pictures. Sent free.

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Our Northern hardy Giant Seed sold at a fraction over cost by ordering now. Duty free.

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KORRECT KOR Fishing Lines
braided of finest Japan Silk, very quick drying and but little stretch. Our Patented Waterproof Center prevents them becoming watersoaked, thus they outlast several ordinary lines and are just right for casting.
Every spool of Korrect Kor line carries its Individual Guarantee of satisfaction to YOU. If your Dealer can't supply you, write us for samples and prices.
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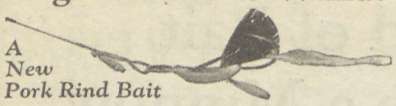
FOREST RANGERS
Men wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk, special agent and other government positions, $1500 to $2600 year. Write for free particulars and list of positions.
Mokane, Dept. 265, Denver, Colo.

Right Into the Wind!



A New Pork Rind Bait

The Heddon-Stanley ACE

Casts like a bullet—right into the wind—yet weighs only ½ oz. Put it exactly where you want it. Copper or nickel finish with red fly and two spinning spoons. Try it out. Note its lively movement in the water. Then you'll see why it takes the fish. Use the Heddon-Stanley Pork Strip for best results.

The newest member of the Dowagiac family which, in 14 years of Field and Stream's contests, has taken more prize bass than all other artificial minnows combined.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dowagiac, Michigan

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac
Heddon Made — Well Made

Attract the Wild Ducks

They will come hundreds of miles to get food and shelter. Make your waters their favorite feeding grounds. Plant

TERRELL'S WILD RICE

Large seed that will germinate. Order now for Fall planting. Also **Muskgrass, Wild Celery** and **Sago Pond Plant.** Should be ordered now. 29 years practical experience in United States and Canada. Write today for free planting information and new illustrated folder.

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If you are a victim of either, write *The Arctic Remedy Co., Houghton, Mich.* and learn about the merits of

PINE NEEDLE BALM
A Very effective Sedative

TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale and retail price lists free.

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Free CATALOG OF ARMY GOODS BARGAINS

Shirts, Pants, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tents, Guns, Harness, Tools—hundreds of articles you can use. Government's sacrifice saves you money. Write for Catalog, Free.

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Dept. 314 Box 1835, RICHMOND VA.

The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by CARL E. SIMON
National Executive Secretary

Last fall headquarters started a drive for new chapters and asked that each chapter of the League should sponsor another chapter in their immediate vicinity. Many of our chapters have responded loyally to this and some were not content with sponsoring only the one chapter but are continuing to sponsor other chapters. Leading all the rest in the field is the Rock Springs, Wyoming, Chapter. This chapter has sponsored and organized four additional chapters in their vicinity. Creede, Colorado, is next with two to their credit. Many of the chapters responded nobly by bringing about the organization of one chapter. This cooperation is one of the reasons that the Izaak Walton League has been such a tremendous success and has enjoyed such a healthy growth. We wish to commend the above chapters, through these columns, as well as all the chapters who have secured their quota. The Rocky Springs Chapter is very zealously defending their title as the leader in this field and report that they soon will have two or three additional chapters. This is a mark for the other chapters to shoot at.

* * * *

Some time ago a controversy arose near Ardmore, Oklahoma, between oil men and members of the Ardmore Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, relative to pollution of streams, especially Caddo Creek, with waste oil and overflow from the drilling areas. The controversy brought about a meeting between both sides and recently several prominent oil men met a delegation from the Ardmore, Oklahoma, Chapter at the American National Bank, and after considerable discussion agreed to cooperate with the Izaak Walton League to preserve the streams from further damage. The oil men even went so far as to promise to investigate conditions and see what could be done to prevent pollution of any stream that their property would chance to touch, but they are especially directing their efforts towards the Washita River and Catto Creek.

* * * *

Pennsylvania sportsmen do not believe in doing things by halves and this is responsible for Pennsylvania being our leading game state and one that is a model for other states to pattern after. The Izaak Walton League is making tremendous headway in the State of Pennsylvania and has now thirty-four chapters in this state, while less than a year ago we had but four chapters. The Belleville, Pennsylvania, Chapter was just recently organized with thirty-four members, and is a typical example of how they believe in doing things. Even before the charter was granted to them they held two meetings of their chapter to outline a program. At their Charter Night meeting, held on August 4th, they had the most complete program that any chapter could possibly have. On this program were listed a senator and a congressman, and also two members of the Fish and Game Commission, in addition to the leading citizens of the community. A meeting was later held in one of the hunting lodges in the mountains with one hundred per cent representation. A splendid program and business session was held. Five different members donated silver loving cups for trophies for fishing and hunting contests, which goes to show the fine spirit prevailing among the members of this organization. Mr. C. E. Allison, editor of "The Belleville Times," is president of the organization and is an enthusiastic Waltonian.

* * * *

The Del Norte, Colorado, Chapter recently put on one of the most satisfactory membership campaigns that we have yet heard of. The president appointed two captains from among the thirty charter members, who selected their teams. It was understood and agreed that the membership drive should continue for a ten-day period, at the end of which time the losing side would be obligated to provide ice cream, coffee, sugar and cream at a picnic to be held the day after the closing of the contest. Members of both sides entered into the spirit of the contest as if it was up to each individual to win the battle. Individuals, young and old, were solicited, homes were invaded by the opposing contestants, and memberships were taken direct from under the eyes of members on the opposite side, and a great result was obtained—a total paid membership of one hundred and seventeen out of a community of a little over one thousand inhabitants. Just as had been promised, the picnic was held following the closing of the contest, to which over four hundred of the community were present. The losers paid their treat and all enjoyed a great picnic, to which each individual brought their lunch and were supplied with coffee, ice cream, sugar and cream provided for by the losers. Following this an excellent speaking program was enjoyed. The community has been more tightly solidified by this than any other thing could have made it. A strong organization has been selected and a real interest in all outdoors stimulated.

* * * *

Close to one hundred twenty-five boys from the Christian home and the Creche enjoyed a fishing party and picnic given by the members of the Council Bluffs Chapter of the Izaak Walton League in Iowa, to orphan boys of the city, at Hanthorne's Lake, on July 28th. Fishing was not the best, but the boys were so excited in being out in the open that they

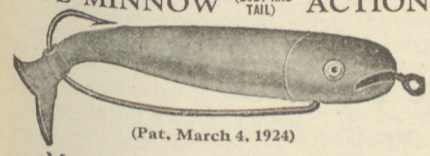
(Continued on page 74)

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

"It Catches the Big Ones"

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

THE ARTIFICIAL BAIT WITH LIVE MINNOW (BODY AND TAIL) ACTION



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

Metallic head and rubber body.

Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

Hook is detachable and can be replaced at a cost of five cents each.

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

PRICE $1.25 EACH

Made in 4 Styles:

"A"—RED HEAD AND WHITE BODY
"B"—COPPER HEAD AND WHITE BODY
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"D"—BROWN HEAD AND GRAY BODY

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Or your order, accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each, will receive prompt attention.

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Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO

Bass and Trout Sizes—50 each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.

Write for description of Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH CO.
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing

Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods

Made at the Rod Shop of

THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

Peace

(Continued from page 59)

bles in the sun from man-made poisons as it flows slowly down the longitude, slowly—sluggishly.

The lively spotted channel catfish of the old clean days have given way to eels and slimy bullpouts and the old fierce "Wall Eyes" are now as though they had never been; even the Quillbacks, Redhorse, and Suckers are gone—replaced by filth-loving Carp. The Little River, that was, is not—even the rapids have vanished and in their place the current merely hurries a bit—voiceless, muddy, rotting in the sun.

All this because white men have come and filled the land to overflowing, bringing destruction with them and so—the story ends.

If you would find David you must look to the setting sun, and there again you'll find—Professor Summers, scientist of worth, and with him Jule—and a most radiant, lovable little June, image of her mother who was, and who died, and yet lives on in Jule, wife of the philosopher who turns to the great Book of the Past Ages to answer the Riddles of Now with the one and only answer—Truth.

Barnyard Hackle

(Continued from page 10)

queror. The guests began gathering admiringly around. Then the paunchy old chunk of conceit starts in tearing off a earfull of lofty stuff about the fine points of taking game fish with a fly. 'And,' he raved on, 'I hadn't any more than passed the net under him than he shook himself free of the hook. That's handling 'em, I'll say. If I had allowed that line to slacken for an instant———.' I left him going good and slid around the corner toward the icehouse.

"I got back just as Missus Bunker joined the group that the old blowhard was still holding spellbound. I kind of eased myself through the circle and laid the big trout along side of his. You sure had ought to seen his jaw drop and his old eyes hang out.

" 'Who caught that fish?' he finally managed to wheeze.

" 'Misses Bunker,' I assures him.

" 'The hell she did!' he yells. 'She never caught a fish and wouldn't know how to if she had the chance!'

" 'Undeceive yourself, my friend,' pipes in the little professor. 'I was fortunate enough to be a witness to the battle, and Missus Bunker performed the most wonderful feat of piscatorial skill I ever saw exhibited. You should become better acquainted with your wife, Bunker!'

"Well, the narrow cuss didn't die of apoplexy on the spot, but for a minute I sure thought he was going to. He didn't even have the grace to congratulate that game little woman!

"Just for that I couldn't pity him a whole lot when Archie Edgmont, the camp chore-boy, who was kneeling by the fish to examine them more closely, pulls

Lou's Dardevle's "Imp" with Barbless Hook

This Dardevle's Imp penetrates but does not tear or slash. After the Hump slips through the flesh the fish can't throw the hook. You can throw the little fellows back in—unharmed.

Dardevle's Imp is popular all over America with all clean sportsmen. It's a sure-fire fish-getter. Take "Imps" with you and bring in the big catch.

Price 75c

Always Use Osprey Line

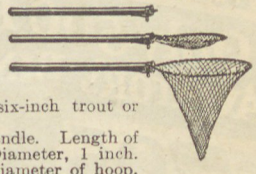
Because Osprey Pure Silk Line is guaranteed, waterproofed, good, strong and dependable and yet costs no more than just ordinary lines.

In sizes 12 to 35 pound, 50 yard spools.

LOU J. EPPINGER
"Outfitters of Sportsmen"
Dept. W, 310-316 E. Congress Street
DETROIT, MICH.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game."

OUT-O-SITE Landing Net

Newly Patented



Out of your way while wading and fishing. No dangling net to catch in the brush. Will land a six-inch trout or a thirty-inch bass.

Net telescopes in handle. Length of handle 17 inches. Diameter, 1 inch. Weight, 8 ounces. Diameter of hoop, 10 inches by 12 inches. Depth of net, 18 inches. Handle comes in two colors: *Autumn Brown* and *Bark Green*. Ring and clip attachment. Clips on belt or vest pocket, creel or creel-strap.

A net every fisherman has been looking and longing for. Snaps into position with a flick of the wrist. *Positively will not stick, jam or foul.* Impossible to make this net misbehave at the critical moment. Through your dealer, or sent direct for $5. Money back if not satisfied.

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the mouth of Bunker's trout open, inserts a cigarette stained finger, and extracts a big gob of angle worms! He holds them aloft for public inspection.

"Old Bunker's face blazes purple again. His wife gives him one swift glance, says 'O—h, Leander!' in a shocked voice, and moves away toward their cabin. The rest of the crowd suddenly oozes away too, leaving just Bunker, Archie, and myself, standing there looking at each other.

" 'Barnyard Hackle!' remarks Archie sarcastic, slatting the sticky mess of bait from his finger. 'Barnyard Hackle! It's a "*fly*" most all the dubs fall for sooner or later, when the fish are coming slow. Ain't it, Clem?'

"What'd I say? Not a word! Wasn't Bunker owing me most fifty dollars?"

The Pirate Pike

(*Continued from page 29*)

marked the young fellow, as he made another cast towards the lower end of the pool.

"Looks kind of tough, old scout, but we have one chance yet, and that's that old red and white plug you suggested to me to tote along," I replied, as I started to change from a fly rod outfit to that of the bait casting equipment. I soon was in readiness to cast the veteran plug out over the waters, where the subject of our mission held forth.

The first cast resulted in a blank, as did the second and third. In the meantime the boy had connected with another fish, which made three to his credit.

As the fourth cast was made a loud splash and tremendous commotion was heard the moment the plug struck the water. A heavy tug on my line told me that old pirate had awakened.

"Whee, you've got him, you've got him," cried the boy, as he danced up and down on the bank, forgetting to reel in his own lure, that was now floating upon the surface in the center of the pool. The excitement of seeing the pike battling at the end of my line caused the boy to lose all interest in his own fishing and he was evidently content to watch the finish of the big battle.

The monster pike broke through the surface and shook its pointed head time and again, the wooden plug plainly visible on the outside of its mouth. A sudden dive downward lost sight of the greenish colored fish, my line cutting through the waters as the pike darted onward. In another moment the fish again

this way, but it's the fish that's pulling over yonder all right," I replied, "just keep a taut line and we'll land him yet."

The huge pike sulked for a moment, as though to get a second wind, and the lines were motionless, a dead pull was all that indicated anything was hooked to the other end. Something started the pike for the clouds without warning, for up he came through the surface, shaking his head again in a mad effort to throw the plug. During the wild leaps and dashes my line suddenly became slack and I immediately came to the conclusion that the fish was lost.

"Buddy," I cried, "I've lost the fish. He threw my plug two feet in the air and we will never hook him like that again."

As I looked towards the boy a surprise met my gaze. What I saw was this: A freckled lad hanging onto a rod for dear life, his eyes glued onto a struggling fish, that had spent itself fighting MY plug. The lad's green lure was seen securely fastened into the lower jaw of the pike, which had evidently taken a wallop at the green plug when freed of my lure, or accidentally hooked when fighting the tangled lines.

It was an easy matter for the boy to reel in the tired fish and pull him up on the banks of the river. A feeble effort to squirm away was made by the pike, but its life's strength had been sapped in the vicious battle previous.

"Well, son, you landed the mammoth of the pool after all," I said, after the spell of excitement had faded.

"Naw, I didn't, it's your fish, sir," re-

The Phantom Herd

(*Continued from page 19*)

scarcely visible, again sending great columns of sand up until the tips reached the last rays of the setting sun.

Our trail continued along the desert. As before, we could see our destination when we started in the morning: another lone building of pink stone. But today the desert was populated. We could see small bunches of cattle; and once we came over a roll and saw three big buffalo.

The shaggy beasts looked at us for a while, then began to move away toward the Pink Cliffs where the rest of the herd was gathered. I set out after them, and they broke into a peculiar, stiff legged gallop which took them over the ground at surprising speed. But my horse was fast, and for two or three miles I kept close behind them, stopping now and then to take a rather futile picture of their wrong ends.

When I gave up the chase Judd and the two mules were specks on the expanse of sage and short grass. I caught them just before we came to Houserock reservoir, consisting, like Cane, of a very old and small pink stone house built after the manner of desert habitations, a corral and a pool of water.

At Houserock we found a group of cowboys cooking dinner in a stone fireplace. They were on their way to the Kaibab to investigate the possibility of capturing fawns, for which the government was offering $20 a head, alive.

When I got to Kanab the following day I found others making ready to try fawn catching. This is another plan for reducing the Kaibab deer, and will be tried this summer.

In Kanab I heard the deer were congregating in V. T. Park, a grassy area on the top of the plateau—similar to Dry Park which Judd and I had visited. V. T. Park is the center, the hub, of the summer range, and at this place upward of a thousand deer have been seen in a single day.

I wanted to see the deer. So I got a car and hurried out there, arriving late at night. I remained there, at Rust's summer resort, for two days and saw as many as three hundred deer feeding in the park. It was an impressive sight. The park is on the automobile highway from Kanab to the Grand Canyon which cuts across the middle of the Kaibab, and these deer are a great tourist attraction. I wouldn't have missed the sight of these deer for a good deal, and I wouldn't have missed the exclamations of some tourists for a good deal more. More than once, as we sat at our tables in the dining room, we could look out through the large window provided for that purpose and see a hundred deer within a hundred yards of us.

So the deer had come to their summer range. I could see three hundred of them at one time! Here was a regiment of the army drawn up on parade—a spectacle which has given birth to many an enthusiastic estimate of the size of the Kaibab herd.

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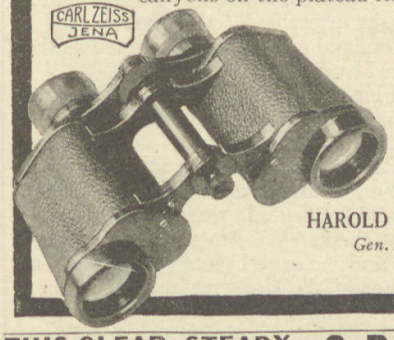

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John Moreland Fisherman

(Continued from page 38)

"A-ha, A-ha, ole fren', you tink betta go get dem beeg trouts. Well—she tam hard job to get to dat trouts wata'—mus' walk mos' de way—dat why she good—nobodie go dere. Dem trouts more two feet long," and he marked their length on the camp table.

"I feesh three year ago—nobodie feesh it but Pete Lafitte. I use trouts fin—I trow out—wham! he take dee hook—by Gar, dat trouts fight, but Pete get heem—you have good time my trouts wata', ol' fren', only he been tam tough trail."

The camp Indians were accustomed to sudden journeys into nearby waters, and like all Indians, their teamwork was splendid. In a jiffy the ponies were harnessed and hitched to the little farm wagon, tents and duffle loaded in, and the party started forth in high spirits, Pete Lafitte leading the way carrying a big pack. It was a tough trail, and often the Indians had to use their axes to clear the way for the wagon

They stopped at noon for luncheon.

"By Gar, dat tea taste good. I tole you he tough trail. We half way—reach plenty time to put up tent before sun she go down. We all right—so she not rain."

Patterson could not help comparing the John Moreland of today with the man he brought into the North Woods.

Moreland and Patterson talked as they walked over the easy places.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that our country is fast becoming a fishless land."

"Plenty of fish here," said Moreland.

"Yes, I know, but think how far into the wilds of Canada we have had to come to get them. We Americans are a heedless and wasteful lot. The Supreme Creator of the Universe gave the American sportsman a paradise. Only a generation back we had more than a plenty of all kinds of game fishes, and, it seemed, an inexhaustible supply of wild fowl. Every type of four-footed animal inhabited our fields and forests. Today there is better fishing in England, France, Germany and Norway than we have in these United States, and our game supply is disappearing just as have the wild pigeon and buffalo. Something has got to be done to wake up the lover of outdoor America or soon even the fragments of our wild places will be gone forever."

"Now that you speak of it," said Moreland, "I heard old General Sanderson telling Walter Strong recently that after the Armistice his division was stationed in Germany and that he had better trout fishing there than he had had in the United States in ten years. I paid no attention to it then, but now that I've become a fisherman I'm interested."

"Yes," said Patterson, "it is high time for every man who loves this America of ours to wake up and do something to awaken the sportsmen of our country. It's not so bad for the grown man of today but it's pretty tough on the boys of the future, as things are going now, the boy born today is already foredoomed to have

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"You're right, Robert, something must be done. Now that I think of it, the best fun I had when a boy was fishing with that old fishing uncle of mine."

The last part of their journey was the hardest and was made in a slow September rain. It was almost dark when they reached their camp site, but soon they had their tents up. A roaring fire was started which lit up the big woods, and while black and mysterious darkness was just beyond, all was fine in the glow of the fire.

The whole party was ready to turn in early. After Moreland had got into his sleeping bag, Patterson asked:

"How do you feel? Tired, I suppose."

"Yes, tired, sleepy and happy," slowly replied the old man, and in a minute he was sound asleep.

The camp was up and doing early the next morning. The sky was still gray and overcast, with low hanging clouds, but the rain had ceased.

"An ideal day for the fly fisherman. One can smell good fishing in the air," said Patterson, as they ate breakfast.

Pete was anxious to lead them to his trout stream, which was only a short distance from the camp, and could be heard, if not seen.

"I show you where dis stream run into lake—beeg pool dere and plenty beeg feesh," said Pete.

With waders slung over their shoulders, and creels and rods in hand, they slowly made their way through the tangled underbrush and over the moss covered big and black limestone rocks. There was no trail and they had to pick their way down the hillside and over the slippery rocks which led to the river below.

"Dis river she hide—she like be alone in de beeg woods—she no want white man spoil her," said Pete, unconscious of the poetic thought and the truth of his sentiment. Pete had not read Bob Davis' great poem, "The Rape of the River," but he knew just the same.

It was still except for the music of running waters down in the glades below. There was a warmth to the motionless air which spelled fish to Patterson, and he was prepared to see the pool of his dreams long before they reached the water's edge.

"*Never was there such a pool,*" whispered Patterson, as Pete Lafitte silently pointed to the racing—swirling—twisting and eddying water just below. There are spots so sacredly beautiful to the heart of a fisherman that talk except in whispers seems unholy and Pete had brought them to such a virginal place.

Trout were recklessly rising everywhere in the great pool. There was a vine-covered black rock which jutted into the pool at the deepest spot. Here the waters were dim and dark and a great trout arose with a giant plop three times within a few seconds. More than a full minute elapsed before the three came to.

The silence was again broken by Patterson. The pool below awakened every atom of the master fisherman which he was. He would have given a kingly ransom to have had the first cast at the

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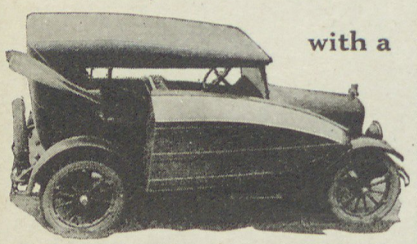

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mighty trout which lay in its royal den.

Never had he seen such a trout as was the King. His mind rapidly ran over his list of flies, and as it was a grey day, he had chosen a Royal Coachman as his first choice. Then it came to him that the King Trout rightfully belonged to John Moreland. He turned and looked at the old man as he took his rod from his case, and for the first time fully realized that he really liked the testy old fellow. He now wholeheartedly devoted his best thought toward helping Moreland to successfully capture the King of the Pool. He touched John Moreland on the arm, and whisperingly said, "Now, we must make no mistakes and not be too hasty. Everything depends on your making your first cast from exactly the right spot. We must not scare off that Old King Rainbow."

Both fishermen now studied the pool carefully. It was finally decided where Moreland was to enter the water and where he would stand when he shot forth the Coachman. Patterson was to follow close by with the net.

After Patterson had carefully tested every inch of the nine-foot leader, he handed a number 10 Coachman to John Moreland, and watched that it was properly fastened to the leader. Then they approached the pool which had never in all the annals of time had an artificial fly cast upon its waters.

Patterson was glad that the fish were not wise and wild from over-fishing. Certainly those fish would not strike short like those which inhabit streams often fished.

John Moreland had never caught a large trout—he had hooked several but had lost them all. He was, therefore, keyed up to the highest tension and every step he made up stream and the closer he got to the Kingly den, the more grew the tension and the firmer the set of his jaws. He proceeded slowly as the water boiled about his waders.

When close to the black rock, he cast out his fly until he had stripped off the proper amount of line. Then he shot out his Coachman and dropped it a few feet up stream from where he had last seen the Rainbow rise.

The great fish struck hard and hooked itself. Never was there such a battle and never were there such breaks as the King of the Pool threw himself again and again into the air. Moreland knew that Patterson and Old Pete were watching him do battle with the King. Perhaps that caused him to feel that the whole world had stopped and was looking on. The repeated one hundred or more foot runs down stream would seem unbelievable except to those who have fought big Canadian Rainbows. Again and again he nursed the mighty fish up stream.

All battles must end, victory or defeat cannot forever waver in the balance. According to the law of averages—John Moreland was due for a victory, for had he not lost every big trout he had hooked during the past three weeks? The battle had started at the head of the pool and it ended at the tail end of it—fully two hundred yards from the point of hooking. Patterson had followed close behind Moreland from the beginning and many the time he blessed his good fortune in bringing a large long handled bass landing net. Slowly and with infinite care Moreland brought his Kingly Rainbow to the waiting net. The fish no longer struggled to any extent and came belly half up, inch by inch, to the waiting net. One foot more—six inches more—and all would be well—and then the leader parted.

"Oh!" fairly groaned Moreland, as he saw his spent fish turn in the current and then—then Patterson plunged in and by blind good fortune netted the fish just as it had almost righted itself and sunk from sight.

The usual cheer was lacking—the old man and the young man looked into each other's eyes—their hands met in a grasp, and there, without a word, was cemented an undying friendship.

Patterson and Pete Lafitte skinned the twenty-nine-inch rainbow and it was finally mounted by an artist and today it can be found in John Moreland's private office. Of course he made it a point that Walter Strong see his mounted King Rainbow and as all things are relative it would be difficult to state how much satisfaction the old man took in exhibiting that fish to Strong.

Many trout were taken from Pete Lafitte's pool, and the happy pair fished on for a week, but no trout was hooked which even approached the King for size.

Our story is almost told. Moreland and Patterson stayed on till early October. Their last night in camp was momentous. It was a warm night for October in Canada, the moon shone out in all its glory. The camp fire was burning low—the two men had sat in silence for some moments. Both were thinking. Patterson broke the silence by saying, "I'm going to leave your employ when we get back to the city."

Moreland let forth a grunt—Patterson reached forth his hand and placed it on the old man's knee, and said, "Please listen. I have inherited a little money, and I'm going in business on my own hook—besides I'm in love and I'm going to get married just as soon as I get my business going."

"That will spoil all our fishing trips," said Moreland, and his tone was desolate. Then rousing himself, he said, "I can't let you go, Robert—I'm an old man, and I need you—you have saved my life—I haven't a chick or a child in the world—you know all about my business and you know my ways and you have got to stick it out with me till the end of the trail. I've got big plans for you—Robert, and I'm not going to listen to your leaving me, but I don't like that marrying business. She'll spoil our fishing trips," he dolefully repeated.

Patterson's laugh rang out boyishly. "You don't know this girl—she's an outdoor woman through and through and casts a prettier fly than either of us and would rather fish than eat."

Moreland suddenly reached out his hand and grasped Patterson by the shoulder.

"If she's a fishing girl, then we'll marry her, boy, and now that that's settled, let's go to bed."

(To be continued)

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The Fisherman

(Continued from page 13)

wood smoke, and then heard Mr. Miser below chopping wood. Lorry rolled out of his bed of hay; and the fun of it was he did not have the bother of dressing, for he had slept in shirt and trousers. With towel and soap he made for the river, shouting a merry good-morning to Mr. Miser.

"Up with the lark, Lorry!" was the reply. "The early bird catches the worm."

That day passed like a swift dream, full of happy tasks, always accompanied by the low roar of the falls. At sunset, when Lorry was standing on the little hill above the pot-shop, facing the west, the old fisherman called him: "Hey, Lorry, where are you? Come a-running!"

Lorry dashed down to join the old fisherman who stood just outside of the spread of the sycamore.

"Look up there, Lorry," he said, pointing toward the head of the falls.

Lorry heard a cracking thump of a powerful fish in the water. Then he saw a white splash close to the ledge of rock, where the deep stream ran into the wide channel. An angry swirl of the water followed, then the frantic leaping of minnows, and again the cracking thump. Lorry caught a glimpse of a flashing black fish shape.

"There he is, Lorry. Ranting round after bait. We're going to hook him tonight. Fetch my pole. And hurry."

When Lorry ran down to the low place where they always waded in, Mr. Miser was taking the rocks off the minnow-box. Several large lively chubs were put into the bucket. Then they hurried out toward the head of the falls. As they neared it the old fisherman halted Lorry, and put the largest chub on the hook.

"Wade slow and easy now," admonished Mr. Miser.

Cautiously they waded out to a point above where the bass had been feeding.

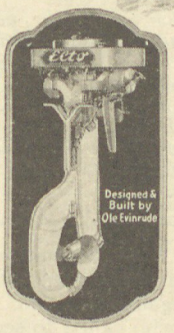
"I saw him make a swirl just by that notch in the rock," whispered the old fisherman. "Now watch. This is business, sure."

Lorry was all eyes and tingling nerves. How intensely he felt the quiet and beauty of the place, the gleaming water mirroring the sunset clouds! He stood just back of Mr. Miser, who cast his bait upstream and let it float down along the ledge. It passed where they stood and floated on toward the notch. But it never reached there. *(To be continued)*

The Odyssey of Bolio

(Continued from page 7)

down the mighty Linville Gorge—more than ten miles long, sinking to a depth of eighteen hundred feet—geologists say the oldest gorge in the world, and certainly one of the deepest wooded gorges. It is said that but two human beings have ever traversed its lonely mystery, its solitary peril. *(To be continued)*



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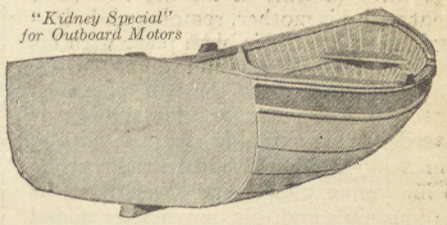
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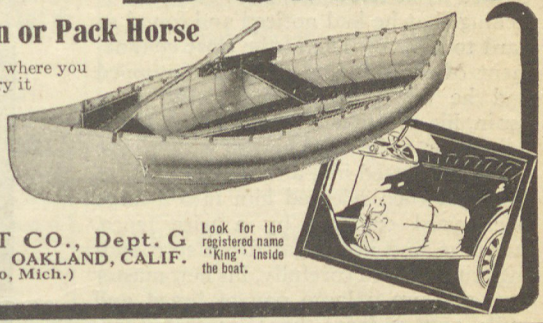

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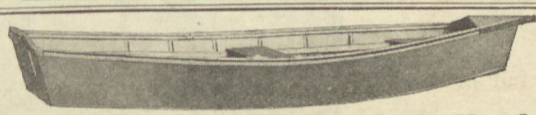

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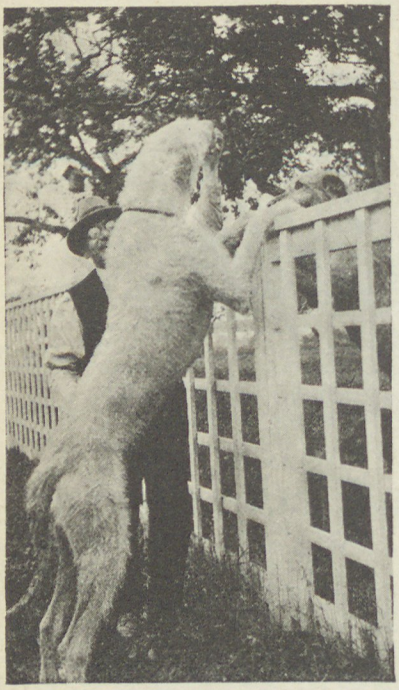

The World's Tallest Dog—Irish wolf hound Cragwood Colleen.

When Your Dog Made his Bid for Fame

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute

OUTDOOR AMERICA *is offering the following prizes for the best stories appearing in this department during the next year:*

First prize, First choice of a setter, pointer, spaniel, hound and terrier.

Second prize, Second choice of these dogs.

Third prize, Third choice; Fourth prize, Fourth choice; and the Fifth prize will be the remaining dog.

Remember—these are not ordinary dogs. THEY ARE THE FINEST OF THE BREED THEY REPRESENT.

Sit down and write 1,000 words (or less), telling what your dog has done. Address all stories for this department to SHADY LANE, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Puppyhood

By Effie Lee Mulligan

HE came from Kentucky when he was three months old. For three days and nights he was in a pine box, comfortably crated, but with the life scared out of him. The first three months of his life had been spent with his mother, romping and playing in the yard of his birth place with his brothers and sisters and doing pretty much as he pleased, so that when his master sold him to a man far away and he was placed in this shipping crate, it was to him a most unusual and terrible wrong to his young puppy life. And then, at his journey's end, his new master added insult to injury by putting him into a tub of ill smelling liquid, and his little heart was broken.

After this unkind treatment, as he termed it, he felt somewhat better. The itching that he had noticed and found so hard to relieve while in the close confinement of his shipping crate was stopped and he felt much fresher. And then again, his new master was not such a bad fellow, for, as he dried him off with a large towel, he patted him and spoke kindly to him and then released him into a large open yard enclosed by a wire fence. After he had investigated his surroundings timidly and carefully, his new master brought him a large pan of bread and milk and a large bone to gnaw on. Though he felt lonesome for his brothers and sisters left at home, it was soon forgotten with his little stomach full and a big bone.

Each day his new found master would attach a cord to the collar already upon his neck and he would be taken into the front yard or across into a vacant block and allowed to romp. After a time he would again be attached to the cord and taken to his own yard again.

Many were the ones who called to see him during these days and many were the remarks made about him. Of course, he had no way of understanding any except those who patted and caressed him, and he began to feel friendly to mankind, and especially to the blonde lady who fed him. He liked her best. The man—well—he seemed to like to take him along and it was exciting even though he was hitched to a long line.

In the autumn months, when he was five months old, he was taken into an object with four wheels which ran by itself and made a lot of noise. It scared the life nearly out of him. On a covered seat beside his master, who didn't seem scared, he felt a little more at ease. This kept up for some time and soon the master stopped. He was lifted out bodily and allowed to use his feet in an open space. There were trees and grass and bushes, much different from the lot across from his home, and then again there was no line about his neck and he could run as he wished.

Feeling himself free, he galloped away, but not far for he soon returned to his master. The stillness of it all was strange to him. It was so quiet that he could hear the sounds of the trees, the high grass, the bushes growing along the creek, and the fallen leaves when he stepped on them. The surroundings were new to him and they scared him. His master patted him gently and encouraged him and again he ventured away a short distance, and, as he made a slight turn close to some high grass, a smell reached his nostrils that made him pause. What it was he did not know. Still he stood drinking in this strange odor, and then cautiously he stepped forward. The scent was strange, he stopped again. A strange feeling came over him, slowly he raised his front foot and then his tail slowly raised to a position high above his back. He felt transfixed, even the hair on his back raised a little. He looked for his master out of the corner of his eye and saw him standing motionless close behind him. Then the master came slowly forward, then there was a terrible roar, new to his puppy ears and he cried out as he fell over backward, and he looked at his master, in whom he was beginning to have a great deal of confidence. The master was laughing, sitting down on his heels. He took him in his arms and caressed him until his fright was over. Then they started on in a different direction, and at some distance away the same scent again attracted him. It was in a brush patch,

From left to right: "Buddy" Simon, Martha Louise Simon, Margaret Mowry and Lillian Mowry with some Beagles.

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but not as strong as the first. Cautiously he approached, but was uncertain as to just where it came from. Suddenly there was a "whir," but not as great as the first he'd heard. A small brown object sailed away, and he chased it and tried to catch it. As he ran in pursuit of this object in the air, chasing it as fast as his little legs could carry him, the same scent again reached him, this time as strong as the first he had smelled, but too late for him to stop, running as he was. And before he knew it a great "whir" went up on all sides of him, but this time he didn't feel so scared; and he stood wondering what to do, his master came up to him, patted him gently and they went on again. Soon they reached the object that had brought them there and he was picked up and placed on the seat beside his master. This time the noise bothered him little and he curled up and went to sleep.

When he arrived home he was again caressed and patted gently and the lady with the blonde hair gave him a nice bone; and with tail high and head erect he started down the yard, found a coveted corner and lay down in it. He tried hard to gnaw on a bone, but his eyes wouldn't stay open and he rolled on his side, the bone between his paws, and went fast asleep.

The Tallest Dogs in the World

By L. O. STARBUCK

To the Irish wolfhound belongs the credence of being the tallest dog in the world, also one of the oldest.

There is but a scattering of these remarkable dogs in this country, but a keen interest is always aroused whenever they are seen and by the aid of a few enthusiastic breeders who have been importing some of the finest specimens in England, they bid fair to make an enviable place for themselves in this country.

Not so heavy as the St. Bernard but for size and bulk outclassing all the other big dogs, he averages thirty-five or thirty-six inches at the shoulders and the tallest one is said to reach thirty-seven and three-quarters inches.

Their history is both romantic and dramatic and when in the eighteenth century with the huge Irish elk gone, the wolves exterminated and the breed threatened with extinction having become reduced in size and strength; it was left to one Capt. G. A. Graham to collect the last remaining specimens and by judicious out crosses to rehabilitate the breed. This was a work of more than twenty years and is conceded an unparalleled achievement.

The modern Irish Wolfhound should become well established in this country. He makes a most desirable guardian and as to his affectionate, companionable qualities much could be said. He has quiet manners, deporting himself at all times with a certain dignity, and is a fitting ornament to the country home; whereas, as a sportsman's hound, in his old romantic calling, he is all that a dog should be.

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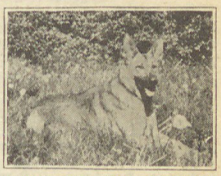

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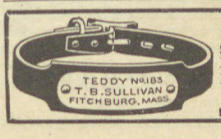

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Caution

By W. A. CONE

I was out hunting partridge, one day, with a friend, and I saw my dog scenting game. I watched him come up to an old stone wall and peek over it several times, then hesitate whether to stop there or try to get over the wall. I did not speak to him but waited to see what he would do. The dog knew that the bird was just over the wall and that if he attempted to get over he would probably flush the bird and he knew that he ought not do that.

After hesitating for a minute or so he carefully went down to a bar way several rods from where he was and came up on the other side of the wall and pointed the bird which was in a clump of bushes not more than a rod from where I stood. When the bird got up I shot it and the dog brought it to me. His actions showed me that he was so proud of what he had done that he wanted me to be sure and appreciate his effort which you may be sure I did.

Some people have an idea that a dog cannot reason but I don't think I ever saw more intelligence and reason displayed than in this case.

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President's and Secretary's trophy No. 2, value $25 (donors not to compete) for the best Gordon Setter of opposite sex to winner of No. 1.

Vice-President's and Treasurer's trophy, value $25 (open to all members except the officers) for the best Gordon Setter exclusive of the dogs winning the President's and Secretary's trophies.

Also the Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Evans Cup for the best Gordon Setter, member winning same each year to be given a Special

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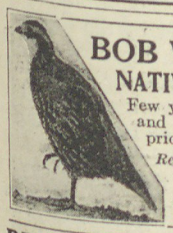

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PRIZE WINNING STRAIN
Descriptive Catalog
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Club Medal to commemorate such winning; Cup to remain property of Club, until won four times.

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Club medal for best dog in Novice Class.

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Club medal for best dog in Limit Class.

Club medal for best bitch in Limit Class.

Club medal for best dog in Open Class.

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The Board of Governors offers $250.00 for the first Gordon Setter of authentic Gordon Setter breeding finishing First or Second, and $100.00 for the first such Gordon Setter finishing Third in any open Derby or open all-age stake at a recognized public field trial for Pointers and Setters.

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The above three prizes aggregating $600.00 to be open only to members of the Gordon Setter Club of America and to be offered for competition at all public field trials designated by said Club.

One Man's Opinion

(Continued from page 59)

always right. But this we do know. We know that every project and measure for the betterment of outdoor America which this League has undertaken, has had the consideration and is voted upon by duly elected representatives from every section of the country, and from every state in the Union. This system of popular government we believe, is the only fair, sane and practical method of solving the problems which confront the sportsmen of today.

This Izaak Walton League is an independent organization, owing allegiance to no political party, no religious creed, and neither is it subsidized by any commercial organizations, *and we are answerable for our acts only to the sportsmen of the nation, who are of us* and *with us*. Our accomplishments in the field of conservation, and the methods we employ are known to all men, and *we intend to carry on.*

ALASKAN SILVER FOXES. Registered Price $1200. per pair. Registered standard bred Silver Foxes $600. per pair. Inspected by a Canadian Government Fox Expert. Also Karakul Fur sheep which Produce Persian Lamb Fur $100 each.
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Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
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Breeding ordinary stock is profitable. Breeding this grade is several times more profitable.

Descriptive Catalog

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WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
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Two large ranches; several hundred high-grade foxes to select from, several of them closely related to the World's Champions, 1923 and 1924 shows. Write today for our broad guarantee and terms; also booklet, "SILVER FOXES AND GOLDEN RETURNS." Address
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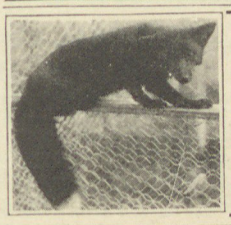

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in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of pups from our advanced registry stock and make big money. We have one pair in our ranch that is four years old that has had 20 pups and made their owners thousands of dollars. Write for prices and terms. We can ranch them for you.
Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.
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Every Desired Quality That Gives Satisfaction to the Purchaser. **Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.**

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

Waltonian Nook

(Continued from page 62)

had little patience to sit at the banks and wait for bites, although several bullheads and carp were hooked during the afternoon. In the afternoon the orphan boys regaled themselves with pop, meat sandwiches, ice cream, cookies, cake, pie and lemonade. The boys reported a most enjoyable time and have a warm spot in their hearts for the members of the Council Bluffs Chapter.

Maryland

Baltimore (Maryland) Chapter, under the able guidance and leadership of M. E. Towner, president, and C. Clemson Brown, secretary, have instituted a membership drive and increased their membership from twenty members to nearly three hundred members in nine months. The goal that they hope to attain is one thousand members, and from all indications they will not fall very short of their desired goal. Among other activities of the chapter, a news letter is sent to each member, telling of the activities of the chapter, which does not permit a single one to forget that he or she is a live member of a live organization and that the officers and committee men of the Baltimore Chapter are on the job all the time. A junior chapter is being organized, and anyone under twenty-one years of age is eligible to join this organization.

Nebraska

Members of the Pierce Chapter have leased eighty acres of ground for the purpose of building a lake and golf links, together with a club house for their members. In taking measurements of the lake bed, it was found that they could make a lake of water between fifteen and twenty acres and about seven to fifteen feet deep. A test well which was put down struck water at seventy-four feet, and up to ninety feet they were still in the gravel bed with plenty of water, the surface water being about four to six feet below the surface of the ground. The chapter is planning to put in two six-inch wells with a combined capacity of five hundred gallons per minute, using gasoline power in pumping the water. The Pierce Chapter is to be commended on taking the initiative in building such a place from which the people of the community in general will benefit.

Michigan

The Michigan Division, through the fine cooperation of John A. Doelle, secretary of the division, is speedily becoming the leading Izaak Walton League state. Mr. Doelle has the affairs of the League well in hand for his state and the chapters are giving him the much-needed cooperation. Hon. Harry H. Smedley, representative in the State Legislature and general counsel of the Michigan Division and president of the Grand Rapids Chapter, recently issued a bulletin to all chapters in the state thanking the chapters for the generous spirit that they displayed in helping put across conservation measures. He also makes a plea to the chapters to seriously consider the matter of reforestation and that a practical policy be adopted for reforestation, in order to insure the industrial and commercial prosperity of the state. In his statement regarding reforestation Mr. Smedley quotes as follows:

"14,000,000 acres of forest land are now cut over, are idle, and useless. The state now owns over 750,000 acres. We are told that 7,000,000 acres are 'headed to state ownership' because of delinquent taxes. We are told that one-third of the counties of the state are not raising as much in taxes as they receive from the state for road and school purposes. Without elaborating on this statement, I believe we can safely conclude that the question of what Michigan is to do with its 14,000,000 acres will become its most important economic problem within the next five years. In addition to the industrial and commercial side of reforestation, we believe that the tourist traffic, which is the third largest business in Michigan today, is dependent upon keeping the state green. The propagation of game is almost entirely a matter of forest cover. Our trout streams cannot be kept up to the standard desired by anglers unless the forest cover remains."

Iowa

Members and directors of the Iowa Division held a meeting at Waterloo recently and among other important business transactions, the City of Boone, Iowa, was selected for the next State Convention meeting, which will be held on October 9th and 10th. All Iowa chapters are urged to immediately hold meetings and elect their delegates to this convention and also send any suggestions that they may have to D. D. Conger, Ida Grove, Iowa. The Webster Chapter (Iowa) recently held a picnic at Wall Lake, near their city, which drew probably the largest crowd that ever assembled at that fine little lake. There were 1,122 autos (by actual count), and the crowd was estimated at some forty-five hundred people. Webster City was practically deserted all day. The Webster City Municipal Band and the sports program were the biggest attractions at Wall Lake. Senator Cavanaugh, of Fort Dodge, was the speaker of the day and paid the organization a high tribute for its work in conserving wild life. Plans are being made to begin work cleaning out one hundred acres of Wall Lake, freeing it of pond lilies and bullrushes. It is also authentically reported that the ducks at the north end of the lake are now hatching big broods and good shooting is looked for next season.

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly—Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

WILL H. DILG, *Editor* E. H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

NOTICE TO ALL CHAPTER OFFICERS

To insure the success of all local entertainments and meetings of Izaak Walton League Chapters during the coming winter months, a complete Service Bureau has been established.

This bureau will supply motion pictures and speakers for all occasions and it is systematically arranged so that all "hitches" in the program will be avoided.

Chapter secretaries are advised to write to this bureau now—stating the number of meetings they plan to hold. This will give the bureau a figure upon which to estimate the number of films and speakers needed. Please let us know your wants. Write

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All kinds Salt Water Fish.....May 1st to Oct. 10th
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Fly and Bait Fishing
Wonderful fly and bait fishing

25,000 acres of water and fish, boating, bathing. Illinois River.

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These fields especially prepared. Located between the White, Arkansas and Miss. rivers. The greatest fly-way in America. We have our own live decoys.

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at the head of the West Fork of the Chippewa River in Northern Wisconsin, offers excellent **Muskellonge, Bass** and **Pike** fishing. **Deer** and other wild game abounds. **Lake and river frontage** at reasonable prices on good auto roads many miles from the nearest settler. Let me build you a summer home. *Write for booklet.*

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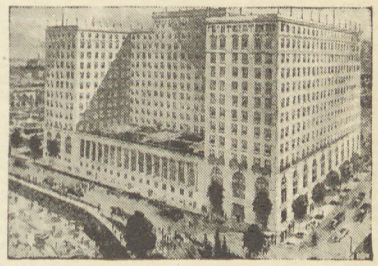

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ENJOY A WONDERFUL VACATION AT THIS NEW CAMP—
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536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

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THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $15.00 to $25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog, ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio.

HIGH CLASS Coon and Possum Hounds, $65.00 each. 10 days' trial. 3 to 6 years old. A few silent trailers. Try one of my hounds. Hunt him where there are coons and possums, and let him pay for himself. For reference, State Bank of Anglum, Mo., or any business man in Pattonville, Mo. D. J. Wright, Pattonville, Mo. (3-10)

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers high class, coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 10 days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

DOCTOR Prohibits Night Hunting; sacrifice best trained pair coon dogs in America, 4 and 5 years, 150 coons last season, great tree dogs, fox, rabbit, and stock proof, $50 each. Sold only on trial. C. C. Howard, Hulbert, Ark.

THE SOUTHERN Farm Coonhound Kennels, Selmer, Tennessee, the oldest and largest institution of its kind on earth, offers coonhounds and combination night hunters, squirrel and rabbit hounds on ten days' free trial before you buy. Large, new, illustrated catalog 10c. (8X)

BLACK, tan, blue ticked, red bone coonhounds, $50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the south, $20.00. All dogs sold on ten days' trial. H. B. Bates, Mena, Ark. Box 654. (3-10)

FOR Sale—My good old fashioned coon hound Slim, experienced in hills and swamps. A true tree barker. First $50.00 gets him on 10 days' trial. Robert Ford, Mayfield, Ky., Star Route.

RUSSIAN Wolfhounds. Puppies and grown dogs. Beautiful. Extremely large. Silky-coated. Curly. Registered stock. Prices reasonable. E. B. Kulbeck, Box 477, Havre, Mont.

SPORTSMEN—Coon - hounds, Wolf - hounds, Fox-hounds, Varmint and Rabbit-hounds, Pure-bred Walkers, Redbones, black and tans. No trash. Strictly square dealing. Write Lee Adams, Ramsey, Illinois.

BEAGLES, thoroughly broken, one to four years old. Beagle pups, two to six months old. Pedigreed; trial. D. H. Hamme, Seven Valleys, Penna.

BLOODHOUND puppies, half grown, healthy, husky youngsters. Papers come with these dogs. Males $35.00. W. Dangers, Neillsville, Wisc. (3-10)

CLOSING out seven litters of beautiful pedigreed Russian Wolf-hound Puppies, fifty dollar value for $25.00 each. Idlehour Kennel Co., Guymon, Okla. (3-9)

FOR SALE: Coon, opossum, skunk and squirrel dogs; fox, and rabbit hounds. Trial allowed. Special summer price list free. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (3-9)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Ill.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

FOR Sale—Guaranteed coon, opossum, skunk, cat and running hounds, squirrel dogs, and partly trained hounds. C. L. Currier, Ozark, Ark. (2-10)

FOR Sale—Trained coon, skunk, fox and rabbit hounds. Shipped C. O. D. on trial. Also youngsters. Write your wants. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

SPORTSMEN—We send our coon, opossum or rabbit hounds anywhere on trial. Purchaser to be own judge. List, 10c. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn. (3-11)

BROKEN Beagles, Rabbit, Coon, and Foxhounds. Trial. Puppies. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Penna. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Coon Hound. Field trial winner. Knows his stuff. On trial of course. $150.00. Big "6" Poultry Supply, Warren, Ohio.

FOR Sale—A few high-class Red Bone coonhounds and combination tree dogs. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Beagles; Highly trained. Registered puppies. Stud service. Priced reasonable. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio, 3. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Rabbit hound pups, four months old. Shipped on approval. Lyn Grenell, Towanda, Pa.

FOR Sale—Trained big game hounds from mountain section North Arkansas. Address Noah King, Calico Rock, Ark. (2-10)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Ill.

HUNTING Hounds for any game, price reasonable. Raymond Bingaman, R. 1, Batavia, Ohio.

RABBIT Hounds. Cheap, $17.50 each. Fox hounds, skunk dogs, $25.00. Free trial. Joab Hicks, Hanson, Ill. (3-11)

RED Registered Redbone Pups. Bred to get the coon. S. E. Keever, Terre Haute, Ind., R. R. "A." (3-11)

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-11)

BEAGLES—All ages. Pedigreed. $10.00 up. Enclose stamp. L. A. Turner, Aldie, Va. (3-10)

REAL Cooners and Bird Dogs sent C. O. D., trial. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tenn.

FOR quality, buy your coonhounds from Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (9-12)

Miscellaneous Dogs

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-11)

THE O. K. Kennels of Marydel, Maryland, have for sale broken setters that will please any sportsman; also Maryland bred rabbit hounds on trial. Pamphlets free. (6-1)

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

BROKEN Pointers, Setters and Hounds. We also train dogs. McGovney's Kennels, Washington, C. H., Ohio.

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

ENGLISH Bull Puppies by our imported matings. Triangle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio. Box 9. (3-10)

FOX Terriers. Spitz. Hounds. $8.00 up. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisc. (2-9)

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-1)

Dogs

Newfoundlands

PUREBRED Newfoundland Brood Matron. Black, curly. Registered A. K. C. male pup is beauty. Eligible A. K. C. Mae Bennett, Columbus, Ind.

NEWFOUNDLAND Pups. Pedigreed. Booklet Free. Birky, The Outlook, Urbana, Ill.

Pointers and Setters

EIGHT beautiful white, black and ticked English setter pups, whelped Jan. 25, two male and two female left; sire Eugene's Ghost, Jr., by Eugene's Ghost-Belgian Rose, dam Meyer's Lady by Duke Eiden-Fouthys Stylish Lady. All papers; males, $35.00; females, $30.00. Satisfaction or money returned. Edward Meyer, Green Bay, Wisc.

SETTER bitch; good looking, nice size, broken, 3 years old, white and chestnut, $75. Big 65 # white, black and tan (white ticked body) setter dog, fast and wide, hunts body scent, points and backs and fair retriever; a real bird dog, $125. Either sent C. O. D., 3 days' trial. Guy W. Moore, Rt. 5, Memphis, Tenn.

BRACE 100% Llewellins, 3 years, well trained, $100 each. English setter dog, pedigreed, swell looker, does it all, $75. Brace pointer dogs, 3 yrs., pedigreed, broken all the way; do it all, $75 each. Pedigreed pointer bitch, trained, $60. C. C. Howard, Hulbert, Ark.

TWO bitches and dog, famous Boyne strain, Irish Setters, beauties, registered, $100, or $35 each. Three months old. Also fine rangy Orange and White, year old English Pointer, ready for field, $50.00. W. H. Rasey, Glasgow, Montana.

LABRADOR Retrievers. Handsome, affectionate; perfect companions for women and children. Wonderful retrievers. Not savage, but a "one man" dog. Thoroughbred puppies for sale. Percy Webb, 3729 Country Club Place, Sioux City, Iowa. (3-11)

POINTER Pups for sale, $20.00 each; can be registered; Fishel Frank, Champion Alfrede John, Manitoba Rap Blood, 5 months old September 5. E. H. Richardson, Fairgrove, Michigan.

ENGLISH Pointer puppies—bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (4-11)

NINE beautiful marked setter puppies whelped May 18 by Wisconsin kid son of Champion John E. dame Lady Murray daughter of McAdoo Don. Priced right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis. (3-9)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

FOUR-6 mos. old setters—2 orange and white—2 black and white—combining the world's best setter blood, $50.00 each. Mrs. Alex M. Crawford, Carlinville, Ill.

IRISH setter puppies; sire, field and bench champion; dam, field trial winner; wonderful prospects. Skyline Kennels, South Byron, New York.

ONE pointer bitch, age 14 months, well trained, good nose, wonderful retriever. Price reasonable. F. H. Garbacz, Batesville, Ark. (3-11)

SIX Beautiful Llewellyn Setter pups, 3 ½ months old. Males, $25.00. Females, $15.00. Papers furnished. Reed Bostwick, Cassopolis, Mich.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-10)

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. $25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

CHOICE Registered Pointers, Setters, and pups. Trial, Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-10)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

FOR Sale. Litter whelped Nov., 1924. Sire by Riley Flush; Dam by Kirk's Master Boy. E. R. Ryan, Pomona, Mo. (3-11)

SETTERS and Pointers, some broke dogs and young stock. Send stamp for list. L. A. Welden, Gilman City, Missouri.

HUNT'S English Setter Kennels, New Hartford, N. Y. Home of Famous Roman Beau.

POINTER and Irish setter puppies priced right. Bert McKnight, Tilden, Nebr.

PUREBRED Pointers. No papers. Gordon Setters cheap. Lee Nauenburg, Spalding, Nebr.

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale. Police puppies and grown matrons. Berkmeyer, Jung Tell von Kriminalpolizie, Starkenburg, Uckermark, and Horst von Boll blood lines. Puppies, $30.00 and up. Matrons, $60.00 and up. Sold on approval. T. Njaa, Prop., Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-11)

FOR SALE—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups $30 and $35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-10)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies. Well-bred, eligible American Kennel Club. Shipped on approval. Reasonable. Delivery guaranteed. Masters Pinschers, Bowerston, Ohio. (3-11)

POLICE Dog Pups for sale. Best of breeding. Thirty dollars up. Shipped on approval. Safe delivery guaranteed. Eligible. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. D.

POLICE pups, out of imported blue ribbon Angekort stock. $30 up. Land O'Lakes Kennels, Route 5, Camden Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-11)

PEDIGREED police pups, grown dogs; champion strains; females, $25.00; males, $35.00. Shipped on approval. Bollhart Kennels, New Ulm, Minn. (3-11)

BELGIAN Police Puppies, beautiful watch and defense dog. Ideal companion. Belgo Kennels, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. (3-11)

GERMAN Police Pups. Sire is brother of Strongheart. Price right. N. S. Mumpower, Bristol, Tenn. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed Police Puppies, $25.00 up. On approval. Write T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, No. Dakota. (9X)

PEDIGREED Police Pups, $35.00 each. Best of bloodlines. Wm. Rappel, Valders, Wisconsin.

Terriers

IRISH Terriers: Protection for Home, Auto, Family, playfellow for kids; gamest dog on earth. Dare Devils are only one-man dog. Pups for sale, not cheap, but the best Imported and American Breeding. Red Top Kennels, O. L., Teague, Texas. (3-9)

FOR Sale. Thoroughbred Smooth Fox Terrier Puppies. A. K. C. eligible. Classy puppies and very nicely marked. L. G. Riecker, Lowell, Ohio.

FINE Irish Terrier Pups. Both sexes. From prize winning stock. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers. The Game Kind. Raised Right. Used to Children. A. K. C. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (3-11)

LARGEST kennels of smooth fox terriers in America. Puppies by imported Model Cavalier. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-11)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

DOG COLLARS. Send us one dollar and get a nice Round Fair Leather Collar for your dog. You will be pleased. State length. Nashville Saddlery Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-10)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

FREE Book about Dog Diseases, Nursing, Dosing, Prevention. Burhans, Publisher, Dept. O. A., Waterloo, Iowa. (3-11)

Firearms

OVER and under guns for field and trap work, the favored guns by hunters and trap shooters made by August Schuler, master gunmaker Suhl. Also three barrel guns, ideal deer guns. Rifles for big and small game. Double barrel guns. Write for new catalogue to sole agent: Frederick W. Hollender, 245 Canal St., N. Y. C.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

NEW and Used Guns always on hand. Buy, sell or exchange. Ed. C. Hill, 5580 Etzel, St. Louis, Mo. (3-10)

BIG stock of new and used guns. Firearms list 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn.

250-3000 SAVAGE and accessories; perfect condition, $30. Belford Howard, Elgin, Ill.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice. New crop seed ready September first. Best seed obtainable, from the great source of supply—Northern Minnesota. Guaranteed delivery in perfect condition. Waterfowl come where Wild Rice grows. Booklet. Also other best aquatic materials for waterfowl, fish and fur bearers—food and shelter. Write for literature. Geo. D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota. (3-11)

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 29 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 28 L. Block, Oshkosh, Wis. (4-11)

MINNESOTA Hardy Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price on orders for September delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-9)

Fish For Sale

RAINBOW Trout Fry. 150,000 Rainbow Trout Fry from this spring's eggs. Just what you want for restocking that trout stream. Hardy stock being raised under natural conditions at St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. Will sell all or part. Reasonable price. Also Rainbow and Brook Trout Eggs in season. Address Big Rock Creek Trout Club, 514 Guardian Life Building, St. Paul, Minn. (3-11)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

"THE Baits Without a Fault." Catch more fish. "Kato" for catfish. "Karpo" for carp. Ready to use. At your dealers or direct, 50c per can. Hawkeye Products Co., Ottumwa, Iowa.

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs., $1. Doughbait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-11)

EXPERT Fishing Rod Repairing. Tournament rods to order. P. Wm. Arend, 3605 S. Broadway, Denver, Colo. (3-11)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange: Guns, rifles, revolvers, rods, reels, cameras, field glasses, watches, musical instruments and furs, bought, sold and exchanged. Write us what you have, and we will make offer by return mail. Wanger & Co., 302 Market St., Dept. A, Phila., Pa. (3-11)

BUY, Sell and Trade All Makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Bankers' reference is required. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

GUNS, Pistols, Field Glasses, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Cameras, Watches and everything bought, sold and exchanged. Trade what you have for what you want. Write us. Everton & Sons Hardware Co., Logan, Utah. (3-9)

GUNS, largest stock, lowest prices. Sell and exchange. Write for list. F. C. Carver, The Gun Man, 302 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa. (3-9)

EXCHANGE — Stereo Prism Binocular, 8 power, $30.00 value. Want high power rifle or shotgun. B. A. Ferringer, Mayport, Pa. (3-11)

WELL Bred Pointers, 8 months, $50 each. Other dogs, all papers. Trade guns. Correspondence solicited. W. J. Peacock, Shelbyville, Tenn.

FINE bass fly outfit for sale, or trade for good pair binoculars. Geo. Gustin, Roann, Indiana.

AIREDALES, Spaniels, and cross breeds for guns,. tent or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-9)

GOT something to swap? Write me, enclosing reply postage. Vitalis Malloy, Dept. 92, Johnsonburg, Pa. (3-9)

Food Products

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (5-12)

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-9)

Game Birds and Animals

WINDSWEPT Silver Foxes—Prices based on points scored by Brackett's Bureau, now owned by the American Fox Institute. All Advance Registered. $600.00 the pair up for pups and young adults. Prices of single males and females, proved breeders and foxes with 85% perfection of fur based on record and quality. Immediate or Fall delivery from American ranches only. 250 pairs choice breeders. Write us your requirements. The Silver Fox Sales Company, Dept. G, Unionville, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. (3-9)

FALL Specials: Wild Canadian, snow, white fronted, cackling geese. Brants. Little English callers, mallards, black ducks, teal, spriggs. Wild turkeys, peafowls, pheasants. Red, blue foxes, racecoons, coyotes, skunks, minks, opossums. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

FOR Sale—Deer, jackals, baby bears, wolves, coons, foxes, macaw, skunks, squirrels, snakes, ferrets, ermine, fisher, marten, mink, pheasants, quail, grouse, prairie chicken, wild ducks and geese, cranes, agouti, baboons. Austin Game Farm, West Suffield, Conn.

FOR SALE: Pure bred English Call Ducks, Canvas Backs, Red Heads, Teals, Pintails and Widgeons, raised in captivity. Geese, Canada, Hutchins, Cackling, White Fronts, Snows, Ross, and Blue. Brants and Pheasants. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

CHINESE Ring-Neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Water-Fowl and Deer. Eggs for Spring delivery. Stamp for Price List. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (4-10)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Live Decoys from Pure Bred Mallard Hens and English Call Drakes; best callers. Hens, two-fifty; and drakes, two dollars each; twenty dollars dozen. Fred Fieker, Carlinville, Illinois.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

WILD Rabbits. Ozark Cotton-tails are better. Live arrivals guaranteed. Five years' successful experience. Order now for winter delivery. J. S. Frost, Box 266, Cassville, Mo. (3-11)

PHEASANTS, Partridges, Quails, Grouse, Wild Turkeys, Peafowl, Wild Ducks, Wild Geese, Swans. Possum Hollow Gamefarm, R. 9-46, Springfield, Ohio. (4-12)

SALE—Wild mallards, four fifty a pair, also "Screw-Bugs," three fifty each, better than Ferrets. Stamp for particulars. Al Grabow, Byron, Ill. (3-10)

WILD MALLARDS, $4.50 pr. Blackie Mallards, $8 pr. English Calls, $8 pr. Wild Geese, $20 pr. Highland Park Wild Fowl Preserve, Washington, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Pure Bred English Call Ducks. Good quackers, $5.00 a pair. Two hens and drake, $7.00. Wm. Buntenbach, Washington, Iowa. (3-11)

FOR SALE: Yearling Moose, Yearling Brown Bear cub, badger, coyote and wolf pups, lynx, kittens, etc. C. Forge, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada. (3-9)

MUSKRATS for Breeders—We are now booking orders for fall delivery. Selected northern Michigan stock. Write for prices. Saugatuck Fur Farms Co., Saugatuck, Mich. (3-9)

SPORTSMEN Attention: If you wish for better Decoys, better Duck and Goose calls, send for our catalog of new goods. C. W. Grubbs, 230 River Front St., Pascagoula, Miss. (3-9)

WANTED: Tame deer and mink. Wild raccoon, rabbits and squirrels. I have two good bird dogs for sale. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Penna.

FANTAIL Pigeons. All colors. Ten dollars a pair and up. Roy Schmedel, Watertown, Wisc. (3-11)

GENUINE small bodied English Callers. Pair, $6.00. Extra hen, $4.00. Chas. Coates, Meadville, Mo.

WILD Mallard Decoys. Raised under Federal and State permit. $2.00 each. $5.00 per trio. A. M. Long, Marshall, Mo.

FOR Sale. Blue foxes, red fox, mink, skunks, raccoons, ferrets, opossums, muskrats, squirrels, rabbits. B. Tippman, Dept. N, Caledonia, Minn.

FOR Sale. English call ducks, 6 hens, 4 drakes, $15.00 for the lot. H. G. Blue, Sturgis, Mich.

FERRETS for killing rats and hunting rabbits. Stock guaranteed. C. E. Crow, New London, Ohio. (3-11)

FOR Sale—English call ducks, six dollars pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. C. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisc. (3-11)

NORTHERN Cedar Decoys, Solid Blocks, Hand Painted, $7 dozen. R. W. Lord, 4213 Locust, Kansas City, Missouri.

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

RELIABLE Rabbitry, Flemish Giants, New Zealands. Belgian Hares. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks for decoys. C. Middleton, Modale, Iowa. (3-11)

FERRETS, hand trained, regular pets, $4.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

WILD Mallard Decoys, $3.00 per pair, $1.50 each. John Lee, Eureka, Ill. (3-11)

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other government positions, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, Dept. B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-10)

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Beaded watch fobs, $1.00. Moccasins, $4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, $1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, $3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, $1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, $2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Birch Bark Canoe and Price Lists, 25c coin. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads. Catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Miscellaneous

FOR Sale: Mounted birds, animals—fish, mounted and alcohol specimens; skins, fur rugs, corals, Indian relics, curios. Large assortment. Take Fifteen Hundred Dollars. List on Request. Mrs. George R. Guenther, Grand Island, Nebr.

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (8X)

TYPEWRITERS—$20 up. Easy payments, free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kan. (9-5)

Photography

BEAUTIFUL solid oil painting from your snapshot from $2.50 up. Particulars, W. Taylor, 173 Spencer St., Vancouver, Canada. (3-10)

BETTER Photo Finishing. Send one roll film and 15c for trial offer. Moore's Photo Shop, Alstead, N. H. (3-10)

KODAK finishing on Velox samples and prices on request. Bairstow Studio, Warren, Pa. (5-10)

Printing and Typewriting

$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes, money with order. Job Printing Specialty. National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind. (7x)

$2.00 for 125 Letter Heads 8½x11 and 125 Envelopes. Bond paper. Delivered for cash. Pershong & Co., South Bend, Ind. (3-9)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-11)

500 THREE line gummed labels, three dimes. Wasp Moore, Martinsville, Ind. (3-10)

Real Estate

LAKE Shore Lots about acre size, best speckled and lake trout fishing in northern Michigan, good bathing beach, splendid summer climate, only $100 each. Or would sell some 1,400 acres. Good deer and grouse hunting, good soil, considerable hard-wood timber, about 2¼ miles lake shore frontage, very reasonable. J. M. Grosvenor, Strongs, Mich. (2-9)

Real Estate—Continued

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-9)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

FOR SALE: 40 acres or more of land containing small lake, excellent for resort, on M-14 near Houghton Lake. John R. Bowman, Houghton Lake, Mich. (3-9)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Neb. (3-9)

TEN ACRES wooded lake shore property, fine boating and bathing. Will subdivide if necessary. J. E. Sager, Coleman, Wis. (3-10)

Sporting Goods

STECKERS' Sporting Goods Stores, Dunkirk, N. Y. The friendly store handling all the needs of the sportsman. Athletic goods, guns, ammunition, tackle, Victrolas, records, radios, bicycles. We always have bargains in used guns. Write us your wants, we can save you money. Personal attention given all mail.

Taxidermy

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WANTED: Cage birds, water fowl, game birds, ravens, crows, magpies, tame foxes, raccoons, badgers, squirrels, rabbits, guinea pigs, prairie dogs, fancy poultry, bantams. A good home for pets. Emerson School Park, Gary, Ind. (12-6)

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Classified Results

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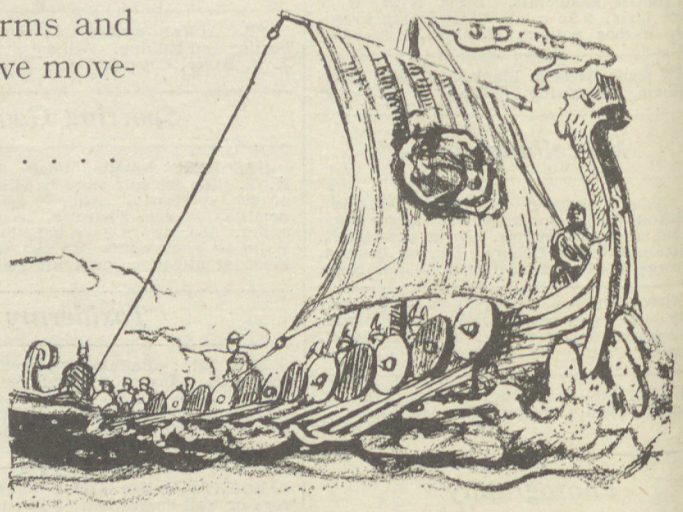
"Tros saw Caesar standing beside a trumpeter who blew as if his lungs would burst, trying to rally the men out of their panic. Caesar was leaning on the trumpeter, leaning strangely . . . Tros picked him up without a struggle, covered him in his own cloak, felt the body writhing in his arms and recognized the strained convulsive movements of an epileptic . . . .

" 'I have Caesar', Tros gasped . . . .

"Behind them all Gaul seemed aroar. The burning booths and woodstack threw a lurid light over the camp, and in the distance from the other camp beyond the river came a stream of torches as the famous Tenth made haste to run, row, swim, roaring to Caesar's aid."



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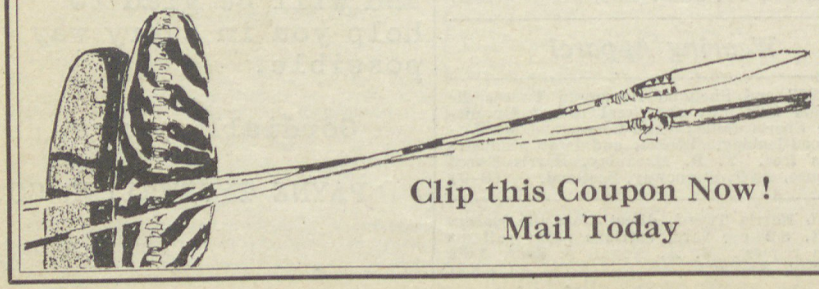

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So happiness came to that little old lady—

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through radiator warmth in every room

IT WOULD hardly be fair to tell you her name; but she lives in a little town in Iowa, and she has to be very careful, for her means are exceedingly limited.

So careful, indeed, that when her house was heated with a stove, she allowed herself only two scuttles of coal a day. She wore her shawl most of the time and on very cold days, as she said, "I just went to bed."

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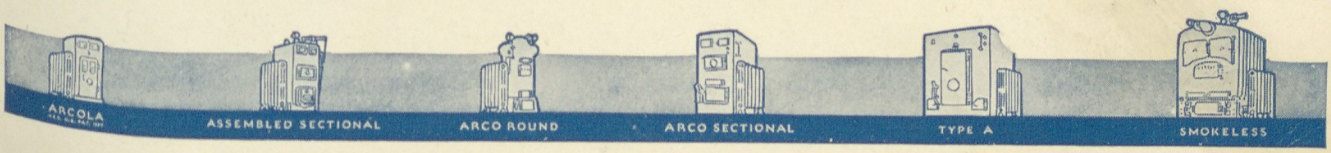

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